

CURRENT OPINION

EDWARD J. WHEELER, EDITOR

ASSOCIATE EDITORS:

ALEXANDER HARVEY

ROBERT A. PARKER

WILLIAM GRIFFITH

A REVIEW OF THE WORLD

THE COLLAPSE OF AUTOCRACY AND THE PERIL OF BOLSHEVISM

Revolution Shakes Germany and Ends the Great War

WHEN the end came last month, after four years and three months of warfare, resulting in something like 26,000,000 casualties, it came swiftly, suddenly and completely. Even before the terms of the so-called armistice had been signed, the Kaiser had been forced to abdicate and, as Count William Hohenzollern, was on his way to Holland (greeted along the route with cheerful little salutations such as "Are you on your way to Paris?" and welcomed when he reached Holland with cries of endearment such as "Assassin!"); the Crown Prince had vanished from view (he has since turned up in Holland); Prince Henry had fled, narrowly escaping assassination; the kings and princes and grand dukes of about a dozen German kingdoms and duchies had abdicated; Count zu Reventlow had fled to Denmark; and the Social Democratic revolution had taken into its turbulent hands the reins of power almost without a struggle in Munich, Berlin, Hanover, Hamburg and numerous other cities. The larger part of the German navy was in the hands of the revolutionists and flying the red flag. Hindenburg (Ludendorff having joined the Down-and-Out Club) had placed himself and the army under the orders of the new government. The armistice was not signed until November 11th; but as early as November 10th a dispatch from Amsterdam described the situation as follows:

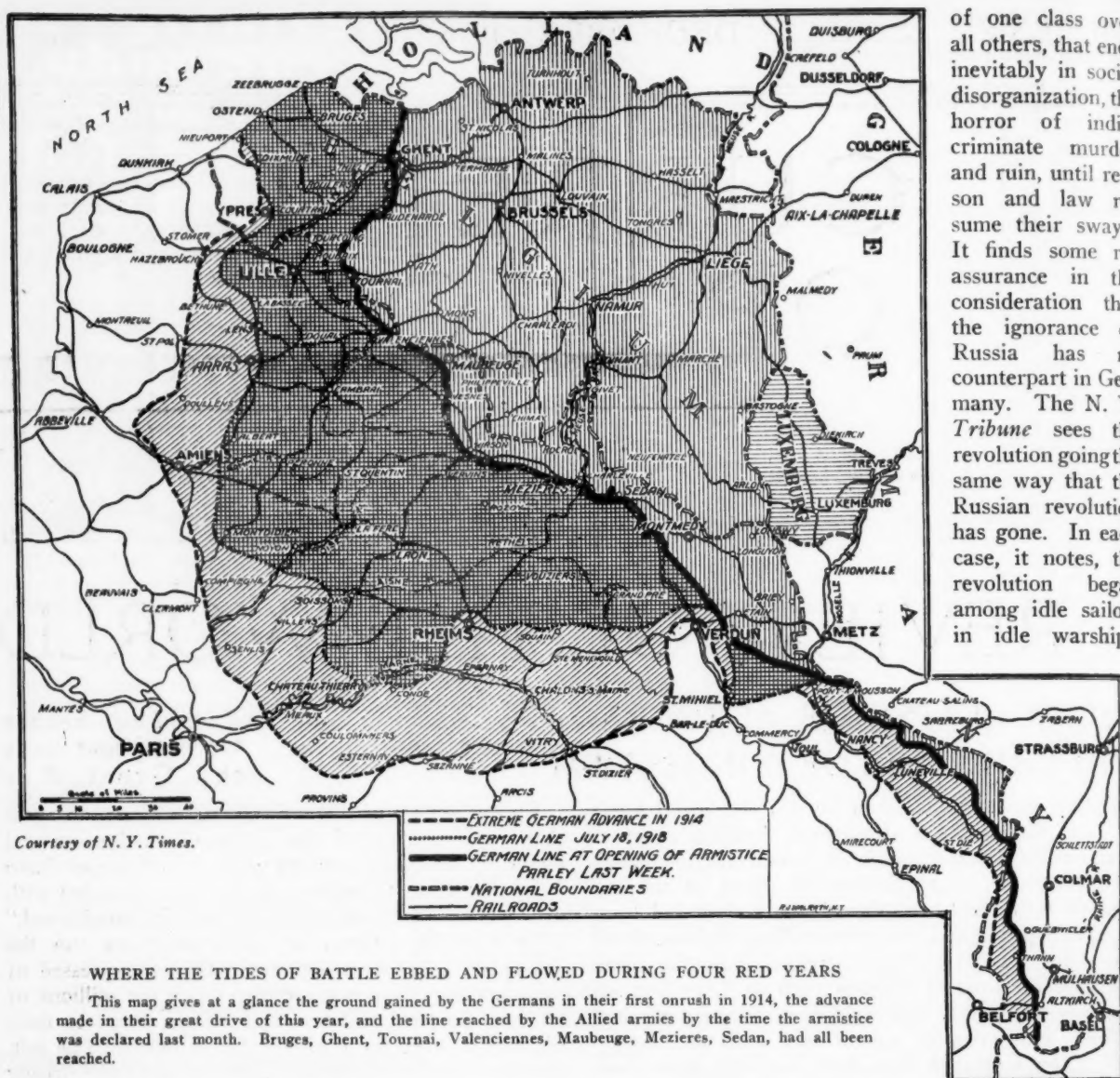
"In seven short days the German people have effectively burst the fetters of the tyrannous, autocratic rule which had bound them for so many generations.

"The Socialist revolution has swept with extraordinary success and remarkable rapidity through practically the whole country. That Germany which plunged Europe into war has, in short, been beaten far more thoroughly than even the most optimistic ever hoped would be the case. As this historic week ends it may be said to have been wiped out."

Up to the time of this writing, reports seem to agree that the overthrow of the Hohenzollern dynasty and of the autocratic government which it had carried down from the days of medievalism has been attended with little bloodshed. "Almost without the effusion of blood," "almost entire absence of bloodshed,"—so run the dispatches. But keen apprehensions are expressed of the situation which may develop when the millions of soldiers, defeated and sore and sullen, return to their homes and when the pinch of famine begins to be felt. Similar scenes to those enacted in Germany have already taken place in Austria-Hungary. Autocracy, in its three great strongholds—Russia, Germany, Austria-Hungary—is no more. There is no Kaiser Wilhelm. There is only William Hohenzollern, an unwelcome, interned resident of Holland, with bitter memories of the past and gloomy apprehensions of the future. "Hohenzollern, Hapsburg, Romanoff," says the *Philadelphia Ledger*, "the old kings—the last survivals of medievalism—the rearguards of feudalism—follow the Caesars and the Pharaohs and the Kings of Babylon into the mirk of a dead and damned, Christ-denying and God-defying thoroly pagan past."

The Red Flag Emerges in Germany.

OUT of the mass of comment on this tremendous event in the history of the world, the two dominant notes are of rejoicing over the collapse of military autocracy and of foreboding as to the new forms of government being evoked to take its place. Elsewhere we treat of this foreboding as it is manifested in the European press. It is equally manifest in our own press. The red flag is not a signal of joy to many Americans. Here is the way one well-known American



WHERE THE TIDES OF BATTLE EBBED AND FLOWED DURING FOUR RED YEARS

This map gives at a glance the ground gained by the Germans in their first onrush in 1914, the advance made in their great drive of this year, and the line reached by the Allied armies by the time the armistice was declared last month. Bruges, Ghent, Tournai, Valenciennes, Maubeuge, Mezieres, Sedan, had all been reached.

views the situation. Ex-President Taft says in the *Philadelphia Ledger*:

"Autocracy in the world is ended. The world has paid a high price, but in the end it will be worth it. The swinging of the pendulum from the despotism of the emperor to the despotism of the soviet is only a phase of the struggle toward popular government and liberty regulated by law. The despotism of the mob finds its origin in the despotism of the autocrat and is a direct consequence thereof. The Hohenzollerns are as much to be charged with the guilt of the anarchists who may succeed them as with that of their own direct acts of oppression, as William cannot escape guilt for the looting of Berlin any more than Napoleon could plead not guilty to the excesses of the commune. The reigns of the kings are over. The struggle for free and useful governments on the ruins which the kings have left is on. The race will not be easy, but the goal is clear."

He sees more clearly than ever before the need of a League of Nations if the coming peace conference is to result in anything effective. "In spite of the awful warning of Russia, now given over to anarchy and starvation," says the *N. Y. Times*, "the German insurgents set out upon the road that leads to the tyranny

of one class over all others, that ends inevitably in social disorganization, the horror of indiscriminate murder and ruin, until reason and law resume their sway." It finds some reassurance in the consideration that the ignorance of Russia has no counterpart in Germany. The *N. Y. Tribune* sees the revolution going the same way that the Russian revolution has gone. In each case, it notes, the revolution began among idle sailors in idle warships.

In each case also workmen's and soldiers' councils have taken complete possession of the government and one of the first things done is to seize the news agencies, as "it seems always necessary for the revolutionists to censor news of their own activities." In Germany as in Russia the same strange and menacing emphasis is laid upon the word bourgeoisie, meaning the middle classes who own most of the property. In Russia at first, as in Germany thus far, there were manifest certain conservative instincts, which quickly vanished. "It may be even so in Germany. No one can tell what may not happen under the RED FLAG." The *Tribune* also finds a measure of reassurance. After all, it may be the work of God. "This may be where God intends to take up the work of the Allies and begin to punish the Hun." The *Brooklyn Eagle* thinks others than the Hun would be punished. It observes:

"The nations that have won the war will hope and pray that revolutionary government of Germany will not become the property of lunatics and savages, as is the case with revolutionary government in Russia. Having beaten Imperial Germany to the dust, having achieved the destruction of military power everywhere from the Baltic to the Adriatic and the Bosphorus, the victor nations do not wish

to be compelled to police a Germany gone raving mad. The problems of reconstruction and pacification which confront the United States, Great Britain, France and Italy will be complicated enough without the added burden which the rise of anarchy throughout central Europe would surely impose upon them."

Differences Between the Revolution in Russia and in Germany.

THE Socialist daily, the N. Y. *Call*, views all this sort of talk as "stuff" and "bunk." It is merely the fright of the reactionary classes at the rise of "labor republics"—the same sort of reaction which occurred after the French Revolution and produced the Holy Alliance. It denounces as a campaign of deliberate lying the reports of arson, rape and assassination under the Soviet government in Russia. "Bolshevism," the *Call* declares, "is the ghost of Jacobinism, come to plague the reactionaries of all countries who seek to preserve a dying social order. They will have to make their peace with it, as the 'well-born' of New England did 118 years ago." The N. Y. *American* discerns an important difference between the revolution in Russia and that in Germany—the difference between a political and an economical revolution:

"We anticipate that revolution in Germany will be against political rather than economic ills. Precisely the opposite was the case in Russia. Under the Russian Government the people had been treated as the beasts of the field, driven with lashes, overworked and underfed. In Germany the complaint against the government has not been economic. The German State has gone to the extreme of paternalism in caring for its subjects. The lesser aims of socialism have been attained in Germany as nowhere else in the world. Public ownership of public utilities,



THE HOUSE OF HOHENZOLLERN

—Kirby in N. Y. *World*

government supervision of housing and of labor conditions, old-age pensions and insurance—all the palliatives of the present industrial state have been granted the German of the middle class."

Another reassuring note is struck in the New York *Evening Post*. It goes into statistics. The submerged classes in Russia it finds to be about 95 per cent. of the population, the middle class about 5 per cent. In Germany the figures are about 65 and 35 per cent., and the middle class in the latter country is far more deeply rooted in the past, far better organized and of far more combative power. In Germany, moreover, 85 per cent. of the soil is cultivated by the owners. But the strongest of all guarantees against Bolshevism in central Europe, and especially in the Hapsburg domain, is found in "the triumphant principle of nationalism." Even in Russia—Poland, Ukraine, Finland, Lithuania, the Baltic provinces—the realization of national ideals is put above the proletarian ideal. This counter-force is still stronger in the new Jugo-Slavia, Czecho-Slovakia, the Rumanian districts of Hungary and the Polish districts of Galicia.

"After all, the first impetus to revolution is defeat and failure. But the subject peoples of the Hapsburgs will not have been defeated if they emerge from the war as free nations in alliance with the victorious democracies of the West. The chief obstacle to the spread of Lenin's internationalism, in the former Austria-Hungary at least, will be the fear that a new chaos may bring the loss of that free national existence so painfully achieved."

Were the Russian Bolsheviks in the Pay of Germany?

A CONTROVERSY of international proportions was precipitated by the publication in America, during September, of some seventy documents collected in Russia for the American Committee on Public Information, by Edgar Sisson, former editor of Hearst's *Cosmopolitan*. These documents bear dates of the



DIE NACHT AM RHEIN

—Partridge in London *Punch*

autumn of 1917 and the winter of 1917-18. Some of them had been previously published in the *Petit Parisien* and in other European papers. They show, according to Mr. Sisson and the Committee on Public Information, that "the present heads of the Bolshevik Government—Lenin and Trotzky and their associates—are German agents." It is claimed further:

"They show that the Bolshevik revolution was arranged for by the German Great General Staff, and financed by the German Imperial Bank and other German financial institutions.

"They show that the treaty of Brest-Litovsk was a betrayal of the Russian people by the German agents, Lenin and Trotzky; that a German-picked commander was chosen to 'defend' Petrograd against the Germans; that German officers have been secretly received by the Bolshevik Government as military advisers, as spies upon the embassies of Russia's allies, as officers in the Russian army, and as directors of the Bolshevik military, foreign, and domestic policy. They show, in short, that the present Bolshevik Government is not a Russian government at all, but a German government acting solely in the interests of Germany and betraying the Russian people, as it betrays Russia's natural allies, for the benefit of the Imperial German Government alone."

The Controversy over the Sisson Documents.

THE publication of the Sisson documents evoked a storm of comment. In some quarters, their genuineness was challenged. The *New York Evening Post* published a number of editorials and letters tending to discredit the documents. The *London Nation* and the *Manchester Guardian* followed suit. The director of the Nya Bank in Stockholm, which is mentioned in the

documents as an intermediary between the German Government and the Bolshevik leaders, denied that any transaction of the kind indicated had taken place. Santeri Nuorteva, head of the Finnish Information Bureau in America and an associate of Lenin and Trotzky, pronounced the documents "brazen forgeries." As a result of these and similar comments, the Committee on Public Information submitted the Sisson documents to two historical experts, Dr. J. Franklin Jameson, editor of the *American Historical Review*, and Dr. Samuel N. Harper, Professor of Russian Languages and Institutions in the University of Chicago. The results of their investigation appear in a brochure entitled "The German-Bolshevik Conspiracy," published by the Committee on Public Information. They divide the documents into three groups: (1) Those presented in Russian originals or photographs—four-fifths of the whole set; (2) two documents presented in circulars printed in German; (3) those documents for which no originals or photographs are presented, but the translations of which rest solely on mimeographed texts in Russian. On the first group of fifty-three documents, Drs. Jameson and Harper comment: "We see no reason to doubt the genuineness or authenticity of these fifty-three documents." Of the second two printed German documents they say: "We do not think them to be, in their present shape, documents on whose entire text historians or publicists can safely rely as genuine." Of the third group of documents they say: "We see in these texts nothing that positively excludes the notion of their being genuine, little in any of them that makes it doubtful, tho guarantees of their having been accurately copied and accurately translated into Russian are obviously lacking."

The Kaiser must be taught there can be no wreck without a reckoning.—*Newark News*.

Germany has found a substitute for everything else. It shouldn't be hard to find a substitute for the Kaiser.—*St. Louis Star*.

ASSAILING PRESIDENT WILSON'S FOURTEEN CONDITIONS OF PEACE

Freedom of the Seas May Prove a Snag in the Peace Conference

NOW that the fighting has ceased, the all-absorbing topic for the entire world becomes the making of the terms of peace and the remaking of the map of the world. Some things about that map have already been settled by the terms of armistice. Alsace and Lorraine are returned to France. Triest and the Trentino have been returned to Italy. But innumerable questions await the decisions of the peace conference,—the disposition of the German colonies, the recreation of Poland, the creation of a new nation of Czecho-Slovaks, the transfer of Bosnia and Herzegovina to Serbia, the granting of autonomy or of independence to the Jugoslavs and other parts of Austria-Hungary, the arrangements for the internationalization of Constantinople, settlement of the conflicting claims of the Balkan nations, the future status of Schleswig-Holstein and Finland and Luxemburg and Persia and Palestine, the solution as far as possible of the problems presented by what was once the Russian Empire and of the other problems presented by the remains of the Turkish Empire. With twenty-five or twenty-six nations likely to have something to say at the Peace Conference, with all these staggering tasks to perform, including an endless array of claims for reparation and restoration, it becomes evident that the American army, if it has to wait for the con-

clusion of the Peace Conference labors before returning home, is in for a good long wait. That seems to be the view of the various war service boards, which have promptly increased the size of the sum for which they ask from 170 millions to 250 millions of dollars. In the meantime, the basis formulated by President Wilson as a sort of beginning of peace negotiations has come under shell-fire and become the subject of heated partizan discussion. It is an ominous beginning, showing what possibilities of debate and dissension lie in the program before the peace delegates.

The Fourteen Points Battered in the Recent Campaign.

THE famous Fourteen Points laid down by President Wilson last January as "the only possible program" of reconstruction were at the time received with apparent acquiescence in this country and a cordial assent—with one or two reservations—in Great Britain, especially from Lloyd George. But there was no political campaign on then in this country. In the recent campaign Mr. Roosevelt, ex-Secretary Shaw, Chairman Hay and other Republican leaders attacked these Fourteen Points from various directions. As an illustration of what a change was effected in the attitude toward the

program presented by the President, a few excerpts from the N. Y. *Tribune* are useful. When that program was first issued the *Tribune* said it would live "as one of the great documents in American history and one of the permanent contributions of America to world liberty." It was then "in form and in substance beyond praise," and in it the President had "translated from vague aspirations to clear and definite fact the war aims of his fellow countrymen." In the recent campaign the *Tribune* informed its readers that "a dangerous fiction of acceptance" had grown up about these Fourteen Points in all countries. In this country they "were provisionally taken to represent an abstract ideal of peace," and criticism was withheld only lest a political discussion might distract attention from the prosecution of the war. In Great Britain and France, we were assured, they were received "with profound disappointment," which, however, was confined to private expression, because to speak would seem to set up a quarrel with America. The Boston *Transcript* (Rep.) noted at the time the Fourteen Points were issued that no clear voice was raised against them. In the recent campaign it found that they had been left "in a lame position" by reason of the qualifications put by the Versailles Conference on the clause concerning the freedom of the seas and the addition of a provision for compensation. The Chicago *Tribune* was impressed with the "unsurpassed candor, breadth and force" of the Fourteen Points when they were issued and it is one of the President's opponents that did not eat its words in the campaign. It refused to follow Mr. Roosevelt's cue, saying that the Fourteen Points should not be taken too strictly as definite commitments, Mr. Wilson himself having warned us against that. They were meant to point a direction forward and to express a spirit; but they must not be interpreted and applied as a complete academic formula.

Cleavage Between Great Britain and America on Freedom of the Seas.

TWO of the Fourteen Points are made the subject of special criticism. They are the second and third. The second calls for "absolute freedom of navigation upon the seas outside territorial waters, alike in peace and war," except as they may be closed by international action for international purposes. The third calls for "the removal, so far as possible, of all economic barriers and the establishment of an equality of trade conditions among all the nations consenting to the peace and associating themselves for its maintenance." We noted at the time that on this freedom-of-the-seas clause England was "dubious but not defiant," and that the London *Times*, the London *Chronicle* and other British papers were withholding assent. If there is to be any clash in the Peace Conference between us and Great Britain it will be on this question. The Versailles Conference granted an armistice to Germany on the basis of the Fourteen Points, stipulating, however, that as the clause concerning freedom of the seas was susceptible of various interpretations, the Allies must reserve their right to place their own interpretation on it in the Peace Conference. This may presage a struggle. We note that Admiral Sims, who represented us at the armistice conference, places an interpretation on it that is by no means satisfactory at Washington. The Admiral said, as reported in a N. Y. *Times* special dispatch, November 9th:

"I am unable to find any one on either side to give a definition of the 'freedom of the seas.' So far as history goes, the power of Great Britain has permitted practically absolute freedom of the seas to everybody, because any vessel could go to any British port and carry goods to any other port. To me, that looks like perfect freedom of the seas."

The *Times* Washington correspondent gives the following critical comment as coming from "an authority" in Washington:

"Admiral Sims abandons the traditional policy of the United States and supports the imperial policy; he ignores history when he claims that it supports his declaration; the 'freedom of the seas' that the British navy historically has guaranteed is their safety for British ships and commerce, but safety for the ships and commerce of no other powers when Great Britain happens to be a belligerent.

"The term 'freedom of the seas' relates primarily to war, and not to peace times, when there is little question of their freedom. We recollect our own experience at the commencement of this war and for two years thereafter; we recall the experience of every neutral maritime nation, Holland most particularly. Their experiences and ours in this war do not represent in any sense 'freedom of the seas,' but the mastery of the seas by one power, and the necessity of other powers conforming to the wishes of that power.

"Admiral Sims has entirely misunderstood President Wilson's meaning, if he has sought to interpret the President's declaration concerning free seas. The traditional policies of the two countries—one of empire, the other of independence and isolation up to the present time—furnish the President's meaning of the term."

Equality of Trade Conditions in the Peace Treaty.

THERE seems to be here the basis for a real locking of horns on a vital matter—the same matter, in fact, on which the United States and Great Britain locked horns in 1812. The N. Y. *Journal of Commerce*, in a careful consideration of the subject in its historical bearings, admits that the principle laid down by the President not only in his Fourteen Points but in previous documents, is "the principle for which our Government has steadily contended." It was in part embodied in a treaty between this country and Prussia in 1785, to the effect that in war time as in peace enemy property must be respected at sea as (in theory at least) it is on land. In laying down the essential conditions on which America would adhere to the Universal Union of Peace, in May, 1916, President Wilson said: "The free, constant, unthreatened intercourse of nations is an essential part of the process of peace and of development." Had the Allies in this war, says the *Journal of Commerce*, been committed to the same doctrine, "it would have hopelessly blunted the sharpest of their weapons against their present enemies." The conclusion seems to the writer irresistible that this principle can be realized in practice at this time only when the great maritime powers consent to "pool" the command of the seas. The Boston *Transcript* thinks that by reason of England's objections the freedom-of-the-seas clause has already been scrapped. England's chief weapon in the world, it reminds us, is her navy. She would not have laid that weapon down after a defeat and still less can she be expected to do so after victory. The other one of the Fourteen Points that has invited special attack—the clause about equality of trade—has

of shipping in existence should be kept busy for years. There will be record-breaking traffic on the old trade routes, and new trade routes will be created by goods and materials flowing in new directions. Countries which need capital for development of virgin wealth have been starved during the war and the whole mechanism of investment and development has been changed. We shall be foreign investors now and there is ample room to develop trade and tonnage without in any way competing with the ships of other nations."

Take Latin America as an illustration:

"Billions of capital have been invested there by Great Britain, Germany, France, Italy, Holland, Switzerland. But most of this capital has been centered in a few countries on one coast—Brazil, Argentina, Uruguay. The west coast has been neglected. It is a region of untold possibilities in mining and agriculture. It calls for railroads as did our Western country after the Civil War. We have access through the Panama Canal and the Pacific coast, and might develop there an enormous tonnage and trade without

touching the east coast of South America at all. Yet on the east coast there are regions like the Amazon country of Brazil awaiting development, so vast that they can absorb surplus capital and population for generations to come."

Furthermore, Chairman Hurley adds in *Emergency Fleet News*:

"We buy every year from Brazil about \$100,000,000 worth of coffee. Potentially, that should be the greatest influence for sales of our own products to Brazil. Actually this coffee consumption has yielded to the United States only a fraction of its potential benefits. European shipping concerns have controlled practically all shipments from Rio de Janeiro and Santos to New York and New Orleans. About two-thirds of the coffee comes to New York and one-third to New Orleans. An average of three ships a month were required in normal times to carry to New Orleans the 2,000,000 bags for the South and Middle West. In a well-balanced trade, these ships would have been available for return cargoes of American products.

"The Middle West, especially, might have been in an advantageous position, because it could command lower railroad

rates to New Orleans than New York. But the ships of this coffee fleet, all under foreign flags, made no effort to secure return cargoes. After discharging coffee, they loaded with cotton and other raw materials for European manufacturers. They steamed away to Europe, took on cargoes of manufactured goods made largely from American raw materials, and carried these back to Brazil. Lacking ships to South America and banks on that continent our coffee importers had to pay exchange and commission to European banks. The foreign ships upon which we depended provided a smooth highway for Brazilian coffee into New Orleans, greased the way for American raw materials to reach European mills, and carried European goods to Brazil, where they were paid for with the Brazilian profits on sales of coffee to the United States."

In a word, these foreign ships have been so routed that they rendered their first service to the European exporter, their second service to the Brazilian coffee grower—and we have come in for service last of all.

WHO PAYS AND WHO IS DODGING THE TAX?

WHO pays the tax? The Commissioner of Internal Revenue has answered the question in part for last year by reporting that in the aggregate of \$3,671,918,236.91 collected, \$2,273,000,000, or about two-thirds of the total, was collected in the five states of Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio and Illinois; that \$2,713,570,844, or three-fourths of the total, was collected in the fourteen states east of the Mississippi and north of the old Mason and Dixon Line, while less than one-fourth of the total was collected in the thirty-four other states, Alaska, Hawaii and the Philippines. The collections in the fourteen states which are known as industrial and urban averaged \$57.92 per capita of population; in the thirty-four other states the average was \$17.82 per capita. In New York the per capita collections were \$81.61; in Pennsylvania, \$69.12; in New Jersey, \$35.03; and for that group of states, \$70.40. In Massachusetts the per capita collections were \$51.60; in Connecticut and Rhode Island, \$57.09; and for New England, \$43.56. In Illinois the per capita collections were \$60; in Ohio, \$56.51; in Indiana, \$20.50; and in that group of states, including Michigan and Wisconsin, the per capita was \$44.28.

The significance of these figures is pointed out by Uncle Joe Cannon in the *Saturday Evening Post* as being that three-quarters of the revenue from war taxes in 1917 was collected in the industrial states, which have less than

one-half the population and less than half the real wealth of the country; while the thirty-four states that have more than half the population and wealth paid less than a quarter of the total revenue. To particularize:

"Iowa has the largest per capita wealth of any state in the Union except little Nevada, or \$3,529 per capita wealth; and Iowa paid \$7.70 per capita of war revenue, while New York, with per capita wealth of \$2,300, paid a per capita revenue of \$81.61; Pennsylvania, with a per capita wealth of \$1,939, paid a per capita tax of \$69.12; and Illinois, with a per capita wealth of \$2,660, paid a per capita tax of \$60. This may explain why the South and the West furnished the agitations for income tax and excess-profits taxes. Senator Depew at the time when the income-tax amendment was before the Senate said that he inquired of some advocates of that tax why they so much desired it, and received the frank reply: 'Because it will make New York pay half the cost of the Government, and New England, Pennsylvania, Ohio and Illinois pay the other half.' Well, it is not quite that bad yet, but we have had the income tax only four years."

For 1916 we find that there were 437,036 returns made on individual incomes and 341,253 returns by corporations. Of those who made returns as individuals 74,194 were exempt and only 353,842 paid the tax. Of the total returns by corporations only 206,984, or sixty per cent., reported a positive net income. In other words, comments Congressman Cannon, less than one-

Nearly 100,000,000 Americans Are Missing From the Internal Revenue Records

third of one per cent. of the population paid the individual income tax, and more than 100,000,000 people did not have their names enrolled in the books of the Treasury Department. And "of the corporations, so long accused of sapping the lifeblood of the people and of the Government, only sixty per cent. reported positive net incomes to come within the law and pay the tax." Further:

"We also know from this report that more than one-half of the returns of individual income tax came from the five states of New York, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Ohio and Illinois, and that more than seventy per cent. of the revenue from that tax was collected in those five states. We know that less than one-fourth of one per cent. of the farmers, a little more than one per cent. of the clergymen, one-half of one per cent. of the school-teachers and college professors, one and a half per cent. of the actors, six per cent. of the authors, editors and reporters, five per cent. of the real-estate brokers, eight per cent. of the architects, seven per cent. of the doctors, seven per cent. of the Army and Navy officers, ten per cent. of the manufacturers, four and a half per cent. of the merchants, nineteen per cent. of the lawyers, twenty-one per cent. of the brokers, and about one-third of the bankers made returns and paid the individual income tax.

"It appears that many of those who have been our most popular teachers of political economy have been entirely unacquainted with taxation from the personal point of view. But I do not call attention to these figures to intimate that any of the men in the various groups were

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slackers about making honest income tax returns; simply to show that not all business and professional life is as prosperous as some of the wage-earners seem to believe; that the great majority of men engaged in manufacture, in business and in the professions are not blessed with larger incomes than some of the men who are

in the trades—or even day laborers in these war-times—and that the income tax touches but a small fraction of any class of the people. We have no official figures showing how many people paid the income tax last year, but the commissioner estimates a total number of returns at 3,310,000 for both individual and corporation

income taxes. There were 341,253 corporation returns in 1916, and probably a larger number in 1917, and the number of individual returns must have been below 3,000,000 or less than three per cent. of the people, thus still leaving about 100,000,000 of our population off the tax list of Uncle Sam."

A TORPEDO-PROOF SHIP TO FOIL THE SUBMARINE

THE United States Government believes the problem of making ships which torpedoes cannot sink has been virtually solved. At any rate, the Federal Shipping Board has selected from among thousands of plans submitted to it one which theoretically promises to furnish a ship which will withstand the force of the most powerful torpedo now in use. Such a ship, of 9,500 dead-weight tonnage, is to be built at once, according to a plan of protection devised and offered gratis to the Government by Hudson Maxim. The tremendous power of torpedoes today is clearly described in an article by the inventor in *Popular Science Monthly*, explaining how the force of a torpedo will be directed into safe channels by the protection his plan will throw about the vessel which may be struck by it. He says:

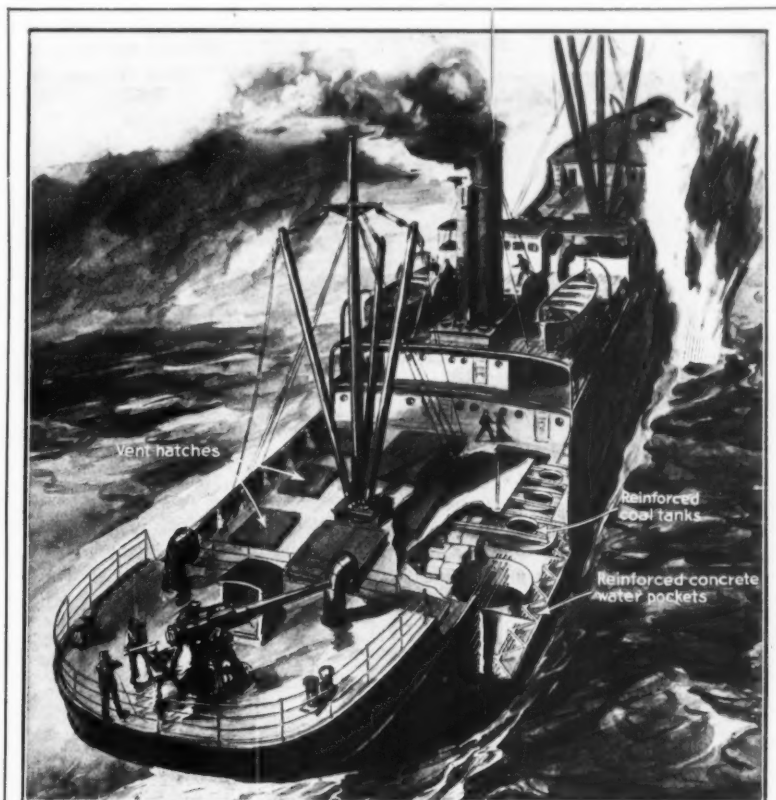
"When the warhead of a modern German torpedo strikes a ship well under water the action of the explosion is practically instantaneous, the liberated gases exerting an instant pressure in all directions of 300,000 pounds to the square inch; and since the best of ship-armor is more yielding than the mass of water surrounding the warhead, that pressure, following the line of least resistance, is exerted inward and upward through the ship's hull, the gases rushing out laterally between the ship's hull and the water, bending the hull in over an area sometimes forty feet in diameter, while the gases burst through, expanding in the form of a cone. This ball of incandescent gases moves at the rate of thirty miles a second, or more than five hundred times the speed of a fast cannon-ball. The four hundred pounds of T. N. T. in the German torpedo-warhead occupy about four cubic feet, but at the instant of detonation they assume a temperature of 5,000 degrees Fahrenheit and liberate 40,000 cubic feet of gases. The pressure exerted inside a ship's hull by such an enormous volume of gases is so great that often the ship is broken in two, as in the case of the *Sussex*."

After many unsatisfactory experiments, here and abroad, with externally applied devices for protecting the hull of a ship—such as booms, nets and shields—the idea of furnishing the ship with an internal shock-absorber is now to be given an acid test, so to say. The Maxim plan provides a strong longitudinal wing bulkhead situated at a

distance of about twelve feet inboard from the hullwall of the ship and a sufficient mass of buffer cargo, with expansion spaces for the gases, between the hullwall and the bulkhead, to absorb the blast of the torpedo before its force reaches and disrupts the bulkhead. Further:

"When a torpedo strikes a ship constructed according to my plan, the hot, rapidly expanding gases first encounter a barrier of water or oil in the hull, then a stout screen of round steel rods, and lastly a series of vertical steel cylinders in which powdered coal is carried. Since it is essential that the gasses should be allowed to expand without bursting the ship's compartments, provision is made for free upward vents through the deck. If such a ship should be struck by a torpedo, the water or oil of the barrier in the path of the blast will be driven

Work Begins on Plans Accepted by the Government from Among Thousands of Devices Submitted



Courtesy of *Popular Science Monthly*

U-BOATS HAVE NO TERRORS FOR THIS SHIP

Work in an American shipyard has begun on the first of these torpedo-proof vessels which before long will be plowing the Atlantic.

forward through the steel screen, commingling its spray with the hot gases, with the result that the heat of the gases will be instantly absorbed by the spray and their volume reduced, I think, at least three-quarters. The result of such an explosion would simply be a hole through the hull-wall and the bending of the first steel screen. The outer wall of the powdered coal cylinders will be disrupted and the liquid spray and powdered coal will be carried along together and hurled against the strong screen centrally located in the cylinders. Altho even this strong steel screen should yield or bend somewhat under the blast, it will not be entirely carried away or broken through. But by this time the gases will be vented through the top of the cylinders into the atmosphere so that the energy of the blast will be absorbed and dissipated, leaving the inboard wall of the cylinder—the inner bulkhead—uninjured."

HAVOC WILL BE PLAYED WITH BUSINESS IF SULPHUR FAILS

AMERICAN business is going to feel the pinch of war in several unexpected directions unless speedy action is taken to remedy existent conditions with regard to sulphur. We are told by experts that without sulphur there would be no newspapers and magazines; no rubber tires for motor cars—in fact no manufactured rubber goods of any kind; no fertilizer to grow crops; no storage batteries; mighty little fruit preservation of certain kinds and no explosives whatever. Yet, according to a writer, Campbell MacCulloch, in *Forbes' Magazine*, there is a very definite shortage of sulphur in the United States to-day and it is probable that we shall have to ship sulphur abroad to take care of the Allies' munitions before the end of the year. In the event that no added source of sulphur supply is found or made available within the next six or seven months, a large number of industries, we read, are threatened with certainly partial and possibly complete suspension of production lying outside the government need.

At a recent public hearing on the sulphur situation, the Mines and Mining Committee of the Senate divulged that at present there is being mined something over 100,000 tons of sulphur a month; that the government needs 75,000 tons a month in the manufacture of high explosives and that other industries are using up about 35,000 tons a month. By the end of this year, reports Arthur E. Wells, consulting en-

gineer to the War Department, the War Industries Board and the Bureau of Mines, overconsumption for all needs will be 45,000 tons a month in excess of any possible production from present sources. This estimate is based upon the completion of two great munition plants which will soon begin operating, in addition to other plants on which construction has begun. We read:

"Practically all the sulphur we get comes from two mines, one in Louisiana and the other in Texas. Louisiana produces two-thirds of the supply. Be it borne in mind that these are mines, and like every other physical property, they have their limits. Just now they are operating at those limits of production—and no man knows whether they will continue to produce sulphur for another month or six months or a year. Up in Wyoming there is a small property that produces a few tons daily, no more affecting the general situation than any other one-half of one per cent. proposition. And there are no other deposits of workable value. The Columbia School of Mines states that there are many surface locations, but they require development, and that takes time, after which there is no assurance that they are anything more than pockets. It may be argued that there are Japanese and Sicilian sulphur mines. Yes, but Sicily, already taken over by the Italian government, will produce less than 200,000 tons this year, while Japan is sending us not an ounce. She is conserving all her sulphur for her own needs—whatever they may be.

"The vital question is as to whether

War-time Needs Now Exceed the Supply by 45,000 Tons a Month

there is a remedy. The government experts say there is, and it lies in the direction of the conservation of waste products. Their experts went on the stand at the Senate hearings and stated that many thousands of tons of pure sulphur were going to waste in the form of smelter gases that now destroyed vast areas of vegetation; that these gases could be diverted, and the sulphur easily extracted from them, and they in turn rendered harmless, by the use of the thiogen process, the invention of a professor of Stanford University. These experts recommended the immediate construction of plants to recover this waste, and gave it as their opinion that two plants which would produce five hundred tons a day each could be constructed within a few months. This thiogen process is now in possession of the government; it has been tested out by the bureau, which states that the process is technically sound, and commercially practicable."

It is insisted that the government in self-defense will be forced to commandeer the sulphur supply within a short time, and that if this is done, only those industries essential to the war program will get a supply of the metal. Paper and rubber are both in Class A, but there is a class ahead of that; the explosive class, and it gets served first.

Loans to the Allies by the United States now total \$6,091,590,000 and are increasing at a rate of nearly \$400,000,000 monthly. Great Britain has received \$3,170,000,000; France, \$1,765,000,000; Italy, \$660,000,000; Russia, \$325,000,000; Belgium, \$131,800,000; Greece, \$15,790,000; Cuba, \$15,000,000; and Serbia, \$9,000,000. Of the credit extended to Russia only \$187,000,000 was paid out before the fall of the Kerensky Government.

WHY THE BELGIAN BANKS ARE BULGING WITH MONEY

IT is a paradox, but a fact, according to C. C. Clayton, a former representative in Antwerp of an American corporation employing more than two thousand persons, that the banks in Belgium have more money now than before the war; that is, their actual cash on hand is more than twice as much as formerly. The deposits and the fact that the banks have no means of employing their money account for this. Checking is at a standstill, he reports in a review of business in Belgium under German rule, in the *World's Work*, except for direct withdrawals—and loans are not being made at all. This, we read, was not true in the beginning, when the populace feared the Germans would confiscate the money in the banks, but as time has gone on they gradually have come to see that it is safer, or appears to be

safer, to put money in the banks than to bury and worry over it or to have it anywhere else. These conditions—the fatness of the bank balances and the capacity for relief not yet strangled—have led the Germans to devise a system of Belgian indemnities that is "frightfully simple." For instance:

"During 1915 and 1916 the Germans required from the Belgians an indemnity of forty million francs a month, which they said was necessary to pay their expenses of administration in Belgium. This they declared to be in strict compliance with international law, as laid down by the Hague Peace Conventions, which permitted an army of occupation to levy normal taxes along the lines previously employed by the local government, and that if these taxes proved insufficient to maintain the government, an indemnity might be levied to supply the balance. The Germans declared the collectable

Despite the Huge Indemnities Imposed Upon the Belgians by the Teuton Invader

taxes to be insufficient to maintain their administration. Therefore, the extra forty million francs a month. At the end of 1916 the Germans conscientiously discovered that they had been cheating themselves. Forty millions were not enough. They required fifty per cent. more, and since that time the Belgians have been paying them sixty millions a month."

Why cannot the Belgians evade payment? Because, so we are told, collection is ridiculously easy. This is the method:

"The German Governor-General in Belgium issues a proclamation, stating that the war contribution has been fixed at so much per month, and orders the provincial councils or Belgian governing bodies in each province to meet and authorize loans to cover their quota for six months or a year. The provincial councils meet, as ordered, but invariably refuse to take the necessary action. Then, by a second

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proclamation, the Governor-General cancels the minutes of the provincial council meetings on the ground that the councils have failed to do their duty by the Belgian state. He then authorizes the German president of the civil administration to take the necessary steps in their stead. The German president of each province with the bank commissioner then issues bonds, or paper to take the place of bonds, in the names of the provinces. Of course no one will voluntarily buy these bonds. The next step is to allot to the banks these forced loans. This is done by the German bank commissioner, who notifies each bank what portion has fallen to its lot, basing his estimate on the capital stock and resources. Unless the banks pay their allotments into the German treasury within a stated time their doors are closed and they are fined. If the war lasts long enough the resources of the banks will be very largely represented by provincial bonds of which no one can determine the value. If the provinces are unable to pay, and no one imagines they will be able to do so, for they have not had the slightest benefit from the loan, these obligations for which the banks have given their cash become worthless. In 1915, 1916 and 1917 these indemnities amounted to 1,680,000,000 francs. They are doubtless now in excess of two billions of francs. There is nothing to prevent the Germans from raising the monthly amount arbitrarily, at any time. It is easily conceivable that if they were on the verge of being driven from Belgium they might make their last levy a sum equal to the total remaining resources of the banks. Then, truly, would Belgium be drained of her last cent. That would be the final act of cutting her financial throat."

In view of the fact that the crafty and ruthless business methods of the Hun invader have been ignored in favor of the more widely discussed German atrocities, it is illuminating to read that on the heels of the army there came into Belgium a horde of German business men who were permitted to get any material they wanted from the occupied territory. All they had to do was to ask the army to "requisition" it, and "the man who wanted the goods was usually the man who did the appraising." The Germans have characteristically maintained that this was not confiscation, and the writer drily agrees that it has been only half or two-thirds or a quarter confiscation, as the case might be. The property of his corporation was treated in the same way, except that as a neutral he, as its representative, was in a more favored position and was able to collect about one-third the value of the things taken."

The experience of this American business man in Belgium made him feel that "this war has been our war since long before we declared war." For in 1915 and 1916 he was repeatedly told by German officials that they "considered the United States their worst enemy" and that they "would find a way to make us pay the expenses of the war."

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Do Germs and Climate Cause Catarrh?



R. L. ALSAKER, M.D.

By R. L. ALSAKER, M.D.

Doctor Alsaker: I have had catarrh since boyhood, and now my two children have it. During the winter months my wife suffers with bad colds.

We have taken treatment from local physicians, using the medicines prescribed; we have used sprays and salves, but have derived no lasting benefit.

We live well, eating and drinking whatever we want, but we do not dissipate in any way. Our family physician tells us that catarrh is caused by germs. Another doctor told us to blame it on the climate. If germs and the climate are the cause of catarrh, I don't see how it can be prevented, or even cured. What have you to say on the subject? J. B. W.

THIS family is no exception. The majority have catarrh, either chronic or acute. Catarrh of the head is annoying—and filthy. In the throat it causes irritating cough. When it is seated in the chest it is called bronchitis. If allowed to continue the bronchitis becomes chronic and robs the individual of refreshing sleep, comfort and health. It weakens the lungs and paves the way for pneumonia and consumption.

Catarrh of the stomach and intestines points toward indigestion. So does catarrh of the liver, which produces various ills, such as jaundice and gall-stones, often ending in disagreeable and painful liver colic.

Catarrh sometimes causes earache, headache and other forms of pain, and it lays the foundation for many diseases.

This gentleman says that he lives well, but no one lives well who is ill. That is poor living. He can continue to eat what he likes, and grow healthy, if he will only learn how.

He thinks that germs and the climate are to blame, and as germs and climate are everywhere, we are helpless. It is a tragic fate, or would be, if it were true, for we can't escape the omnipresent germs and climate.

But neither germs nor the climate cause catarrh. Catarrh is due to improper eating—so are coughs and colds—and these conditions can be prevented and cured through right eating. And here is how it happens:

When people eat as they should not, they get indigestion, which fills the stomach and bowels with acids, gases and poisons; a part of these abnormal products are absorbed into the blood, which becomes very impure and the whole body gets acid. The blood tries to purify itself, and a lot of the waste attempts to escape by way of the mucous membrane. This causes irritation, and the result is colds and catarrhs.

The right kind of food, properly eaten, makes pure blood and produces health, vigor and strength. The right kind of food builds a sound body, puts catarrh, pimples and blotches to flight, and paints roses on the cheeks and makes life worth living.

Catarrh can be conquered quickly, surely and permanently. It has been done in thousands of cases. If you have catarrh you have eaten your way to it. You can cure yourself—you can eat your way out of catarrh into health, and while you are losing your catarrh you will rid yourself of other

physical ills: The dirty tongue, that tired feeling, the bad taste in the mouth in the morning, the gas in the stomach and bowels, the headache and other aches, pains and disabilities will clear up and vanish. It is marvelous what proper eating will do, when other means fail. Don't take my word for it, but prove it in your own case and on your own person.

Catarrh is a luxury, not a necessity. Those who get it, can keep it indefinitely. They can also get rid of it and stay rid of it. Those who have catarrh should not complain about it, for they can easily get the knowledge that will show them how to get rid of catarrh and back to health.

Realizing the universal need of clearly defined instruction on the cause and cure of catarrh, coughs and colds, I have outlined in a small volume an attractive plan of living that has proved successful in curing and preventing these troublesome conditions. My instructions are easy to understand and pleasant to follow.

The plan shows how to live so as to have health at all times. It tells you in plain English the true cause of catarrh, and it gives you the true cure—a cure that works. There is nothing mysterious about it. You need not go to health resorts. You need not take drugs. It is simple, good, workable common sense that you can apply without expense right in your own home. The title of this book is "CURING CATARRH, COUGHS AND COLDS." Its price is considerably less than the usual charge for prescribing treatment—less than the usual charge for a patent "cure all" that doesn't cure—less than it would cost you to lose a day's pay on account of sickness—less than the cost of an evening at the theatre. In fact its real value to you cannot be measured in dollars and cents.

Send only two dollars to my publisher, Frank E. Morrison, Dept. 179, 1133 Broadway, New York, and get your copy of "Curing Catarrh, Coughs and Colds." Follow my complete instructions for the cure of Catarrh and the prevention of colds, for one month; then if you are not entirely satisfied with the improvement in your health, return the book and your money will be refunded to you.

Remember this: If you want to free yourself of Catarrh you can do so. You have your choice of living right or living wrong. This book teaches you the truth and nothing but the truth. Get it and get well.

PUBLISHER'S ANNOUNCEMENT: R. L. Alsaker, M.D., is a recognized authority on the subject discussed in the above article. He has put the net result of his many years of professional experience with sick people into his writings and it is a real pleasure for me to recommend them because I know from personal experience and observation that good results always follow an observance of his simple instructions. Some of Dr. Alsaker's remarkable books of health instruction are: "Curing Catarrh, Coughs, and Colds," "Dieting Diabetes and Bright's Disease," "Conquering Consumption," "Curing Constipation and Appendicitis," "Getting Rid of Rheumatism," "Curing Diseases of Heart and Arteries." Send \$2 for the book that interests you most and learn quickly how you can get back to health and happiness. Money returned if you follow instructions for one month and are not entirely satisfied with your improvement in health. Frank E. Morrison, Publisher, Dept. 179, 1133 Broadway, New York.

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Courage they have always, but we can put fresh heart into them; we can restore the high spirits of youth and send them singing into the fray.

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The Y. M. C. A. furnishes to the boys, not only in its own "huts"—which are often close to the firing line—but in the trenches,

the material and intangible comforts which mean much to morale. It furnishes free entertainment back of the lines. It supplies free writing paper and reading matter. It conducts all post exchanges, selling general merchandise without profit. It has charge of and encourages athletics, and conducts a "khaki college" for liberal education. Its religious work is non-sectarian and non-propagandist. It keeps alive in the boys "over there" the life and the spirit of "over here."

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CONTENTS FOR DECEMBER

When the Marines Marched Through Paris ii

A Review of the World

The Collapse of Autocracy and the Peril of Bolshevism	345	A Key to the New Crisis in Berlin.....	352
Assailing President Wilson's Fourteen Conditions of Peace.....	348	The Socialist Effort to Capture Austria-Hungary	355
Has President Wilson Been Repudiated in the Recent Elections?.....	350	The Struggle with Bolshevism for Possession of Russia	357
PROBLEMS OF THE PACIFIC TO BE SOLVED AT THE PEACE TABLE, By H. Y. Braddon			
When the American Soldiers Went In.....		361	

Persons in the Foreground

Flashlights on Five American Corps Commanders in France.....	362	Mott, Who Wants Millions for U. S. Army War Work.....	364
Max: the Dilettante of Bloodlessness and Irony	363	The Gentlemanly President of the Chinese Republic	366

Music and Drama

"Tea for Three"—A Comedy of Character and Conversation	367	Drama in Khaki: Incidental Music by the Big Guns	373
The "Terrible Infant" of Russian Music Finds Refuge in America.....	371	Secrets of the Film Drama are Divulged by a Famous Producer	374
The New Epidemic of Egotism that Threatens the Theater.....	372	Fourteen Commandments on How to Write Scenarios	374
		Leading Photoplays of the Month.....	375

Science and Discovery

Survival of the Mystical Mathematician.....	376	Nerve Diseases Caused by Success in Life....	380
Is the Memory too Quick to be Good?.....	378	Aspect of the First Things that Flew.....	381
The Energy Theory of Plant Life.....	379	A Case of Illness Cured by a Ghost.....	382

Religion and Social Ethics

The Kind of Peace that Calvinism Would Dictate	383	The Western Contribution to Our National Spirit	385
Is Hatred of the German in the Present Crisis a Duty?.....	383	America's Educational Debt to Prussia.....	386
Protesting Against the Expulsion of Camp-Pastors	384	A New Approach to the Solution of Sex Difficulties	387
		The Story of Wordsworth's Disillusionment.....	389

Literature and Art

Boris Anisfeld Invades the Realm of Fantasy	390	Walt Whitman and His "Noblest Woman-Friend"	394
Adventures of James Huneker as a Literary Steeple-Jack	392	Kipling as the Greatest Story-Teller of Our Time	396
Two New Views of Robinson Crusoe.....	393	Voices of Living Poets.....	397
The Prayer of the Men of Daleswood, By Lord Dunsany		399	

Wartime Needs of the Nation

WORKING TO PUT THE CRIPPLED SOLDIER BACK ON HIS FEET, By William Harper Dean		401	
How Enormous Quantities of Food Are Needlessly Wasted	402	9,000,000 More War Workers Are Needed in Factories	404
Why the War Library Fund Needs \$3,500,000 for Books	403	Men Must Quit Every Job That Women Can Fill	404

The Industrial World

Only 150,000 American Families Enjoy \$10,000 a Year Incomes.....	405	A Survey of War Figures that Stagger the Imagination	407
The Case of the Farmer Against the Middleman	406	Why Silver is Becoming as Rare as Platinum.....	407
How Uncle Sam is Saving \$3,000,000 a Month in France	406	Making Paper From Dead Leaves.....	409
		Woods That Are Heavier Than Water.....	410
		Hail to the Goober and its \$150,000,000 Crop.....	410

SHEAR NONSENSE.....412

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A REVIEW OF THE WORLD

THE COLLAPSE OF AUTOCRACY AND THE PERIL OF BOLSHEVISM

Revolution Shakes
Germany and Ends
the Great War

WHEN the end came last month, after four years and three months of warfare, resulting in something like 26,000,000 casualties, it came swiftly, suddenly and completely. Even before the terms of the so-called armistice had been signed, the Kaiser had been forced to abdicate and, as Count William Hohenzollern, was on his way to Holland (greeted along the route with cheerful little salutations such as "Are you on your way to Paris?" and welcomed when he reached Holland with cries of endearment such as "Assassin!"); the Crown Prince had vanished from view (he has since turned up in Holland); Prince Henry had fled, narrowly escaping assassination; the kings and princes and grand dukes of about a dozen German kingdoms and duchies had abdicated; Count Reventlow had fled to Denmark; and the Social Democratic revolution had taken into its turbulent hands the reins of power almost without a struggle in Munich, Berlin, Hanover, Hamburg and numerous other cities. The larger part of the German navy was in the hands of the revolutionists and flying the red flag. Hindenburg (Ludendorff having joined the Down-and-Out Club) had placed himself and the army under the orders of the new government. The armistice was not signed until November 11th; but as early as November 10th a dispatch from Amsterdam described the situation as follows:

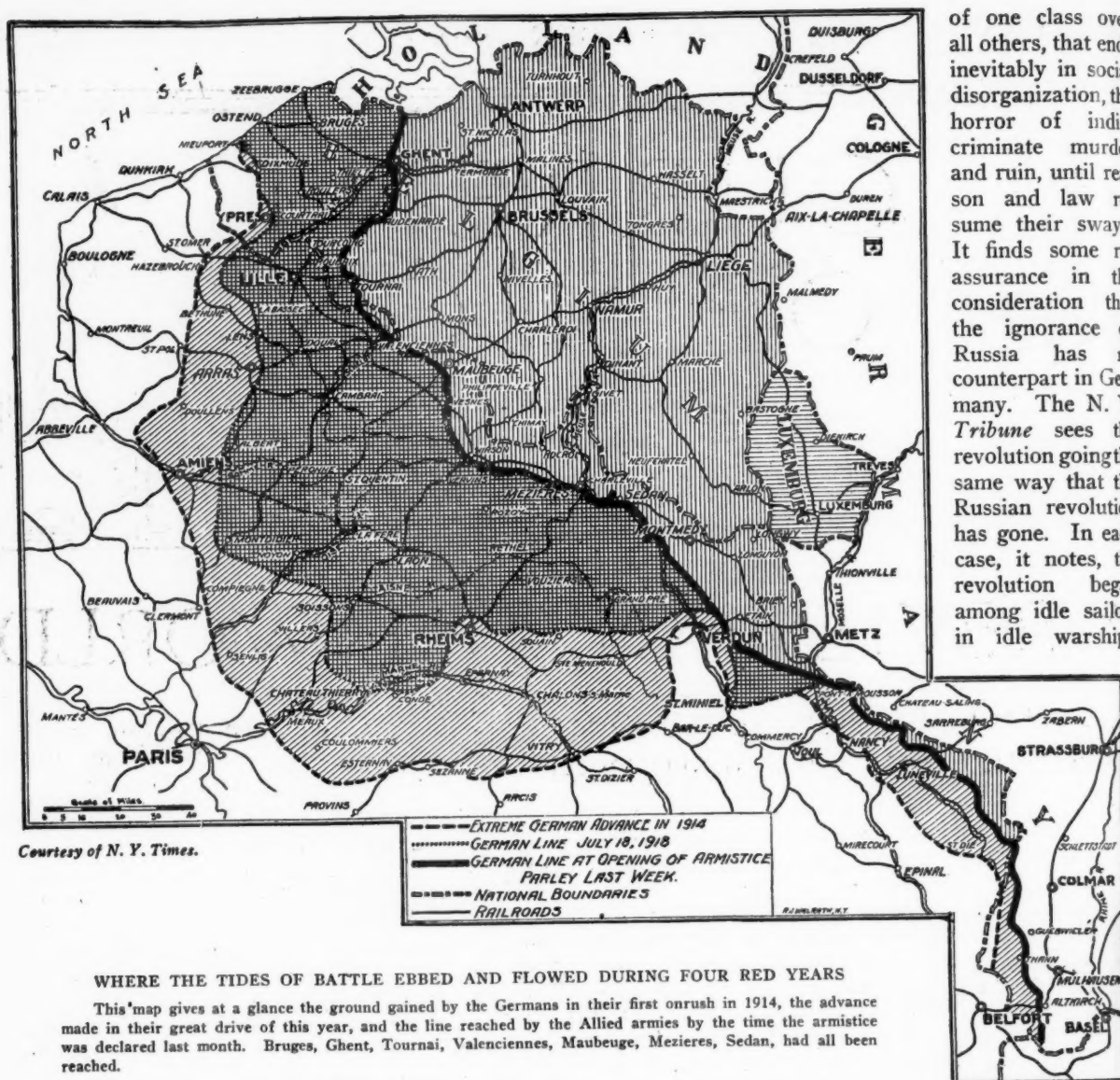
"In seven short days the German people have effectively burst the fetters of the tyrannous, autocratic rule which had bound them for so many generations.

"The Socialist revolution has swept with extraordinary success and remarkable rapidity through practically the whole country. That Germany which plunged Europe into war has, in short, been beaten far more thoroly than even the most optimistic ever hoped would be the case. As this historic week ends it may be said to have been wiped out."

Up to the time of this writing, reports seem to agree that the overthrow of the Hohenzollern dynasty and of the autocratic government which it had carried down from the days of medievalism has been attended with little bloodshed. "Almost without the effusion of blood," "almost entire absence of bloodshed,"—so run the dispatches. But keen apprehensions are expressed of the situation which may develop when the millions of soldiers, defeated and sore and sullen, return to their homes and when the pinch of famine begins to be felt. Similar scenes to those enacted in Germany have already taken place in Austria-Hungary. Autocracy, in its three great strongholds—Russia, Germany, Austria-Hungary—is no more. There is no Kaiser Wilhelm. There is only William Hohenzollern, an unwelcome, interned resident of Holland, with bitter memories of the past and gloomy apprehensions of the future. "Hohenzollern, Hapsburg, Romanoff," says the Philadelphia *Ledger*, "the old kings—the last survivals of medievalism—the rearguards of feudalism—follow the Caesars and the Pharaohs and the Kings of Babylon into the mirk of a dead and damned, Christ-denying and God-defying thoroly pagan past."

The Red Flag Emerges in Germany.

OUT of the mass of comment on this tremendous event in the history of the world, the two dominant notes are of rejoicing over the collapse of military autocracy and of foreboding as to the new forms of government being evoked to take its place. Elsewhere we treat of this foreboding as it is manifested in the European press. It is equally manifest in our own press. The red flag is not a signal of joy to many Americans. Here is the way one well-known American



views the situation. Ex-President Taft says in the *Philadelphia Ledger*:

"Autocracy in the world is ended. The world has paid a high price, but in the end it will be worth it. The swinging of the pendulum from the despotism of the emperor to the despotism of the soviet is only a phase of the struggle toward popular government and liberty regulated by law. The despotism of the mob finds its origin in the despotism of the autocrat and is a direct consequence thereof. The Hohenzollerns are as much to be charged with the guilt of the anarchists who may succeed them as with that of their own direct acts of oppression, as William cannot escape guilt for the looting of Berlin any more than Napoleon could plead not guilty to the excesses of the commune. The reigns of the kings are over. The struggle for free and useful governments on the ruins which the kings have left is on. The race will not be easy, but the goal is clear."

He sees more clearly than ever before the need of a League of Nations if the coming peace conference is to result in anything effective. "In spite of the awful warning of Russia, now given over to anarchy and starvation," says the *N. Y. Times*, "the German insurgents set out upon the road that leads to the tyranny

of one class over all others, that ends inevitably in social disorganization, the horror of indiscriminate murder and ruin, until reason and law resume their sway." It finds some reassurance in the consideration that the ignorance of Russia has no counterpart in Germany. The *N. Y. Tribune* sees the revolution going the same way that the Russian revolution has gone. In each case, it notes, the revolution began among idle sailors in idle warships.

In each case also workmen's and soldiers' councils have taken complete possession of the government and one of the first things done is to seize the news agencies, as "it seems always necessary for the revolutionists to censor news of their own activities." In Germany as in Russia the same strange and menacing emphasis is laid upon the word bourgeoisie, meaning the middle classes who own most of the property. In Russia at first, as in Germany thus far, there were manifest certain conservative instincts, which quickly vanished. "It may be even so in Germany. No one can tell what may not happen under the RED FLAG." The *Tribune* also finds a measure of reassurance. After all, it may be the work of God. "This may be where God intends to take up the work of the Allies and begin to punish the Hun." The *Brooklyn Eagle* thinks others than the Hun would be punished. It observes:

"The nations that have won the war will hope and pray that revolutionary government of Germany will not become the property of lunatics and savages, as is the case with revolutionary government in Russia. Having beaten Imperial Germany to the dust, having achieved the destruction of military power everywhere from the Baltic to the Adriatic and the Bosphorus, the victor nations do not wish

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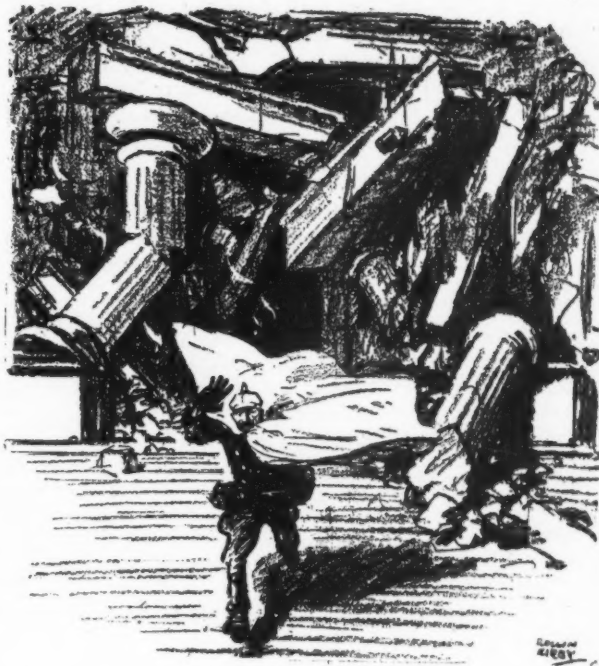
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to be compelled to police a Germany gone raving mad. The problems of reconstruction and pacification which confront the United States, Great Britain, France and Italy will be complicated enough without the added burden which the rise of anarchy throughout central Europe would surely impose upon them."

Differences Between the Revolution in Russia and in Germany.

THE Socialist daily, the N. Y. *Call*, views all this sort of talk as "stuff" and "bunk." It is merely the fright of the reactionary classes at the rise of "labor republics"—the same sort of reaction which occurred after the French Revolution and produced the Holy Alliance. It denounces as a campaign of deliberate lying the reports of arson, rape and assassination under the Soviet government in Russia. "Bolshevism," the *Call* declares, "is the ghost of Jacobinism, come to plague the reactionaries of all countries who seek to preserve a dying social order. They will have to make their peace with it, as the 'well-born' of New England did 118 years ago." The N. Y. *American* discerns an important difference between the revolution in Russia and that in Germany—the difference between a political and an economical revolution:

"We anticipate that revolution in Germany will be against political rather than economic ills. Precisely the opposite was the case in Russia. Under the Russian Government the people had been treated as the beasts of the field, driven with lashes, overworked and underfed. In Germany the complaint against the government has not been economic. The German State has gone to the extreme of paternalism in caring for its subjects. The lesser aims of socialism have been attained in Germany as nowhere else in the world. Public ownership of public utilities,



THE HOUSE OF HOHENZOLLERN

—Kirby in N. Y. *World*

government supervision of housing and of labor conditions, old-age pensions and insurance—all the palliatives of the present industrial state have been granted the German of the middle class."

Another reassuring note is struck in the New York *Evening Post*. It goes into statistics. The submerged classes in Russia it finds to be about 95 per cent. of the population, the middle class about 5 per cent. In Germany the figures are about 65 and 35 per cent., and the middle class in the latter country is far more deeply rooted in the past, far better organized and of far more combative power. In Germany, moreover, 85 per cent. of the soil is cultivated by the owners. But the strongest of all guarantees against Bolshevism in central Europe, and especially in the Hapsburg domain, is found in "the triumphant principle of nationalism." Even in Russia—Poland, Ukraine, Finland, Lithuania, the Baltic provinces—the realization of national ideals is put above the proletarian ideal. This counter-force is still stronger in the new Jugo-Slavia, Czecho-Slovakia, the Rumanian districts of Hungary and the Polish districts of Galicia.

"After all, the first impetus to revolution is defeat and failure. But the subject peoples of the Hapsburgs will not have been defeated if they emerge from the war as free nations in alliance with the victorious democracies of the West. The chief obstacle to the spread of Lenin's internationalism, in the former Austria-Hungary at least, will be the fear that a new chaos may bring the loss of that free national existence so painfully achieved."

Were the Russian Bolsheviks in the Pay of Germany?

A CONTROVERSY of international proportions was precipitated by the publication in America, during September, of some seventy documents collected in Russia for the American Committee on Public Information, by Edgar Sisson, former editor of Hearst's *Cosmopolitan*. These documents bear dates of the



DIE NACHT AM RHEIN

—Partridge in London *Punch*

autumn of 1917 and the winter of 1917-18. Some of them had been previously published in the *Petit Parisien* and in other European papers. They show, according to Mr. Sisson and the Committee on Public Information, that "the present heads of the Bolshevik Government—Lenin and Trotzky and their associates—are German agents." It is claimed further:

"They show that the Bolshevik revolution was arranged for by the German Great General Staff, and financed by the German Imperial Bank and other German financial institutions.

"They show that the treaty of Brest-Litovsk was a betrayal of the Russian people by the German agents, Lenin and Trotzky; that a German-picked commander was chosen to 'defend' Petrograd against the Germans; that German officers have been secretly received by the Bolshevik Government as military advisers, as spies upon the embassies of Russia's allies, as officers in the Russian army, and as directors of the Bolshevik military, foreign, and domestic policy. They show, in short, that the present Bolshevik Government is not a Russian government at all, but a German government acting solely in the interests of Germany and betraying the Russian people, as it betrays Russia's natural allies, for the benefit of the Imperial German Government alone."

The Controversy over the Sisson Documents.

THE publication of the Sisson documents evoked a storm of comment. In some quarters, their genuineness was challenged. The New York *Evening Post* published a number of editorials and letters tending to discredit the documents. The London *Nation* and the Manchester *Guardian* followed suit. The director of the Nya Bank in Stockholm, which is mentioned in the

The Kaiser must be taught there can be no wreck without a reckoning.—Newark News.

documents as an intermediary between the German Government and the Bolshevik leaders, denied that any transaction of the kind indicated had taken place. Santeri Nuorteva, head of the Finnish Information Bureau in America and an associate of Lenin and Trotzky, pronounced the documents "brazen forgeries." As a result of these and similar comments, the Committee on Public Information submitted the Sisson documents to two historical experts, Dr. J. Franklin Jameson, editor of the *American Historical Review*, and Dr. Samuel N. Harper, Professor of Russian Languages and Institutions in the University of Chicago. The results of their investigation appear in a brochure entitled "The German-Bolshevik Conspiracy," published by the Committee on Public Information. They divide the documents into three groups: (1) Those presented in Russian originals or photographs—four-fifths of the whole set; (2) two documents presented in circulars printed in German; (3) those documents for which no originals or photographs are presented, but the translations of which rest solely on mimeographed texts in Russian. On the first group of fifty-three documents, Drs. Jameson and Harper comment: "We see no reason to doubt the genuineness or authenticity of these fifty-three documents." Of the second two printed German documents they say: "We do not think them to be, in their present shape, documents on whose entire text historians or publicists can safely rely as genuine." Of the third group of documents they say: "We see in these texts nothing that positively excludes the notion of their being genuine, little in any of them that makes it doubtful, tho guarantees of their having been accurately copied and accurately translated into Russian are obviously lacking."

Germany has found a substitute for everything else. It shouldn't be hard to find a substitute for the Kaiser.—St. Louis Star.

ASSAILING PRESIDENT WILSON'S FOURTEEN CONDITIONS OF PEACE

NOW that the fighting has ceased, the all-absorbing topic for the entire world becomes the making of the terms of peace and the remaking of the map of the world. Some things about that map have already been settled by the terms of armistice. Alsace and Lorraine are returned to France. Triest and the Trentino have been returned to Italy. But innumerable questions await the decisions of the peace conference,—the disposition of the German colonies, the recreation of Poland, the creation of a new nation of Czecho-Slovaks, the transfer of Bosnia and Herzegovina to Serbia, the granting of autonomy or of independence to the Jugoslavs and other parts of Austria-Hungary, the arrangements for the internationalization of Constantinople, settlement of the conflicting claims of the Balkan nations, the future status of Schleswig-Holstein and Finland and Luxemburg and Persia and Palestine, the solution as far as possible of the problems presented by what was once the Russian Empire and of the other problems presented by the remains of the Turkish Empire. With twenty-five or twenty-six nations likely to have something to say at the Peace Conference, with all these staggering tasks to perform, including an endless array of claims for reparation and restoration, it becomes evident that the American army, if it has to wait for the con-

Freedom of the Seas May Prove a Snag in the Peace Conference

clusion of the Peace Conference labors before returning home, is in for a good long wait. That seems to be the view of the various war service boards, which have promptly increased the size of the sum for which they ask from 170 millions to 250 millions of dollars. In the meantime, the basis formulated by President Wilson as a sort of beginning of peace negotiations has come under shell-fire and become the subject of heated partizan discussion. It is an ominous beginning, showing what possibilities of debate and dissension lie in the program before the peace delegates.

The Fourteen Points Battered in the Recent Campaign.

THE famous Fourteen Points laid down by President Wilson last January as "the only possible program" of reconstruction were at the time received with apparent acquiescence in this country and a cordial assent—with one or two reservations—in Great Britain, especially from Lloyd George. But there was no political campaign on then in this country. In the recent campaign Mr. Roosevelt, ex-Secretary Shaw, Chairman Hay and other Republican leaders attacked these Fourteen Points from various directions. As an illustration of what a change was effected in the attitude toward the

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program presented by the President, a few excerpts from the N. Y. *Tribune* are useful. When that program was first issued the *Tribune* said it would live "as one of the great documents in American history and one of the permanent contributions of America to world liberty." It was then "in form and in substance beyond praise," and in it the President had "translated from vague aspirations to clear and definite fact the war aims of his fellow countrymen." In the recent campaign the *Tribune* informed its readers that "a dangerous fiction of acceptance" had grown up about these Fourteen Points in all countries. In this country they "were provisionally taken to represent an abstract ideal of peace," and criticism was withheld only lest a political discussion might distract attention from the prosecution of the war. In Great Britain and France, we were assured, they were received "with profound disappointment," which, however, was confined to private expression, because to speak would seem to set up a quarrel with America. The Boston *Transcript* (Rep.) noted at the time the Fourteen Points were issued that no clear voice was raised against them. In the recent campaign it found that they had been left "in a lame position" by reason of the qualifications put by the Versailles Conference on the clause concerning the freedom of the seas and the addition of a provision for compensation. The Chicago *Tribune* was impressed with the "unsurpassed candor, breadth and force" of the Fourteen Points when they were issued and it is one of the President's opponents that did not eat its words in the campaign. It refused to follow Mr. Roosevelt's cue, saying that the Fourteen Points should not be taken too strictly as definite commitments, Mr. Wilson himself having warned us against that. They were meant to point a direction forward and to express a spirit; but they must not be interpreted and applied as a complete academic formula.

Cleavage Between Great Britain and America on Freedom of the Seas.

TWO of the Fourteen Points are made the subject of special criticism. They are the second and third. The second calls for "absolute freedom of navigation upon the seas outside territorial waters, alike in peace and war," except as they may be closed by international action for international purposes. The third calls for "the removal, so far as possible, of all economic barriers and the establishment of an equality of trade conditions among all the nations consenting to the peace and associating themselves for its maintenance." We noted at the time that on this freedom-of-the-seas clause England was "dubious but not defiant," and that the London *Times*, the London *Chronicle* and other British papers were withholding assent. If there is to be any clash in the Peace Conference between us and Great Britain it will be on this question. The Versailles Conference granted an armistice to Germany on the basis of the Fourteen Points, stipulating, however, that as the clause concerning freedom of the seas was susceptible of various interpretations, the Allies must reserve their right to place their own interpretation on it in the Peace Conference. This may presage a struggle. We note that Admiral Sims, who represented us at the armistice conference, places an interpretation on it that is by no means satisfactory at Washington. The Admiral said, as reported in a N. Y. *Times* special dispatch, November 9th:

"I am unable to find any one on either side to give a definition of the 'freedom of the seas.' So far as history goes, the power of Great Britain has permitted practically absolute freedom of the seas to everybody, because any vessel could go to any British port and carry goods to any other port. To me, that looks like perfect freedom of the seas."

The *Times* Washington correspondent gives the following critical comment as coming from "an authority" in Washington:

"Admiral Sims abandons the traditional policy of the United States and supports the imperial policy; he ignores history when he claims that it supports his declaration; the 'freedom of the seas' that the British navy historically has guaranteed is their safety for British ships and commerce, but safety for the ships and commerce of no other powers when Great Britain happens to be a belligerent.

"The term 'freedom of the seas' relates primarily to war, and not to peace times, when there is little question of their freedom. We recollect our own experience at the commencement of this war and for two years thereafter; we recall the experience of every neutral maritime nation, Holland most particularly. Their experiences and ours in this war do not represent in any sense 'freedom of the seas,' but the mastery of the seas by one power, and the necessity of other powers conforming to the wishes of that power.

"Admiral Sims has entirely misunderstood President Wilson's meaning, if he has sought to interpret the President's declaration concerning free seas. The traditional policies of the two countries—one of empire, the other of independence and isolation up to the present time—furnish the President's meaning of the term."

Equality of Trade Conditions in the Peace Treaty.

THERE seems to be here the basis for a real locking of horns on a vital matter—the same matter, in fact, on which the United States and Great Britain locked horns in 1812. The N. Y. *Journal of Commerce*, in a careful consideration of the subject in its historical bearings, admits that the principle laid down by the President not only in his Fourteen Points but in previous documents, is "the principle for which our Government has steadily contended." It was in part embodied in a treaty between this country and Prussia in 1785, to the effect that in war time as in peace enemy property must be respected at sea as (in theory at least) it is on land. In laying down the essential conditions on which America would adhere to the Universal Union of Peace, in May, 1916, President Wilson said: "The free, constant, unthreatened intercourse of nations is an essential part of the process of peace and of development." Had the Allies in this war, says the *Journal of Commerce*, been committed to the same doctrine, "it would have hopelessly blunted the sharpest of their weapons against their present enemies." The conclusion seems to the writer irresistible that this principle can be realized in practice at this time only when the great maritime powers consent to "pool" the command of the seas. The Boston *Transcript* thinks that by reason of England's objections the freedom-of-the-seas clause has already been scrapped. England's chief weapon in the world, it reminds us, is her navy. She would not have laid that weapon down after a defeat and still less can she be expected to do so after victory. The other one of the Fourteen Points that has invited special attack—the clause about equality of trade—has

been interpreted as a free-trade utterance. Ex-Secretary of the Treasury Leslie M. Shaw asserts that it would make the enactment of a protective tariff by any signatory nation an act of war against all other parties to the peace treaty. The President, however, repudiates any such interpretation of his words. In a letter to Senator Simmons he says that he did not mean to suggest any restriction whatever upon any nation to determine its own economic policy, but simply that whatever policy is enacted apply impartially to all signatory nations, no favorites being played. This explanation

There can be no concert of the nations until Germany has learned to play second fiddle instead of bass drum.—*Anaconda Standard*.

has called forth a protest from another source—the Prime Minister of Australia, W. M. Hughes. Why, he asks, should Australia, as a self-governing Dominion, have her economic freedom restricted and be compelled to give Germany the same treatment as she gives to France and Belgium? "Nothing," he says, "but force majeure would compel us to." With such differences as these developing before the terms of the armistice even are signed, it requires no seventh son of a seventh son to foresee that the delegates to the peace conference are going to have arduous work on their hands.

Gen. Haig says the dark days are over. Not exactly over, but transferred over to the Huns.—*Nashville Southern Lumberman*.

HAS PRESIDENT WILSON BEEN REPUDIATED IN THE RECENT ELECTIONS?

ACCORDING to the (unofficial) returns, the Republican party will have a plurality of 45 and a clear majority of 43 in the next House of Representatives and a majority of one or two in the Senate. Ten days before the election was held, President Wilson, in his appeal to the voters, said: "The return of a Republican majority to either house of the Congress would, moreover, be interpretative on the other side of the water as a repudiation of my leadership." Here as always the President chose his words with care. He does not say interpreted but interpretative—that is, susceptible of interpretation. He does not say that such an interpretation would be the right one, tho he leaves that to be inferred when he says that "the difficulties and delicacies of our present task are of a sort that makes it imperatively necessary that the nation should give its undivided support to the Government under a unified leadership" and "a Republican Congress would divide the leadership." His whole appeal, in fact, was based upon Republican opposition, not to the war or to any particular policy growing out of the war, but to his own personal control of affairs. "At almost every turn since we entered the war," he says, "they have sought to take the choice of policy and the conduct of the war out of my hands and put it under the control of instrumentalities of their own choosing." This personal note dominates the whole document and distinguishes it from the precedents—such as President McKinley's appeal in 1896 and President Roosevelt's appeal in 1906—cited by Democratic leaders in justification. President Wilson does not make his appeal for approval of any particular policy but for approval of "my leadership." He accuses the Republican leaders not of opposition to this or that measure but of a "desire not so much to support the President as to control him." And he asks for a Democratic Congress not on the ground that Democrats are more loyal to the country than Republicans, but to enable him "to continue to be your unembarrassed spokesman in affairs at home and abroad." Probably no President ever before made an appeal so frankly and exclusively personal. The replies it elicited were equally personal.

Mr. Wilson's Alleged Fondness
For Rubber Stamps.

ALL the Republican war-horses—Roosevelt, Taft, Hughes, Lodge, Penrose, Watson, Hays—retorted in more or less violent language. "The unified leader-

ship he [Mr. Wilson] asks," said Mr. Taft, "is autocratic power," a power during the next two years "equal to that of the Hohenzollerns, in war and peace, in accounting and reconstruction." Mr. Hays, chairman of the National Republican Committee, asserted that "Mr. Wilson wants only rubber stamps, his rubber stamps, in Congress," and for that reason calls for the defeat of Republicans even tho they are pro-war, and the election of Democrats even tho they are anti-war. The need of unity of control is emphasized by the President, and Secretary McAdoo, Mr. Samuel Untermyer and other of the Democratic leaders also lay stress upon this point. "Unity of command in Europe," says Mr. McAdoo, "must be backed up with unity of command and action in America." But Senator Watson calls attention to the fact that "in no other country at war has it been thought necessary to have one-party control in or-

Democrats Lose Control of Both Houses of Congress



READING BETWEEN THE LINES

—Ding in N. Y. Tribune

der to promote unity," coalition cabinets having been formed in Great Britain, France and Italy. Bitter references were made to Mr. Wilson's statement some months ago that "politics has been adjourned," and to the contrast of that with his frank appeal for a Democratic Congress. Henry A. Wise Wood, former member of the Naval Consulting Board, in a telegram to the President, asserted that he had "ambushed the Republican party, firing upon one-half of the citizens of the United States from beneath a flag of truce which you yourself have raised." But Mr. Untermyer denied that it was the President that had violated the flag of truce. The partisan issue, said Mr. Untermyer, "has been forced upon him by the conduct of the Republican leaders in and out of Congress, culminating in bitter and concerted attacks upon his splendid diplomacy and leadership within a few days before he found it necessary to issue his appeal to the patriotism of his country for support in his policies." Calvin Tompkins, of New York City, a supporter of the President, admitted that Mr. Wilson had shifted gears, but insisted that he had done so at just the right time, as we have now arrived at the turning point of war policies into reconstruction policies, and "if the President can rescue the Democratic party from again becoming the second fiddle of privilege, as it was before his time, he will have accomplished a notable achievement." These extracts from a series of impassioned speeches will show the animus of the recent campaign in its closing days.

**Was it the President or Congress
that was Repudiated?**

AND yet, in spite of the personal issue so prominently thrust into the closing days of the campaign, there is considerable difference of opinion as to whether the verdict at the polls was in any proper sense a repudiation of President Wilson. Such a dispassionate observer as the *Christian Science Monitor* views the verdict as follows:

"It cannot be said, on the one hand, that the Administration has won a striking indorsement of all its policies and acts, nor, on the other, that it has been reprimanded. The biennial national election is characteristically neutral in tint; partisan fervor and enthusiasm have been notably absent from the campaign just closed. Even the President's appeal failed to divert the thought of the public from the greater campaign across the sea."

The *New York World*, a strong advocate of the Wilson administration, promptly questioned the wisdom of his appeal and now denies that the result is a repudiation of him. "It is the Sixty-fifth Congress," it says, "and not the President that is in disfavor." The people, it is sure, understood perfectly well that they were electing a Congress and not a President, and too many leaders of this Congress have yielded to narrow sectional and sectarian influences, and some have carried their pacifism and pro-German demagoguery over from the days of our neutrality into the days of war. The *N. Y. Times* is more explicit. It finds "one great cause of the Democratic overthrow" in the taxes, and still more in the spirit and purpose manifested in framing the tax bills by Claude Kitchin, whose evident exultation in putting his taxes chiefly on the North "was more resented, perhaps, than the taxes themselves." The set of the current, moreover, was against the Democrats because of the strong inclination shown in Congress to Government

ownership of railways, telegraphs and telephones. The *N. Y. Evening Sun* also finds that "the crass financial policy that has come to be known as Kitchinism" was one of the most potent causes of Republican success. The morning *Sun* is a little more inclusive in its conclusion. "The supremacy of the little Southern oligarchy of inexpensive politicians," it rejoices to find, has been "broken to smithereens." The *Baltimore Sun* finds various reasons for the loss of a Democratic Congress—Prohibition in some states, woman suffrage in others, the President's refusal to set a higher price on wheat in others; but none of these reasons pertain to the war itself and our foreign relations. The *Philadelphia Press* thinks that the election will not in any way change the nature of the proceedings for an armistice and a just and enduring peace. The *Springfield Republican*, one of the stoutest champions of the President, takes a more serious view of the result. While its own interpretation is that "the country is Wilson but not Democratic," it thinks that the net result of the election is a weakened Government, "and a weakened Government at this time must be regarded as a national misfortune."

**A Republican Senate Will Have
to Do Business by Compromise.**

ANOTHER journal of Republican proclivities that scouts the idea that the election was a repudiation of Wilson is the *Philadelphia Ledger*. "Nothing even resembling a want of confidence in President Wilson's leadership," it thinks, appeared in the verdict, with the possible exception of the defeat of Henry Ford for Senator from Michigan. It finds that the people, despite the President's "ill-judged appeal," made the questions of patriotism and individual fitness their guiding factor, and as evidence it points to the near defeat of Champ Clark, recalling his analogy between convicts and drafted soldiers, and to the defeat of Mr. Ford, with his pacifist record. The *N. Y. World*, however, points out that Nebraska Republicans have reelected Senator Norris, altho "he has opposed and voted against every war measure and as a candidate for reelection boasted of it." Victor Berger, it goes on to point out, now under indictment for disloyal conduct, was elected to Congress in Wisconsin, on the Socialist ticket, and William E. Mason, another anti-war candidate, was elected representative at large in Illinois on the Republican ticket. On the strength of these instances it indignantly repels the accusation made by Mr. Roosevelt that "the entire pro-German and pacifist vote was behind the Wilson Democratic ticket." The result of the Senatorial election in Massachusetts is hailed by the Wilson press as a Wilson victory, Senator Weeks, who has been a foremost critic of the President, being defeated for reelection, altho the State went Republican in its vote for Governor and other State offices. The *N. Y. Times* foresees difficulties for the Republicans in organizing the next Senate. With a scant majority of one or two, it has La Follette and Gronna and Norris to reckon with, and "will have to do business by compromise and by the establishment of good feeling between the party-leaders on both sides"—an arrangement which "has usually resulted in better legislation than unmitigated control by one party." One other interesting contribution to the diagnosis of the election results is made by David Lawrence, Washington correspondent of the *N. Y. Evening Post*. The Democrats were swept from

power, he believes, because they failed to abolish the odious system of seniority in the House and Senate, which places Kitchin in the chairmanship of the Committee of Ways and Means despite his vote against the war, and Dent in charge of the Committee on Military

A KEY TO THE NEW CRISIS IN BERLIN

EVERY proclamation, every resignation and every abdication in Germany for the past month is an outcome of the struggle between the Social Democracy on the one side and the princes on the other. This situation has been forecast in the newspapers of France and Italy in such detail that the choice of Prince Max as regent was foreseen when he became Chancellor. No sooner had it become obvious that the war was lost—the German masses did not learn the truth as quickly as did the princes—than it became necessary to protect that “principle” for which the *Kreuz-Zeitung* stands. This last stand of the German princes was foreseen by Premier Clemenceau and it has often been prophetically commented upon in his *Homme Libre*. The situation has been forecast in such detail in the newspapers of Italy that the retirement of Prince Max from the post of Chancellor and his reappearance in some other capacity at the head of affairs was hinted at in the *Tribuna* some little time before it happened. Prince Max appears to have come to some kind of terms with the conservative wing of the Socialist party. Hence the appearance of a leader of that party in the potential capacity of Chancellor. The trouble with such an arrangement may be the growing strength of the left wing of the Socialist party, which has been republican for a long time and is violently so at this moment.

The New Name in the Political Pandemonium at Berlin.

PROMINENTLY as the name of Ebert has been put forward in Prince Max's solution of the dynastic crisis, the Socialist leader is very little known to Ger-

Affairs in spite of his opposition to the selective draft. “If the Republican party,” says Mr. Lawrence, “will take the initiative and abolish seniority, it will accomplish a reform even more important than the ending of cloture rule in the Senate.”

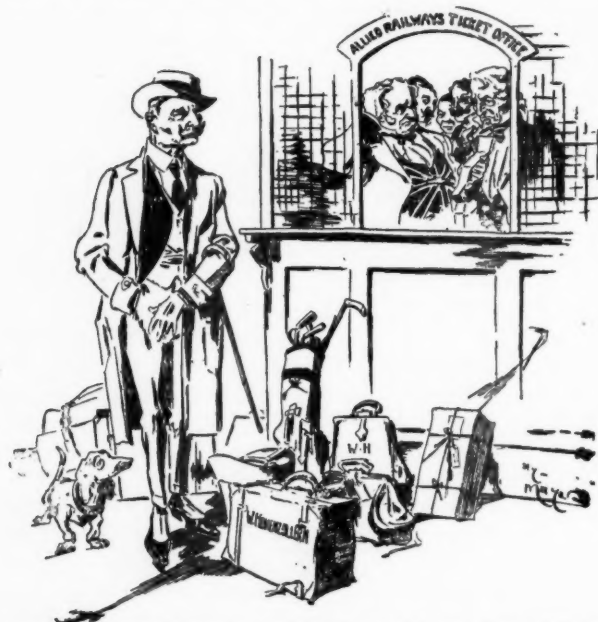
A Last Stand of the German Princes in Defense of the Monarchical Principle

mans generally, even inside the ranks of the party. He has not been seven years in the Reichstag and his career in Bremen had been that of editor and agitator for better housing and feeding conditions for the masses. The *Humanité* (Paris) understands that his reputation as an organizer stands high in German Socialist circles. He is a man of about forty-seven, of humble origin, with an infinite capacity for the detail work of committee politics. He has been assisted in his rise through the ranks of Socialist organization by a full voice, in which he elucidates the more arid statistical and economic arguments upon which the Marxian theory of surplus value is based. He is said to detest the Bolsheviks and to have been denounced in the Moscow Soviet as a reactionary. Recently, the *Vorwärts* says, he changed his attitude. Ebert's manners are affirmed in the organ of French Socialism to be ingratiating and his personality magnetic. His greatest success was achieved in his measures to hold the Socialist organization together in spite of the split when the Liebknecht group



NOTHING LEFT BUT THE HOWL

—Donahey in Cleveland Plain Dealer



CITIZEN HOHENZOLLERN: “WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?”

—Hy. Mayer in N. Y. Times

broke away. Ebert devised the plan upon which the Socialist party members are now assessed and his system of collections has kept the party treasury in a fairly good condition. It is difficult to see in the light of French press comment how he can bring the two Socialist wings together. Nevertheless, Ebert greatly strengthened his position with the minority Socialists when he caused the majority faction to come out against the Brest-Litovsk pact. In the *Hamburger Echo*, the *Chemnitzer Volksstimme*, and the *Münchener Post*, organs of majority Socialism, Ebert has for the past three months reiterated the phraseology of the famous Reichstag resolution of July last year. Ebert embraced Liebknecht publicly on the occasion of the latter's recent release.

A Test of German Public Opinion.

IT would not surprise students of German Socialism to learn that the name of Ebert had been put forward more as a feeler than as a certainty. In any event, the

accept the predictions in the French press, the "last gasp of the princes" will lead to a "run" of Chancellors until a solution is found for the crisis or the whole imperial system collapses. When predictions of this sort are made in the Paris *Figaro* and other French papers, they are thought too sensational; but events have verified many of them. Yet the French papers now tell us that the revolutionary spirit in Germany permeates not only the working masses but the smaller trading classes and all the lower grades of the bureaucracy. There has come throughout Prussia a complete revulsion of feeling against the monarchical idea itself. In Bavaria the Socialist leaders have been put forward in all demonstrations against the royal family, but the business element, the powerful artistic cliques and even the lower ranks of the influential Roman Catholic clergy are believed to have caught up the anti-monarchical now tell us that the revolutionary spirit in Germany



REFERRED TO THE QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS DEPARTMENT
—Knott in Dallas News

that a man like Ebert is sufficiently powerful to stem the tide. Even if he keeps the Socialist factions together—a doubtful thing—he can not unite the Liberals and the Clericals on a social policy. It is deemed very likely by these observers that the whole monarchical system in Prussia will collapse. This in turn would shake all the other German thrones.

What Prince Maximilian Thinks of Monarchy.

A MAN of genius alone can rescue Germany from the depths to which she has been reduced by princes and soldiers and it has yet to be demonstrated that Prince Maximilian is a genius. With this as a sort of preface, the Paris *Temps* infers that Germany may rush from an extreme of militarism to an extreme of license. There is a different idea of the capacity of Prince Max in some English papers. He is likely to overshadow any Chancellor who could possibly be chosen under his regency. Hence the Chancellors to come will be puppets in a Liberal atmosphere just as the Chancellors that followed Bismarck under William were puppets in a reactionary atmosphere. Prince



HOUSE-CLEANING TIME

—Donahy in Cleveland Plain Dealer

Maximilian will strive to saturate the German official world with his own type of spirituality. Here is a view of him politically from the London *Nation*:

"The view of Prince Max is that the evil from which Germany is suffering is Bismarck. The spiritual indolence which prevents the German people from claiming their own freedom is precisely the condition which the first Chancellor strove successfully to produce in them; and Prince Max's demand that German power should be based upon a world-conscience is precisely the demand which Bismarck would not recognize. He advocates not indeed a return to 'old Germany,' but a return to the spirit of 'old Germany,' which is the essential. Now that he is called to a position wherein he can lead his country in the way it should go, it behooves us to remember that he is himself an embodiment of pre-Imperial Germany. He is not in the exact sense of the word a democrat; he is not under the spell of institutions. But he is a man who enjoys a hundred times the moral authority of any democrat in Germany, partly indeed because he is the heir to a constitutional throne, partly because he is typical of a house which has not forsaken the traditions of popular kingship, but far more because he is the only man in Germany who has addressed himself to the element of idealism in the German people."

Will the Allies Go to Berlin?

MAXIMILIAN, as regent, would receive the support of the western allies against any government set going under purely proletarian auspices. This bit of information, unofficially communicated to the French newspapers, is the subject of censored reflections in the *Avanti*. It is to the interest of civilization, as the Paris organ of the Quai d'Orsay views the difficulty, to prevent the spread of the worst kind of violent communism from Russia to Germany. The military situation will develop into a march by a combined force of French,

British, Italians and Americans upon the German capital. This march must be undertaken in a hurry or the Bolsheviks will be there first. The Chancellor—Ebert or another—who happened to be in power when the Allies trooped into Berlin would be a lost man politically forever after. The question whether the Allies should proceed in force to Berlin and there dictate their terms has for some time provoked hot discussion in European papers. Premier Clemenceau was quoted in the Italian Socialist press as having thought this step essential because of "the poetry of its perfect retribution," but M. Clemenceau seems to have been the victim of an interviewer who misunderstood him. Another report is to the effect that American troops in large numbers will be used to "police" Germany. There is no foundation in fact for this belief. Many other somewhat fantastic ideas regarding American policy in Europe are based, the *London News* observes, upon an idea that Mr. Wilson is like those European statesmen who say one thing and mean something different. President Wilson will not tolerate any grand military demonstration by the Allies in Germany if the democratization of the Berlin government proceeds in broad daylight under the auspices of men chosen by the German people. This portion of his policy has been made so clear to the European chancelleries that there will be no march to Berlin by Americans "if that march could be made to suggest or to seem an interference with the free action of the German people apart from the German princes and militarists." Mr. Wilson is understood in the European press to favor a "republican" and not a "monarchical" solution of the Berlin problem.

Will the Hohenzollerns All Have to Go?

THE problem with which the western allies are to be faced is that of a more or less democratized, apparently contrite Germany, desiring to reenter the comity of nations but still with some Hohenzollern or other on a throne flanked by princes of other houses. This is the peril pointed out in the *London World*, a paper which is in touch with important elements in the situation. It does not agree with the view already referred to that the republican sentiment in the German people has extinguished the monarchical sentiment. The masses of Germans still do not regard the royal and imperial family of Hohenzollern as despotic. They do not see the Hohenzollerns at all with the eyes of Americans or Englishmen. This is a feature of the crisis resulting from the abdications and renunciations in the Hohenzollern family to which not enough comprehension has been vouchsafed:

"There is no more erroneous idea than that popularly entertained in this country that the Kaiser is regarded by the great mass of the German people as a terrifying, fire-eating oppressor. Nothing could be further from the truth. Whatever public man they may execrate—Ludendorff, Hindenburg, the Crown Prince—the Kaiser has a hold on the German people which it will take a terrific upheaval to shake. As that distinguished American journalist, Edward Lyell Fox, says in his illuminating book, 'The confidence of the Germans—except the Socialists—in the Kaiser is boundless. The average German will tell you, 'We owe our country, our prosperity, to the Kaiser. He made Germany the most wonderful state in the world.' There is a

powerful sentiment in Germany for a more liberal form of government; but the people still want the Kaiser at the head of it.'"

The New Anxiety Created by Berlin's Upheaval.

A THOROGOING revolution in Berlin, Munich and Dresden will create at once a diplomatic peril for the Entente. Here again is a point which has been dwelt upon with anxiety by inspired organs of the Quai d'Orsay. If Bolshevism is a peril as great as Prussianism, how is it to be dealt with? Mr. Wilson has been suspected in Europe of something like tenderness for revolutions. It is recalled in the papers which admire him most, like the *London Times* and the *London Spectator*, that Mr. Wilson's Russian policy is much like his Mexican policy. It is noted, too, that he tends at present to revive a conception that compelled attention



AT THE HELM IN GERMANY

The name of Fritz Ebert, the new Chancellor of Germany, has been almost unknown outside that country. He is a moderate Socialist who has been useful in holding the different factions of the party together.

before we were deeply involved in the war—the difference between the German people and the German rulers. The princes are one set to him and the people are another. It is deemed a certainty that Washington will not see eye to eye with either London or Paris in framing a policy to fit the latest of the many Berlin crises. That circumstance affords infinite comfort to the *Naples Avanti*, to the *Paris Humanité* and to their Socialist contemporaries; but it does not reassure the *London Post* or the *Paris Débats*. The latter has more than once expressed anxiety on the subject of Mr. Wilson's Russian policy. The deadlock that arose over the course

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suitable to the emergency created by Lenin and Trotzky is foreseen as a possibility in the deadlock created by the Eberts and the Liebknechts. The revolution in Germany can not proceed much farther, says the *London News*, among others, without bringing to a head the latent antagonisms of a diplomatic kind which have been neutralized hitherto by the stern necessity of achieving a military decision. Now that the decision has been reached, Mr. Wilson will want to leave the German people alone as much as possible to the solution of their own problems, and the Manchester *Guardian* fears that imperialists in Britain and elsewhere will not consent to such a course:

"In the view of President Wilson, the grand problem of peace is that reorganization of the world which will super-

The Huns will never entirely appreciate Kaiser Bill until they begin to foot his war-bill.—*Columbia Record*.

sede war as the final arbiter between nations. To achieve this is to inflict the most decisive, most crushing, and most permanent defeat upon Germany. For it is the destruction not of the German people, nor of that which they have called their *Kultur*, their science, their music, their commercial and industrial organization, but of the governing idea of the Prussian system, the self-centered state resting on military power and acknowledging no law but the power of the sword. To destroy this idea a military victory was essential, and it had to be a complete victory, because it involves the overthrow of the Prussian system at home no less than abroad. It was certain that the rulers of Germany would fight to the last for the military prestige on which their position depends. For them to bow to a system of world-government designed to make militarism superfluous is a more bitter defeat and more complete disaster than any ordinary military overthrow."

The German press is showing natural repulsion to amputation, but it will have to submit and without anesthetics.—*St. Louis Star*.

THE SOCIALIST EFFORT TO CAPTURE AUSTRIA-HUNGARY

VIENNA is in the throes of a revolutionary crisis arising, the *Giornale d'Italia* (Rome) says, out of a well-planned Socialist effort to seize supreme power not only in Austria but in Hungary. The name of Adler, the younger, figures in the despatches as the leader of this movement. Whether he comes or goes, the position of the Socialists explains all recent events and may determine the course of the revolution in central Europe. It is essential to draw a distinction between the German Socialist party in the dual monarchy and the various other Socialist parties, Czech, Polish, and so on. The German Socialist party in the Hapsburg dominions has been guided since the war broke out, according to the Socialist Naples *Avanti*, by the late venerable Victor Adler. This group, at the first sign of the crisis and throughout the first twelve months of the stand at Armageddon, was swept away in the current of "patriotism." Its course was indistinguishable in most respects from that of the majority Socialists under Scheidemann in Berlin. The revulsion of feeling in Vienna Socialist circles was not long in coming. In fact, the German Socialists of Vienna were soon under suspicion of being unsound from a dynastic standpoint. The "disloyalty" was ascribed in the Vienna *Neue Freie Presse* and other organs of the German bourgeoisie to the peculiarities of old Victor Adler, who, with Bebel and Kautsky, took the lead in establishing the "international" movement. The elder Adler had long been considered an intellectual giant with strong leanings to the "proletariat," to use the lingo of this subject. He gave his powerful support to a group of young men in the party at Vienna who would not hear of the "dynastic and patriotic" policy, even in a world-war.

Austrian Socialists Under Suspicion in Vienna.

LEADERS of Socialism in Vienna soon lost touch with the Scheidemanns in Berlin. They inclined more and more to sympathy with Liebknecht and Haase, as the comments of the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*, a stalwart organ of Marxian collectivism, have shown. A group of young men came to the front in Vienna, including Frederick Adler, son of the aged Victor Adler, Doctor

As Emperor Charles Did Not Turn "Red," He Had To Go the Way of the Others

Max Adler, and Doctor Dauneburg. The supreme sensation of this clique was effected when Frederick Adler put five or six bullets from his revolver into the head of Count Stürgk. The ministerial crisis that ensued shook the Teutonic alliance to its foundations and was the first symptom of a coming malady, to use the expression of the Socialist *Humanité* (Paris). The bureaucratic absolutism went down with Count Stürgk. The young Adler went to prison; but his Socialist following broke out in open revolutionary demonstrations which have never since ceased. The smash on the western front made it impossible to blink further the fact that Adler the younger was the most powerful personage politically in the German dominions of Emperor Charles. Adler from his prison-cell directed the Socialist movement of Austria, which took up a position more and more rebellious. The Vienna government dared not deal too drastically with this situation lest an explosion of the heated political atoms be precipitated.

Strength of the Socialist Rebels in Vienna.

STUDENTS of the Socialist movement in Europe need not be told that the influence of the Vienna group upon the party throughout Europe has long been powerful. The party doctrinaires have always been accepted as the depositaries of the true faith, in something like opposition to the heretics of Berlin and Stuttgart. The Vienna Socialists would make no terms with the "national attitude" or with "the nuisance of patriotism." The boldness of the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* of Vienna in proclaiming these opinions and principles and the savage character of its attacks upon the various governments at Berlin have been quoted all over the world for the past two years. These effusions were a constant source of embarrassment to Hertling, to Hindenburg, to Ludendorff and to the ex-Kaiser, but the Vienna government did not dare to proceed to extremes with this newspaper. It went so far as to champion certain Italian claims, to defend the Serbians and to uphold the aspirations of the Jugo-Slavs. Berlin protested to Vienna without eliciting anything more than references to the delicate political situation. The *Arbeiter-Zeitung*,

under the editorship of Frederick Austerlitz, became one of the most powerful newspapers in central Europe and a sure guide to the state of public opinion. Its influence in all circles of Viennese society is unprecedented. Hence the importance attaching to its policy of revolution from top to bottom, its appeals for a reconstitution of the social system and its insistence that the destinies of the new Europe must be placed in the hands of revolutionary Socialism. The fact that a center of seditious propaganda could be kept going in Vienna for so long in flat defiance of all the bureaucracies revealed to the initiated how the ferment was working. The sudden appearance of its hero, the younger Adler, as the potential head of a ministry explains the month's events in Vienna to many newspapers in France and England. The social revolution must have gone even farther than was suspected, remarks the Manchester *Guardian*, and it is by no means necessary to give all the credit to the Bolsheviks.

The Socialist Strength in Hungary.

NOTHING indicates that the Socialists have in Hungary anything like the strength of the German Socialists in Vienna. Hungary may be a "republic" or a Magyar monarchy or a derelict on the revolutionary tide. The Socialists of Hungary, says the *Avanti*, have from the beginning of the war expressed open sympathy with the Socialists of Serbia. Tisza, before his recent tragic taking off, insisted that the Hungarian Socialists were a negligible quantity. He clapped them into jail by scores. Tales of his terrorist system with the Hungarian Socialists have filled the party press in Europe for three years. The first demonstration of Hungarian Socialism was naturally the assassination of Tisza. The party press will not accept responsibility for the deed, altho it is pointed out that the party dealt with Tisza just as Adler dealt with Stürgk. European Socialists do not shrink from assassination, or so the "bourgeois" press would have us believe. Certainly the Hungarian Socialists were never "loyal." The *Népszava*, the central organ of the party, has long been active in disseminating its ideas of "internationalism" and pacifism. It is said to enjoy the largest circulation of any Hungarian newspaper whenever it is allowed to appear. Tisza pursued it remorselessly, putting its editors in prison again and again, thus giving them a somewhat factitious importance, for the party is not as strong numerically as is suggested by the late statesman's disciplinary measures. Tisza hated the Hungarian Socialists for their attitude to the Serbians and the Jugo-Slavs. The Socialist doctrine of proletarian solidarity regardless of national or racial lines was denounced by him as treason and his censorship suppressed it wherever possible.

Socialist Fragments in the Hapsburg Dominions.

IN Austria there are three large Socialist parties besides the German one under Adler. Thus the Czech Socialist party took up from the first an attitude of hostility to the world-war. This was not so much the result of devotion to principle as the inevitable effect

of racial animosity. The Czech Socialist party is animated by a fierce anti-German sentiment. It has refused all association with the Austrian Socialists, characterizing them as Bolsheviks. The Socialist Czech leader Modrack heaps upon the Austrian Socialist leader many kinds of abuse. The national ambition is given precedence over the Socialist ideal of Karl Marx. From a standpoint wholly opposed to that of the Czech Socialists, the Polish Socialists, under the sway of the Hapsburgs, seemed at the beginning devoted to the throne. Old Adler and his party, says the Rome *Avanti*, never defended Austria-Hungary as eagerly as did the Polish Dascynski and his following of Polish Socialists. At this stage of its policy, the Socialist Polish party seemed actually to renounce its ideal of independence and to be in alliance with a clique of reactionaries and nobles, the greatest oppressors of the Poles of Austria. The Polish feudal aristocrats have good reason to stand by Austria. She guarantees them all their ancient feudal rights. These feudal barons in return supply Austria with her most stalwart bureaucrats and her best diplomatists. The Polish Socialists, on the other hand, have no such reason for standing by Austria—a truth they perceived when the Russian revolution took them by surprise. Dascynski has humbly confessed his error and repudiated the policy he took up in the beginning. The racial instinct may yet play its part in the development of this little group, which at last accounts had grown very strong.

Kind of Revolution That Austria-Hungary Will Yield.

NOTHING is easier than to misinterpret the events of the past six weeks throughout the Hapsburg monarchy—to behold in the light of Bolshevism all the upheavals and riots and proclamations of races precipitated by the military disaster. The warning to this effect is conveyed in the Italian press as well as in the French press. Austria-Hungary has long been wrought to fever-heat by the racial feuds. Bolshevism in Russia has not the same soil to flourish in. There is no such line of separation between a Czech Socialist and a Czech "bourgeois" as divides a Russian proletarian from a Russian "bourgeois." Sensational predictions of blood-baths at Vienna and at Budapest, of wholesale incarcerations of the well-to-do by the soldiers and workers, are unwarranted to the Italian press generally. The situation results only from the sudden importance acquired by Czechs, Poles, Jugo-Slavs and other nationalities long held in subjection by the dominant breeds. Bolshevism may seize the opportunity to spread through central Europe; there may be many more councils of soldiers and workers; but the nightmare is not as terrible as it looks, many European newspapers tell us, when regarded from the standpoint of Austria-Hungary. In that empire they are accustomed, says the Yorkshire (England) *Post*, to proclamations of racial independence, to establishments of rump parliaments, to chronic crises, to deputies who smash desks to pieces and throw ink-wells at one another's heads. "This is not necessarily Bolshevism. It is racial politics." Even if the Socialists do get a revolutionary government going, they will wreck it with their national feuds.

The Hun has been forced to drop the goose-step for the Foch's trot.—London *Opinion*.

The next time the Junkers start a war they will have the stopper within reach.—Pittsburgh *Dispatch*.

THE STRUGGLE WITH BOLSHEVISM FOR POSSESSION OF RUSSIA

AS a challenge to those of their critics who say they are soon to fall, the Bolsheviks celebrated with much pomp the anniversary of their revolution. Lenin, the reports say, could not attend, and it is hinted that his condition is still serious in consequence of the wound he got at the hands of the student called Danitsky. It is Lenin's third wound, observes the *Paris Gaulois*. Trotsky's name does not appear in the list of speakers at the Bolshevik glorification. The bourgeois world was still smarting from the deprivation of much of its household furniture which, in both Petrograd and Moscow, was forcibly handed over to the proletariat. There have been festivities in the two capitals, the *Paris papers* say, with processions and singing of revolutionary songs. Bands brayed the Marseillaise, which is the official hymn of Bolshevik Russia. Bread had been requisitioned from the surrounding country and everybody seems to have been supplied with a loaf, a bun or a cake. Revolutionary plays were staged in the theaters and Madame Angielskaia, if that be her real name—she is the latest and most advanced of the many heroines of Bolshevism—made a speech. Altogether it was the most remarkable demonstration made by the social revolution since the May-day rejoicings, all the fighting arms being no less well represented and the workers in their blouses looking comfortable despite the weather. The *London Post* inclines to think that Bolshevism was flaunting itself defiantly to prove that it does not disintegrate; but the *Naples Avanti* says it is very strong and well organized, determined to make a stiff fight before it yields an inch. The Bolshevik press still holds up Marat as the ideal revolutionist and people in Petrograd must stand up and take off their hats when the Marseillaise is played.

Measures of Propaganda Adopted by Bolshevism.

CHANGES in the composition of the Bolshevik government have been announced, affecting four individuals; but Mr. Tchicherin was still acting last month as commissary for foreign affairs. He and his colleagues, the Socialist papers abroad say, did more than anyone else to bring on the revolts in Germany. Mr. Tchicherin issued last summer a protest against the atrocities perpetrated by the German military in the occupied territories of Russia. He and Trotsky said at the time that there would be a Bolshevik upheaval in Prussia and the events of the past few weeks are said to be a result. The new Berlin government had to deal cautiously with the Bolshevik envoy in Germany. The Bolshevik envoy in England had already received short shrift. The *Isvestiya* and other organs of the Bolsheviks in Russia hail these events as proof of the success of the "war of the proletariat for liberation." Mr. Tchicherin is credited with the prediction that all of continental Europe will yet succumb to Bolshevism. The threat and the prophecy seem alike premature to the *Paris Temps*; but there are organs of liberal opinion in England which predict the arrival of Bolshevism as a menace to the whole social system known as "bourgeois." The aim of Lenin, openly avowed in his Moscow organ, is to overthrow the governments of central Europe and to set up in

An Enemy Who May Be Far Worse Than the Hun in Europe

their place a Bolshevik rule. For a time it did seem to the *London News* and to the *Paris Humanité* that Lenin and his emissaries were within measurable distance of success. If the Bolsheviks be not speedily overthrown in the seat of their present power, there will be a spread of Bolshevism to Vienna, to Berlin and perhaps to one of the Balkan capitals. Premier Clemenceau is said to share this view. A test of the strength of Bolshevism will be afforded by the fate of Germany's Chancellor Ebert. If he can hold out for the next few months, it is certain that the strength of Bolshevism in Europe has been taken too seriously. On the other hand, the Bolsheviks themselves feel sure that they will overthrow Ebert.

Will Bolshevism Spread in Germany?

IN the present temper of the German people, writes the well-informed Mr. Harold Williams in the *London Chronicle*, a revolution "that may take an extreme form" is not at all improbable. He points out that the strongest opposition party, that of the Socialists—still an opposition despite its temporary relation with the Prince and the Chancellor—may be captured by its Bolshevik wing. Lenin has been working to that end and so has Trotsky. This peril was taken lightly at the time of the signing of the Brest-Litovsk treaty. It is taken seriously now. In the words of the *London Chronicle*:

"In other words, might not Germany, with her autocracy overthrown, find herself overwhelmed, as Russia was, by a wave of Bolshevism? The moderating forces of education and social organization are far stronger in Germany, it is true, than in Russia, but it would be unwise to say that the danger of a Bolshevik upheaval in Germany is entirely excluded.

"Can we desire a Bolshevik revolution in Germany? We most emphatically cannot. We must now at last clearly understand that Bolshevism is as great a danger to the peace and liberty of the world as the Prussianism against which we have been fighting. If the result of our victory is to plunge central Europe into a chaos of unrestrained class warfare, a League of Nations will be impossible. Marxism, pushed to its logical conclusion as in Bolshevism, is the obverse of Prussianism. It has exactly the same materialistic basis. . . .

"There are English Liberals who have coquetted with Bolshevism through a complete misunderstanding. There are English Labor men and Socialists who have encouraged Bolshevism, also through a complete misunderstanding. British Liberalism aims at the extension of the principles of liberty and justice in political relations. The main current of the British Labor movement and British Socialism demands the complete application of these principles to economic relations. Marxism and its extreme development, Bolshevism, see society solely in terms of a materialistic class struggle, and aim at a dictatorship of the proletariat. Bolshevism means protracted civil war, a wild appeal to hate and greed and brute force, the destruction of those spiritual impulses which have made the development of free institutions possible.

"Bolshevism, like Prussianism, is the negation of true liberty. The forces that are at issue in this war are, on the one side, Liberalism—not in any party sense, but in the sense of devotion to the principle of liberty in all its

forms—and, on the other side, Prussianism and Bolshevism."

Unskilled Tactics of the Allies Against Bolshevism.

ENGLISH Liberals have for some months past insisted that the tactics of the western allies in the struggle with Bolshevism have lacked not only sound judgment but technical skill. The most conspicuous



THE END OF THE TRAIL
—Bronstrup in San Francisco Chronicle

exponent of this view has been the Manchester *Guardian*. The diplomacy of the British foreign office, it inclines to think, has long played right into the hands of Lenin and the "people's commissaries" at Petrograd. It has not, in consequence, been difficult for the Bolsheviks to make their followers think that bourgeois Britain, bourgeois France and bourgeois America want to dictate to the Russian people not only the form of their government but the basis of their economic life. The truth is, and many otherwise well-informed Frenchmen and Englishmen do not yet realize this, that neither official London nor official Paris care anything about the economic form taken by any Russian revolution. If the Russian people wish to divide among themselves all the household furniture, clothing, ready cash and food in the land, if they wish to give each peasant three acres and a cow, and to "abolish" the landlords and the employers, they may do so. Failure to make this point clear has enabled Lenin to claim with some appearance of truth that the Entente is the enemy of the Russian proletariat. The grievances of London, Paris and Washington against the Bolsheviks, as set forth in or-

gans like the *Temps*, relate primarily to the undoubted rights of foreigners in Russia and to the protection of perfectly legitimate foreign property rights in Russia. For instance, the British government has for months striven to secure for British subjects a right to speedy and public trial by a duly-constituted court of law for whatever offenses they may have committed. The British government also objects to confiscation of the funds of Britishers lodged in Russian banks—funds brought into Russia from British bankers by British subjects traveling on legitimate errands across the country. France seeks to put an end to the summary shooting of French citizens invited to Russia either before or after the Czar fell. No demand has been made upon the Bolshevik government that would not have been made upon an American government or a European government in similar circumstances. Now, Bolshevism sets up a form of government which repudiates all obligations to other governments on the ground of the opposition between a proletariat and a bourgeoisie.

The Diplomatic Grievance Against Bolshevism.

TCHICHERIN was not long established in the foreign office at Petrograd before he made apparent his purpose to ignore every complaint by a foreign diplomatist that assumed a "bourgeois standard." That seems to be the test provided by the Bolsheviks in their diplomatic negotiations with the Entente. Private property being a "bourgeois" institution, it can not be recognized in the manner usually prescribed by the laws of western nations. Otherwise the Bolsheviks would be false to the proletariat in the name of which the social revolution was achieved. Hence, all kinds of agricultural implements, machine tools, weapons and cases of clothing have been appropriated by members of the proletariat in the name of the revolution. The agents or representatives of the owners of these goods can get



WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?
—Kirby in N. Y. World

no satisfaction. The chancelleries of all the powers are flooded with complaints by individuals who have claims of one kind or another against Russia; but no government in the land will accord satisfaction to the aggrieved. This comprizes the second of the two great grievances against Bolshevism. When the western powers, prodded by people at home, look about for some authority in Russia that is disposed to redress grievances, Lenin, Trotzky and Tchicherin raise the cry that the bourgeois powers are dictating to a proletarian government or interfering with its functions or attempting to impose an arbitrary military authority from without. Lenin has been successful in deceiving many of his followers on this point, according to the western European dailies that speak for the chancelleries.

Bolshevism as a World-Political Peril.

ORGANS of the Bolsheviks in Petrograd and Moscow are fond of denouncing the "bourgeois powers" for interfering with the Russian proletariat; but the Bolsheviks themselves calmly avow their own intention to set going drastic revolutions in other lands. This is still another grievance against Lenin's government, more than once referred to in the *Gaulois* and the *Figaro*. Lenin dislikes to have his own government upset from outside, but he says he will upset other governments from Moscow. Indeed, as the *Paris Matin* remarks, Lenin openly threatened the heads of other governments not long ago with this awful penalty. The Bolsheviks seem to have agents everywhere. Conspiracies are set afoot among discontented soldiers. Factory hands are instigated to strike. Typewritten sheets are circulated from some central source "correcting" the misrepresentations of the bourgeois powers. These bourgeois powers are almost invariably represented as existing in a state of terror at the rise and spread of the ideal of a collectivist state, altho, to echo the com-

plaint of the *London Post*, the bourgeois powers seem to have gone much further in the direction of collectivism than the Bolsheviks themselves. It is very difficult for some western European newspapers to believe that



AND THIS IS NO SCRAP OF PAPER!

—Rogers in N. Y. Herald



SHOT TO PIECES!

—Cassel in N. Y. World

Lenin believes the things his government alleges against the "bourgeois" powers. This in turn suggests that Lenin, no doubt because of his wounds, has lost the direction of affairs to some extent. He has allowed power to pass into the hands of men less competent to deal with the peculiar psychology of the free-living Volga region. This in part explains the wholesale executions of recent weeks. Regarding the general situation, we find the *London Post* commenting and predicting:

"We do not know if there are still persons in this country who retain a sentimental indulgence towards the Bolshevik despotism, which was originally represented as a democratic impulse, and therefore, by some indefinable process of thought, a holy thing. We cannot perceive that calling murder, theft, and arson democracy alters these things. But if democracy is in question, it may as well be remembered that the Bolshevik government summoned a constituent assembly, which was duly convoked, which was instantly repudiated, and which is now being dissolved by the simple process of shooting its members. But any form of government, whether Bolshevik, democratic, or autocratic, must be judged by its results. The results of the Bolshevik administration are so bad that language fails to depict them. The Bolshevik, from an experiment in mob rule, has become a pathological study. Lenin, Trotzky, and their gang would seem to be solely moved by homicidal mania."

PROBLEMS OF THE PACIFIC TO BE SOLVED AT THE PEACE TABLE

By H. Y. BRADDON, Australian Commissioner to United States

AMONG the many questions which await solution at the peace table are those concerning the future of the Pacific, in the settlement of which the United States is deeply concerned. Time was when the western borders of the United States were a few hundred miles from New York. The Louisiana Purchase opened up a new western province for the ever-flowing tide of immigration that surged across the Atlantic. Then the acquisition of Texas and California, and the unlocking of the rich timbered lands of Puget Sound, offered fresh fields for settlement. The young man was still able to follow Horace Greeley's advice, and go west. The Pacific seaboard seemed however to mark the final limit of American jurisdiction.

Fate decreed otherwise. First Hawaii, then Samoa, opened the way for American influence far into the Pacific. The acquisition of the Philippines after the war with Spain presented new problems for solution, and tested, under conditions of great difficulty, the colonizing genius of the American people. Reluctantly the Democracy of the United States has taken up the White Man's Burden; but she has discharged her obligations to the native races in a manner worthy of her splendid traditions.

TO-DAY America's destiny lies in the Pacific. With an awakening Orient new and momentous problems will arise which, if not dealt with in a democratic spirit, may again shake the foundations of the world. Nations have now learned, at a terrible price in blood and treasure, that no nation lives to itself; that the welfare of one is the welfare of all. This doctrine of internationalism can, of course, be applied only so far as it is necessary to protect the common rights of mankind. Within the national orbit the inherent right of a people to govern themselves in their own way must be strictly safeguarded.

Australia's destiny lies in the Pacific also. Australia, like the United States, is a democracy. We owe in a large measure the very right to govern ourselves to America's own struggles for freedom under Washington. Our Constitution is modeled upon the Constitution of the United States. The areas of our respective countries strangely enough are approximately the same; our problems of development are almost identical. Out in the Pacific the interests of the two democracies intertwine. It is well, then, that we should face our future there together and in the same spirit. In addition to her former Pacific possessions of Papua (British New Guinea) and Lord Howe Island, Macquarie Island, and a few small groups near New Zealand, the Commonwealths of Australia and New Zealand now hold German New Guinea, the Bismarckian Archipelago and German Samoa. The last-named possession was captured by New Zealand forces in September, 1914, while the two former groups were taken by Australian troops, not without serious casualties, at the same time. The

presence of Germany in New Guinea and in the Bismarckian Archipelago has always been regarded by Australia as a serious menace to her integrity. Similarly the occupation by Germany of the more important of the Samoan Islands has long since been looked upon with grave misgiving by all the Allied Powers in the Pacific. The history of Samoan troubles in 1889, when America and Germany were brought to the verge of war with each other, and the story of Dewey's trouble with von Diedrichs in the taking of the Philippines, sufficiently reveal the imperative necessity for keeping Germany out of the Pacific.

NEW GUINEA lies at the very front door of Australia, about half a day's steam from Australia's northernmost cape. So clearly was this fact recognized by Australian statesmen that in April, 1883, Sir Thomas McIlwraith, then Premier of Queensland, annexed the whole island excepting Dutch New Guinea. Unfortunately this annexation was repudiated by Great Britain, altho late in the following year the British authorities were sufficiently impressed by the claim of Australia for protection to annex that portion of the island known as Papua. This, however, gave Germany the opportunity to take to herself the larger portion of New Guinea, as well as the Bismarck Archipelago, and to plant her military and naval outposts in menacing proximity to Australia. This blunder of what is sometimes called Imperial Britain was corrected by the Commonwealth Expedition of 1914, and Australia is determined that these possessions shall not go back into the hands of Germany. The problem of the future of Samoa deeply concerns both Australia and America, and there is every ground for believing that the German flag will never be allowed to fly over the Samoan people again.

IN Hawaii the United States holds the key to the Pacific, and with it the key to the Orient. All, or nearly all, sea-roads across the largest of the world's oceans lead through Honolulu. That port is the radiating center of trade between the west coast of America and Australia and the Orient. Again in the Philippines America holds possession of another important trading center. The markets of Europe will necessarily be more or less an uncertain quantity after the war. The United States will look largely to the Orient, to Australasia, and to South America to absorb her ever-accelerating production of manufactured goods. Australasia, a producer mainly of raw materials, also has great potential trading interests in the awakening millions of China and of the East Indies. In trade, in language, in ideals, we are linked to the United States. It will be strange indeed if we can not evolve a common policy for the future of the Pacific which will be in the interest not of ourselves alone but of all who love Liberty.

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WHEN THE AMERICAN SOLDIERS WENT IN

This is a tribute to the part played by the American soldiers given by a German-born and German-educated but wholly loyal American citizen, Otto H. Kahn. It is an extract from a speech delivered by him at a United War Work Campaign mass-meeting, in Boston, November 13th. One reads it with moisture in the eyes, pride in the heart and glory hallelujah! on the lips.

ON the 26th of May of this year the Germans broke through the French position at the Chemin des Dames. They overthrew the French as they had overthrown the British two months earlier. Day by day they came nearer to Paris, until only 39 miles separated them from their goal. A few days more at the same rate of advance, and Paris was within range of the German guns of terrific destructive power—Paris, the very heart of France, far more to the French people in its meaning and traditions than merely the capital of the country; moreover, the very nerve-center of its railroad system and the seat of many of its war industries—Paris in imminent danger of ruthless bombardment like Rheims, in possible danger even of conquest by the brutal invader, drunk with lust and with victory. As one Frenchman expressed it to me: "We feel in our faces the very breath of the approaching beast."

And whilst the Hunnish hordes came nearer and nearer, and the very roar of the battle could be dimly and ominously heard from time to time in Paris; there were air-raids over the city practically every night and the shells from the long-range monster guns installed some 60 or 70 miles distant fell on its houses, places and squares almost every day.

THEY were not afraid, these superb men and women of France. They do not know the meaning of fear in defense of their beloved soil and their sacred ideals. There was no outward manifestation even of excitement or apprehension. Calmly and resolutely they faced what destiny might bring. But there was deep gloom in their hearts and dire forebodings. They had fought and dared and suffered and sacrificed for well-nigh four years. They had buried over a million of their sons, brothers and fathers. They were bleeding from a million wounds and more. They said: "We will fight on to our last drop of blood, but alas! our physical strength is ebbing. The enemy is more numerous by far than we. Where can we look for aid? The British have just suffered smashing defeat. The Italians have their own soil to defend after the disaster of last autumn. Our troops are in retreat. The Americans are not ready."

And out of their nooks and corners and hiding-places crawled forth the slimy brood of the Bolshevik-Socialists, of the Boloists, Caillauxists and Pacifists, and they hissed into the ears of the people, "Make peace. Victory has become impossible. Why go on shedding rivers of blood uselessly? The Germans will give you an honorable, even a generous peace. Save Paris. Make peace." The holy wrath of France crushed those serpents whenever their heads became visible. Clemenceau, the embodiment of the dauntless spirit of France, stood forth the very soul of patriotic ardor and indomitable courage, but the serpents were there, crawling, hidden in the grass, ever hissing, "Make peace."

THEN, suddenly out of the gloom, flashed the lightning of a new sword, the sharp and valiant sword of America, the sword which has never known defeat.

A division of Marines and other American troops were rushed to the front as a desperate measure to try and stop a gap where flesh and blood, even when animated by French heroism, seemed incapable of further resistance. They came in trucks, in cattle-cars, any old way, crowded together like sardines. They had had little food, and less sleep, for days.

When they arrived, the situation had become such that the French command advised, indeed ordered, them to retire. But they and their brave general would not hear of it. They disembarked almost upon the field of battle and rushed forward, with little care for battle order or strategy. They stormed ahead, right through the midst of a retreating French division, yelling like wild Indians, ardent, young, irresistible in their fury of battle. Some of the Frenchmen shouted a well-meant warning: "Don't go in this direction. There are the Boches with machine guns." They yelled back: "That's where we want to go. That's where we have come three thousand miles to go." And they did go into the very teeth of the deadly machine-guns. In defiance of all precedent they stormed, with rifles and bayonets in frontal attack, against massed machine-guns. They threw themselves upon the victory-flushed Huns to whom this kind of fierce onset came as an utter surprise. They fought like demons, with utterly reckless bravery. They paid the price, alas! in heavy losses, but for what they paid they took compensation in over-full measure. They formed of themselves a spearhead at the point nearest Paris, against which the Hun onslaught shattered itself and broke. They stopped the Hun, they beat him back, they broke the spell of his advance, they started Victory in its march.

A new and fresh and mighty force had come into the fray. And the Hun knew it to his cost and the French knew it to their unbounded joy. The French turned. Side by side the Americans and the French stood, and on that part of the front the Germans never advanced another inch from that day. They held for a while, and then set in the beginning of the great defeat.

I WAS in Paris when the news of the American achievement reached the population. They knew full well what it meant. The danger was still present, but the crisis was over. The Boche could not break through. He could and would be stopped and ultimately thrown back.

The aid for which the sorely beset people of France had been praying had arrived. The Americans had come, young, strong, daring, ardent, eager to fight, capable of standing up against and stopping and beating back the German shock-troops, specially selected and trained and spurred on by the belief in their own invincibility. The full wave of the hideous instruments of warfare which the devilish ingenuity of the Germans had invented, liquid fire, monstrous shells, all kinds of gases including the dreadful mustard-gas, had struck the Americans squarely and fully, and they had stood and fought on and won. The French, so calm in their trials, so restrained in their own victories, gave full vent to their joy and enthusiasm at the splendid fighting and success of the Americans. The talk of them was everywhere in Paris. All gloom had vanished over night. There were several hundred thousands of American soldiers already in France, they were coming in thousands upon every steamer, there would be millions of them if needed—and they had shown the great stuff they were made of. The full magnificence of the French fighting morale shone out again—both behind the lines and at the front. "Ils ne passeront pas!" "On les aura."

And the Bolshevik-Socialists, Boloists and that whole noisome tribe slunk back into their holes and corners and have not been heard from since.

AS the people of Paris and the poilus at the front correctly interpreted the meaning of that battle early in June, so did the supreme military genius of Marshal Foch interpret it. He knew what the great new striking force could do which had come under his orders, and he knew what he meant to do and could do with it. It is an eloquent fact that when six weeks later he struck his great master-stroke, which was to lead to the utter defeat and collapse of the enemy, the American troops were allotted the place of honor, in the center of the line between Soissons and Rheims, in immediate defense of the approaches to Paris.

They made good there. They made good everywhere, from Cantigny to Sedan. They made good on land, on the seas and in the air; worthy comrades of the war-seasoned heroes of France and Great Britain, worthy defenders of American honor, eager artizans of American glory. When, for the first time the American army went into action as a separate unit under the direct command of General Pershing, Marshal Foch allotted them ten days for the accomplishment of the task set for them, i. e., the ejection of the German army from the St. Mihiel salient, they did it in thirty hours, and made a complete and perfect job of it. . . .

WHAT true American can think of them or picture them without having his heart overflow with grateful and affectionate pride?

As I observed our army "over there," I felt that in them, in the mass of them, representing as they do all America, there had returned the spirit of knighthood. I measure my words. I am not exaggerating. If I had to find one single word with which to characterize our boys, I should select the adjective "knightly."

A French officer who commanded a body of French troops fighting fiercely and almost hopelessly in Belleau Wood near Château-Thierry (since then officially designated by the French as the Wood of the Marine Brigade), told me that when they had arrived almost at the point of total exhaustion, on the 4th or 5th of June, suddenly the Americans appeared rushing to the rescue. One of their officers hurried up to him, saluted and said in execrably pronounced French just six words: "Vous—fatigues, vous—partir, notre job." "You—tired, you—get away; our job."

And right nobly did they do their job. Need I ask whether we shall do ours?

PERSONS IN THE FOREGROUND

FLASHLIGHTS ON FIVE AMERICAN CORPS COMMANDERS IN FRANCE

CREDIT for the efficiency displayed by the American Expeditionary Forces in the theater of war is due not only to the military ability of General Pershing himself but to the collateral ability for organization and leadership that has been shown by the American corps commanders in France. During the heavy initial fighting of the American armies on the Western front there have been two lieutenant-generals and three major-generals upon whom heavy responsibilities have devolved. They are, in the numerical order of their corps commands, Lieutenant-Generals Hunter Liggett, Robert L. Bullard, and Major-Generals William M. Wright, George W. Read and Omar Bundy.

An unusual knowledge of military organization and strategy had much to do with the assignment of General Liggett to command the First Army Corps, his grasp of the technical side of the war having been developed from intensive study as president of the Army War College, as a member of the General Staff and as head of the Philippine Department. Liggett, we are reminded by the *World's Work*, entered West Point in 1875 and upon graduating was assigned to the 5th Infantry. He served with credit at several stations in this country and was in the Philippines between 1899 and 1903. He did a five-year bit at the Army War College, starting in 1909, and in that time became president of the institution, which in the period immediately preceding the great war laid down practically all of our military plans and policies. For some months after completing his service at the War College in 1914 Liggett was in command of the Fourth Brigade at Chicago and then in Texas, whence he was ordered to the Philippines as commander of the Provisional Infantry Brigade. Returning to the States, he was assigned temporarily to command of the Western Department and from that was transferred to command of the division at Camp Greene, North Carolina, and then to overseas service. It is said that General Liggett has used to notable advantage against the Germans some of the lessons in stealthy attack and clever concealment which the officers of our old Army learned in the early Indian campaigns.



PROMOTED WHILE IN COMMAND OF OUR FIRST ARMY IN FRANCE
Hunter Liggett is now a Lieutenant-General as a result of the fighting at St. Mihiel.

Liggett, Bullard, Wright, Read and Bundy Form a Military Constellation With Pershing

Lieut.-General Bullard, in command of the Second Army Corps, with a record of having participated in twenty-five battles in the Philippines and on the Mexican border, has seen far more actual fighting than many of his colleagues in the old regular Army establishment. After graduating from the military academy, Bullard became a second lieutenant of the 10th Infantry in 1885, and for ten years was on duty at various stations, mainly in the Southwest. Later he was with the provisional government in Cuba, and when he returned to the United States he was assigned to the Ft. Leavenworth service school and then to the War College. Prior to going to France in command of the First Division, A. E. F., General Bullard had charge of the officers training camp at Ft. Logan H. Roots, Arkansas. He went up to command of the Second Army Corps shortly before the Chateau-Thierry fighting, in which his troops covered themselves with glory. It is he who was reported to have sent word to a French commander that the Americans were unused to seeing their colors in retreat and that hence he would have to disregard the French plans for a strategic retirement. Instead, he gave orders that his men advance and, we are told, it was that spirit which saved the day at a time when it looked as tho the Hun would succeed in his drive for Paris.

It is the unique distinction of General Wright to have failed to pass at West Point and still to have made good, reaching the eminent post of commander of the Third Army Corps. We read that while this general does not boast about his failure at the military academy, he takes pride in having achieved his present command without having had the usual basic experience at West Point. His friends know him as a most clubbable officer, with a passion for sport. He made a mark as a baseball player while a cadet and was offered a place on the Detroit major league team. In civilian clothes, Wright still has the swing of a baseball player and is what may be called a two-fisted fighting man. He was given the division which trained at Camp Doniphan, and was quickly chosen as a corps commander when the formation of the first field Army came up last year.

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Major-General Read, of the Fourth Army Corps, has proved to be one of the most capable administrators in the service. Poise and conservatism are his distinguishing characteristics, as illustrated by the fact that he went through the Spanish-American War without advancement. Quick promotion in France has been his reward, mainly as a result of years of careful, efficient service. While on duty in Washington, shortly before assignment to overseas service, General Read was in charge of recruiting. General March, now chief of staff, had started the recruiting system but was called to Europe before it was really under

way. Read took over the task with noteworthy results. In 1917 he was placed in command of the 152nd Depot Brigade and later of the 15th Cavalry Division, which was abandoned in the conversion of all divisions into infantry organizations. He took another division overseas and won the corps command through a good record in the past and in the thick of the present struggle.

General Bundy, "the hero of Belleau Wood," is a "Hoosier" who has seen fighting of all complexions, from that of the Sioux Indians, Spaniards, Filipinos and Mexicans to the Boches. Bundy entered West Point in 1879 and

upon graduating went to the 2nd Infantry for frontier duty in Idaho and Montana. His early training included the Custer campaign against the Sioux in South Dakota and, says the *World's Work*, this type of warfare has undoubtedly stood him in good stead in the recent open warfare in which his command has had such an important part. He went through the grilling Mexican border service in 1917 preparatory to going overseas, where his fighting qualities, plus administrative ability, commended him to the attention of General Pershing and Lieut.-General Liggett. Their good judgment was confirmed at Belleau Wood.

MAX: THE DILETTANTE OF BLOODLESSNESS AND IRONY

BEETHOVEN'S music, Kant's philosophy, Goethe's poetry and a politics of his own invention have concerned Prince Maximilian of Baden for years—many years, in fact, for he is fifty-two. The Paris *Temps* dismisses him as a dilettante of a somewhat old-fashioned kind. He would have built a theater for Wagner as well as for Goethe, altho his favorite dramatist is or at any rate was Hebbel. Prince Max has long been recognized, the Paris press says, as a typical Beauharnais. He is directly descended from that Eugène whom the great Napoleon adopted when he married Josephine. Eugène de Beauharnais left six children and they all transmitted romantic temperaments. Their blood flows in the Swedish royal family. It coursed in the veins of Dom Pedro of Brazil.

Prince Max is through his mother a grandson of Nicholas I. of Russia. He married Princess Marie Louise whose cousins german include the present king of England, the king of Denmark, the late Czar Nicholas II., and the former king of Greece, Constantine. Prince Max played a prominent part in the reconciliation of the house of Brunswick with the Hohenzollern dynasty. Nothing, as the French daily says, could be more "royal" than Max. Nevertheless, the Austrians affect to regard him as an upstart, seeing that he goes back, in a sense, only to the Empress Josephine who was a poor girl from the island of Martinique.

One story goes that if he were driven from Baden Max could live on good investments not only in England but in South America. Moreover, he could turn his talents to drawing for the illustrated papers, according to the *Débats*, and in his younger days he executed excellent copies of the masterpieces in the gallery at Munich.

Max can write, too, and now and then he dashes off a rhyming couplet. One of these got into *Jugend*. It was ironical at the expense of the Emperor himself; but the name of Max was not signed to it. He is likewise accused of having suggested a cartoon at the expense of the Hohenzollerns that turned up in *Simplicissimus*. He has a genius for sarcastic remarks and ironical observations. His letters are chatty and clever. The one he sent to his cousin in Switzerland is by no means the only indiscretion of the kind, if we may credit the *Temps*. He is remarkably fluent and seems unable to resist a temptation to display his cleverness.

At different stages of his career, Prince Max has gathered about him a retinue of more or less impecunious musicians. These he discovers. They are all, if we may believe his own assertion, men of genius misunderstood. He openly aided a "secession" exhibition in Berlin some years before the war, a fact which got him into hot water with Emperor William, who has ideas of his own on the subject of painting. Prince Max thinks he knows much more about stage management than William Hohenzollern knows. His remarks on the subject got around to the Hohenzollern ear and made more trouble. Unfortunately for Prince Max, he is a most quotable person with a remarkable instinct for hitting upon the themes that interest everybody. This proves to the *Gaulois* that he is a born journalist as well as a born Prince. He would have succeeded brilliantly as a paragrapher on the *Figaro*. He can "faire un magnard," by which in French journalism is meant the writing of a paragraph as good as that of the great journalist, Magnard, who invented the form.

The difficulty with Prince Max, complain the dailies of Paris, is that

Having Ceased to be Chancellor, He Appears as Regent—for a While

he has read so much and lived so much that he can not think things matter much. He seems to have no settled convictions, no ideals. He is an esthete rather than a man of principle. He sees all the new pictures and all the new books and his talk about them is as discriminating and as instructive as that of the former Chancellor von Bülow, whom he greatly resembles. The well-known romanticism of the Prince, expressing itself in the unfortunate love affair of his youth, manifests itself to-day in his political philanderings. He has at various times dallied with Socialism, with militarism, with liberalism. It seems unfair to accuse him of atheism. In fact, the London *Nation*, which likes and trusts him, declares that Prince Max is "genuinely religious." He is a Roman Catholic, it observes, but he is as remote from Ultramontane casuistry as from the aggressive Protestantism of the Hohenzollerns. Religion is to Prince Max, avers the London paper, something which stands superior to the state, an influence "making for internationalism of the spirit," and for that reason he threw himself into the work of the German Red Cross. However, this keen observer suspects that Prince Max, while confessing that there is no freedom in Germany, is in no real sense a democrat.

It is conceded in various French dailies that Prince Maximilian has cherished no illusions on the subject of William II., and if the new Regent's least discreet letters ever see the light, that much will be established clearly. Prince Max, one report runs, heard Bismarck say—this was years ago when Max was young—that William II. was shallow and cocksure. In his conversations with his intimates, Max has shown his light-minded flippancy in talking about the Hohen-

zollerns, father and sons. The *Gaulois* excuses Max because there is a Gallic strain in him which the heavier German mind can not comprehend. Max made fun of William and that is all there is to it. Max does not hate William, but William hates Max. It must have been a profoundly humiliating thing to William to have to send for Maximilian, of whom he once declared, "He's a dabbler in everything, like a child."

As an orator Prince Maximilian had to confine himself until recently to the legislature of Baden and to gathering of artistic people. He was fluent and "easy" always and in his speeches to the Reichstag, the correspondents say, he is fluent and "easy" still. His sentences are usually short, and he eschews the long dependent clauses of Hertling and of Bethmann-Hollweg. He has a rich but not loud voice, yet he can be heard without difficulty. He does not appear to come prepared for a speech, notes the correspondent of the *Temps*, who heard him before the war, but he talks in a conventional style. His face wears a smile all through his talk. Sometimes he allows himself the luxury of a laugh, whereupon, so contagious is his mood, his hearers will laugh with him. In his younger days he essayed the part of Don Carlos in a Schiller tragedy. He wrote a play when he was twenty. His work as a landscape painter has been praised. Prince Max, in fine, with his artistic and literary interests and circle of musicians and painters, is the kind of German prince with whom Queen Victoria fell in love, one, as the *Rome Tribuna* says, who might have stepped but yesterday out of the romances of Goethe, one who would make the world beautiful and happy from above—an ideal despot. Here are a few of his laconic observations, or alleged observations of men and manners, as given in the European press:

"The French think they have the best manners, but they have only the best form."

MOTT, WHO WANTS MILLIONS FOR U. S. ARMY WAR WORK

THE other day John R. Mott asked the American people for a hundred and seventy million dollars in behalf of the seven war-work agencies which have united to send the influence of the American home, along with the Stars and Stripes, close up to the fighting-line. A few hours after President Wilson issued his letter asking these seven agencies headed by the Y. M. C. A. to unite in a common campaign, a meeting was held by five representatives of each organization

and a director-general was chosen. Only one name was considered. A Roman Catholic placed it in nomination; it was seconded by a Jew and John R. Mott, himself a Protestant, was unanimously selected to organize and direct the greatest campaign of its kind in history. Who is Mott? asks a writer, Bruce Barton, in *System*, and Joseph H. Odell answers in the *Outlook* that he is the most constructive religious genius since John Wesley. Also that "this man who has influenced more young men than any other man

were great men before Agamemnon but whether there have been any since.

"It is just as hard to be bad all the time as it is to be good all the time; but our enemies will never admit it. To them we are bad all the time."

Y. M. C. A. Organizer of the Greatest War-Work Campaign in History

living, who is the most widely-known figure in the academic life of five continents and who is to-day the leading force in aggressive Christianity, is stamped with all the characteristics of a man of destiny. The forehead that rises crag-like from bushy brows, the square jaw unconsciously pushed out when speaking as if to meet and defy opposition, the eyes which sweep and pierce at the same time, the neck which bears the head with a grace and strength that make one think of a pillar in the Parthenon, the body which sug-



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"THE BRITISH PRINCESS WITH THE BRITISH CHILDREN"

In these terms do the enemies of Prince Maximilian of Baden refer to his wife and their offspring, for in Germany the political effect of English blood is the same as in Tammany Hall.

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gests muscles trained for endurance—all combine to indicate a master of men and of situations—a man built for conquests." Such is the enthusiastic pen-picture drawn of the General Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. International Committee.

Mott had to have a hundred and seventy million dollars in order to translate religion, under the name of morale, into the terms which men in khaki, in navy blue, in Scotch plaids, in olive drab and in horizon blue can best understand. He had to have it to keep boys and men from going to the devil by default during the erratic nerve reactions following the red fury of battle; to carry echoes and memories and anticipations of home to the millions of men who have been making targets of their hearts to save the home. Strange, bizarre, unconventional will seem to many this new interpretation of religion expressed in terms of movies, boxing, baseball, wrestling, chewing-gum, tobacco, hot coffee, chocolate, tooth-brushes, vaudeville, dancing, singing, an itinerant system of education from kindergarten to university courses, soda fountains, shower-baths, grand opera, pens and paper and envelopes, banking and the Holy Sacraments. Yet, we are told, Mott is not a business man, tho some of his associates in this work are among the biggest industrial and financial men in the nation, and they accept his leadership unhesitatingly. He has never been trained as an organizer, yet the activities which he directs fill nine floors of a great office building, and are businesslike throughout. To his native capacity, as stated in *System*, he has added two elements fundamental to any outstanding success: patience, first—the capacity for an infinite willingness to be bored; second, a tremendous capacity for hard work.

It is somewhat surprising to read that this Christian soldier in his early manhood had more or less aversion to religion. In fact, he chose Cornell as his alma mater because it had no religious affiliations, and "in religion he recognized the most subtle and persistent foe to his ambition."

"He coveted success and wealth; already he knew the value of his voice; he sensed in himself that power which gives command, and there opened up before him all the attractions of the law, with perhaps a fortune or the United States Senate, at the end. In the pursuit of that desire he wished to be hindered by no voice reminding him to throw aside ambition and to seek first the Kingdom of God. Like Adam, after he had eaten the apple; like Jonah, on his ill-starred mission, he sought to hide himself from the voice of the Lord. At Cornell he studiously avoided all meetings of a religious character and devoted himself to athletics, which have given him a phe-



DIRECTOR OF THE GREATEST WAR-WORK DRIVE FOR FUNDS IN HISTORY

John R. Mott, General Secretary of the Y. M. C. A., is called the most constructive religious genius since John Wesley.

nomenal physique, and to the studies which rewarded him with a Phi Beta Kappa key. But the Lord is a persistent caller and issues His summons in strange ways and through the most unsuspected messengers. Surely nothing could seem to be safer for a man in Mott's frame of mind than a meeting addressed by J. K. Studd, the famous English athlete! Yet it was this meeting which overthrew all his defenses. He was late in arriving and, as he entered the door, he heard Studd thunder these words, seeming to look directly at him as he spoke: 'Young man, seekest thou great things for thyself? Seek them not!' That was the beginning of the end of John R. Mott the lawyer. For a few months he fought with his conscience, compromising at last by agreeing with himself to give a year to Y. M. C. A. work. With this, he told himself, he would discharge his obligation and be free to follow his own desires. But long before the end of the year he had caught the vision which has driven him for thirty years since, taking him into every corner of the globe, and making him a figure of international acquaintanceship and influence."

The war, we are told, has laid a heavy hand upon Mott. At its out-

break he was forty-nine and might easily have passed for thirty-five. There was a youthfulness in his manner, a resilience in his step, a thrill in his tones that made men wonder. He still looks younger than his years, but "there is that in his face and voice which was not there before this war came."

No claims are made as to his having any highly original quality of mind. His speeches contain few flashes that strike the reader as new. His strength consists in taking old truths and animating them with the power of a big, vibrant personality. Also, he is a great "picker of other men's brains."

If, ventures the French correspondent of the *Outlook*, there is truth in the statement of Lord Northcliffe that the Allies could not win the war without the Y. M. C. A., then this standard-bearer of the Red Triangle is the equivalent of brigades, divisions, armies; he is as essential as aircraft, artillery and machine-guns—is one of the allies embattled to save and safeguard civilization.

THE GENTLEMANLY PRESIDENT OF THE CHINESE REPUBLIC

AUTHORITIES disagree regarding the correct spelling of the name of Hsui Shi-Chang—some transliterate it as Siouye Chee-Chi'ang—but all agree that he is a perfect gentleman, an incarnation, as the *London News* understands, of Oriental politeness. He would die before he would be rude. Hsui Shi-Chang was in a sense, the *Figaro* tells us, a pupil of the late Yuan, who trusted him implicitly and sent him upon many a difficult and dangerous mission. Yuan was rude. He succumbed to the unaffected urbanity of the youth who was to succeed him in the chief magistracy. "Never," Yuan once told him, "will your teachers be punished for your misbehavior."

Another important detail regarding Hsui Shi-Chang has to do with his memory. He did not, as the Chinese say, live on it, and our French contemporaries love him for that, too. They explain that ambitious Chinese students invariably memorize the books they study for degrees. Their examination papers yield word-for-word extracts from the books. Even the commas are copied out conscientiously. It is all mechanical memory work, five hundred young men giving such memorized answers that one might suspect them of copying from each other. As a youth, Hsui Shi-Chang rebelled against this. He set down answers that indicated original thought of his own. He came badly out of the test. It injured him in the official services until Yuan was told the tale. It impressed the old Cantonese. He sent for the young man from Chih Li province and gave him an important post at Tientsin. In no long time the provincial had married a beautiful young lady connected by ties of blood with the despot. It is said by the well-informed that Hsui Shi-Chang is officially the creation of Yuan-Shi-Kai.

The streaks of gray in the hair of the new Chinese President betray the passage of the years; but his countenance is very little lined. The face is said to be well proportioned, but the bridge of the nose has not developed and the slight obliquity of the eyes—disguised in the photograph—proclaims the Mongolian. The ears are close to the head. The brows lack that "bump" over the eye which is thought to denote intellectuality. The rare smile of Hsui Shi-Chang reveals a gap here and there between the teeth. His voice is not heavy, as might be expected from one of his substantial frame, but light, tenor-like, with a suggestion of the falsetto. The hands are small. The

manner of the man is pronounced "very simple" by the French correspondents, and they add that he wears European costume with unaffected ease and good taste. Some years ago, when he was living in retirement at Tsing-Tao, he amused himself with amateur photography and acquired quite a knowledge of German. Hsui Shi-Chang has managed in his knockings about the far East to pick up a variety of European tongues and, unlike well-born Chinese generally, he does not disdain to reveal some acquaintance with Japanese.

The temperament of Hsui Shi-Chang, as interpreted in the French press, is



THE MOST PERFECT GENTLEMAN
IN ASIA

Hsui Shi-Chang, chief magistrate of the Chinese republic, owes his political preference to his politeness, which is poetical as well as appealing. He effects a complete reconciliation between the traditional culture of his country and the claims of a new Chinese age for new Chinese manners.

literary. He is, in fact, a poet who was denied all opportunity for self-expression. As a young man he fell under the influence of a progressive group at Tientsin and went in for all the new ideas. The charming young lady he was destined to marry had read Herbert Spencer, John Stuart Mill and Thomas Carlyle by the time she was fifteen. Hsui Shi-Chang helped her to prepare a political pamphlet on liberty. He thus made himself a conspicuous person in the group which at Tientsin in those days prided itself on its progressive ideals, its science in the western sense and even upon its encouragement of the revolutionary Sun Yat Sen. In truth, the new Chinese President is a man of the pen rather than a man of action.

Hsui Shi-Chang Never in His Life Said or Did Anything Impolite

The ideal of Hsui Shi-Chang is that traditional one of respect for seniors, deference to authority and honor to parents coming down from Confucius. His traditional Chinese attitude is shown in his reply to a member of the diplomatic corps who was shocked when a youth was beheaded for killing his own father. The uncle of the youth was also beheaded. The schoolmaster of this murderer was exiled. The neighbors were made to leave their homes never to return to them. Hsui Shi-Chang could see nothing to object to in all this. The young man killed his father because he was allowed to go from bad to worse under the direct observation of his relatives and neighbors. Had they undertaken measures of discipline in time, the tragedy would have been averted. We can not wash our hands of responsibility for the misdeeds of our relatives and our neighbors, for otherwise the family would disintegrate.

Progressive as he is, Hsui Shi-Chang does not believe in neglecting the classics of his country's literature. He compares them with Latin and Greek as a means of culture. While he has helped to do away with the old-fashioned examinations in the classics as a means of attaining public office, he encourages study of the ancient writers for the sake of the resultant culture. He is fond of pointing out to his European friends that in China the people really rule themselves through their local customs and their parental system, which should not be disturbed. He takes pride in the honesty of the Chinese character, which he ascribes to the traditional system of education. Yet, on the other hand, he has worked hard to establish the European system of medicine in China. He is thus to the Europeans who have studied him at close range a somewhat paradoxical combination of the progressive and the reactionary.

When he was made viceroy of the three Manchurias some years ago, Hsui Shi-Chang refused to receive presents of any kind from his subordinates. One of these was the violent Tang Shao-Ji, who at last accounts was acting with the southern revolutionists. Tang Shao-Ji begged to be transferred to a province in which he would not fall under the spell of Hsui Shi-Chang's charm, whose manners were so delightful that he could persuade any opponent into a course against reason itself. Tang Shao-Ji found himself committing blunders knowingly because he had not the power to resist the persuasive Hsui Shi-Chang. It is said that he is too polite to fight.

MUSIC AND DRAMA

"TEA FOR THREE"—A COMEDY OF CHARACTER AND CONVERSATION

THREE of the most notable and successful plays produced in New York this season employ an aggregate total of only eleven actors. The spirit of Hoover has invaded the drama. "Under Orders," the novel war melodrama, produces its thrills with the aid of but one actor and one actress. "Sleeping Partners," Sacha Guitry's impudently clever comedy, concerns itself with the time-worn triangle of the French stage, husband, wife, lover. The fourth character is the servant. In "Tea for Three," Roi Cooper Megrue presents a light, ironic, witty play in which, as one critic notes, the continental conjugal triangle becomes an American square. He presents an American husband, an American wife, and an American friend. There are no other characters except two servants. Mr. Megrue, apparently, has thrown aside all the rules for playwrights. He is not interested in "action." He permits his characters to talk at length. His "plot" is quite subsidiary. The conflict is not between good and evil. Withal, as the critic of the *Boston Transcript* notes, his comedy is witty and worldly-wise, light of movement, adroit of touch, and sustained through two acts in a fashion worthy of Paris or Vienna. He acknowledges his indebtedness to a play by Charles Slaboda, evidently a Hungarian. Mr. Megrue's finished product is, however, thoroly American.

The play opens with a view of a single corner table of a fashionable New York restaurant. The audience is placed in the position of the small boy who gazes in through the window, with the added advantages of listening to the sentimental colloquy which takes place between the whimsical Phillip and Doris, who is lunching with her old friend. Phillip, we gather, is an eminent physician connected with the Rockefeller Institute, but rather leisurely occupied with cultivating his affections. He complains to Doris of her husband's jealousy. His interest in her is of the so-called Platonic type. Carter, the faithful, industrious husband, must be cured of his incipient jealousy. Phillip cannot bear to have his usual weekly tea with Doris interrupted. The threatening unpleasantness must be cleared away. Doris doesn't believe Carter is jealous. However, as they are planning a "cure," she

complains of the noonday sun falling across the table, and orders the waiter to pull down the shade. He does this, and the audience finds itself, figuratively, again on the street outside the restaurant. This is the dialog that makes us eavesdrop:

PHILLIP. I'll never get over you, never. You see, Doris, I'm letting you have a little peep inside the real Phillip. It isn't often I do that. So few people ever want to get under the skin that I try to keep

In It Roi Cooper Megrue is Witty, Ironic, Worldly-Wise, Adroit, Plausible, Pungent and Human

all the time I was away, all the time I've been home, I've thought of you—how much lovelier you are than any other woman, how much prettier, how much cleverer, how much finer; and I've gloried in my love for you. I'm humble for myself, but I'm proud of my love because it's fine and true and the best thing in me. And these two years when you've let me come to tea every week, it's been simply wonderful. Why, whatever happened, wherever I went, was important only because I wanted to hurry to you, to look at you, to hear you, to watch you. Those hours by your table have been quite the happiest I've ever had—perhaps the happiest I shall ever have—and all the time in between was lost except that it was filled with thoughts of you. I'd sleep to dream of you. I'd wake to wonder what glorious thing was about to happen—to wonder why I was so happy, and then I'd know it was because that day I was to see you. I've only lived for the hours with you; that's why you mustn't take them from me.

DORIS. Why, Phillip dear, I always felt you cared, but I never knew you cared like that. It's very beautiful—your love for me. It makes me very proud of myself—and very sad for you.

PHILLIP. Ah, but you mustn't be sad—I've been so happy in my love.

DORIS. And I'm terribly fond of you, Phillip; but Carter is my husband.

PHILLIP. I know that; but even so it isn't a great deal I ask. I love you so much that I am content with very little.

DORIS. Of course you must keep on coming to tea.

PHILLIP. What!

DORIS. Wouldn't it be idiotic if our friendship, our lovely congenial friendship, and your happiness were to be shut off, spoiled, just because Carter is silly about some things—just silly on the surface of course.

PHILLIP. Then I was right—he is jealous!

DORIS. Of course he is. Show me the husband who isn't. But as I know your love is fine and true, so I know it can never hurt me.

PHILLIP. I should never mean it to.

DORIS. I'm sure you wouldn't. Well, we must simply convince Carter that you must be at the house oftener than ever.

PHILLIP. But can we?

DORIS. You leave that to me. Oh, dear, that sun, so annoying! Come to tea this afternoon.

PHILLIP. But it isn't my regular day—Thursday.

DORIS. Never mind. Come anyhow.

PHILLIP. May I? Really—?

DORIS. At five. Carter'll be there—and I've an idea.

PHILLIP. Can I help?



A DRAMATIST NOW

Roi Cooper Megrue, who has hitherto been a mere journeyman playwright, has now written, according to critics, the most brilliant American "high comedy" since Langdon Mitchell's "The New York Idea."

my hide pretty thick. But you—you are different. The others have never meant anything. I loved you long before you ever met Carter. You knew that—women always do. And yet somehow when you married him I felt you would be happy—he's a good sort, of course—and I was truly glad for you. I wanted you happy. I wanted you to be the happiest woman in the whole wide world, even if I did not share in that happiness. When I went away that year after you were married, it was always good to know that you were somewhere alive and well. It was good just to be in the same world with you and to be sure that some day, somewhere, I should see you again. And

DORIS. I'm sure you can. It's perfectly splendid. It'll need a lot of rehearsing first, but we can do that here. You have plenty of time?

PHILLIP. Plenty.

DORIS. Good.

PHILLIP. Well, if we're to stay here and rehearse, we'd better fix that sun. Waiter—the sun—the shade! Now let's rehearse. What is it?

DORIS. Well, while you're at tea, it seems to me that after we talk to Carter a while then—Oh! really it's a perfectly bully idea!

PHILLIP. Yes, but what is it?

DORIS. Well here it is—and listen. I'll get home first, alone of course, and then presently you pop in. Now, let me see—once you're there, if you and I were to . . . *(The Waiter pulls down the shade.)*

The second scene is in the drawing-room of Doris and Carter that same afternoon. Doris confesses to Carter that she has had luncheon with Ethel. Presently Phillip appears and, as a worldly-wise bachelor, tells the hard-working Carter a few things concerning women that upset him perhaps unnecessarily:

CARTER. Do you actually mean to tell me you think my wife is a liar?

PHILLIP. Not the way you put it, but to me a lie is only a lie when it's for self-gain or told maliciously about some other person. Now, when Doris pretends she's all excited over the fact that Jones bought that plot in the Bronx, 25 by 100, she isn't malicious, she isn't gaining anything; she is just pleasing you. And mighty sweet of her, I think.

CARTER. May I ask to what I owe these comments?

PHILLIP. To the fact that I am an old friend of yours, and an older one of hers, and it occurred to me that the truth might do you good.

CARTER. The truth?

PHILLIP. Yes, sometimes I tell the truth. It's the only unattractive vice I have. And the truth is, Carter, you're getting stodgy. You ought to run away for a couple of weeks, or else send Doris away. Even if you only send her to the Ritz. You stick with your nose in real estate all day, and you come home with that dull, earthy subject soaked clear into your brain. . . .

CARTER. I suppose you mean well—

PHILLIP. Don't, please! That's rather a nasty thing to say about anyone.

CARTER. But you seem to think you know a devilish lot about my married life.

PHILLIP. Haven't I proved it?

CARTER. No, you have not! It's amusing, no doubt, to listen to, but it isn't true. Of course it takes a bachelor to criticize a husband.

PHILLIP. Exactly. You don't need to have pneumonia to learn how to treat it. And a husband usually doesn't see his own faults even when they're pointed out. Now, I have made a bit of a study of what seems to please the unfair sex.

CARTER. But Doris is different—so am I. Why, to my mind, it's an insult to a woman even to suggest that she might be unfaithful.

PHILLIP. Quite to the contrary. It's a very grave insult to a woman to suggest that she could not be unfaithful if she wanted to. Of course, that's not saying she'd want to.

CARTER. You never talked like this in college.

PHILLIP. Ah, but I've changed since then. I've grown up. In college I thought black was black and white was white. Now I see they're both a splotchy gray.

CARTER. It's a pity you have such a cynical view-point. Perhaps if you knew a few more respectable women—

PHILLIP. But I do. Nearly all the women of my acquaintance are respectable—more's the pity.

CARTER. Just what *does* the phrase "a respectable woman" mean to you?

PHILLIP. A woman who is unfaithful only in that secret fairyland—a woman who will not make a reality of her dreams until the stupid, brutal hand of her husband makes that dream impossible.

CARTER. But in that—what do you call it?—in that "secret fairyland" you think they're all untrue?

PHILLIP. All.

Thus Phillip sows the seed of doubt. When he leaves, he carries away a framed photograph of Doris. Carter, who had been looking at it before the entrance of Phillip, immediately notices its disappearance. Doris lies about it. Phillip had also told him that Doris and he had lunched together. His suspicions are acutely alive. We are taken, in the next act, to Phillip's "rooms." He explains that they are called "rooms" because they are expensive. If they were very cheap, they would be called, in New York, an "apartment." Thither comes Doris to recover the photograph. Phillip is reticent about returning the picture. He looks out of the window, and discovers Carter standing opposite looking up. Presently he is announced. Phillip has Doris escorted out so that she will not be seen, and then receives the irate husband. Carter inquires about Horace Kent, whose marriage Phillip has held up to him as an awful example. The doctor tells Carter that the "other man" in the case is dead:

CARTER. Dead?

PHILLIP. Yes, and I presume Horace Kent is quite happy. Steve's out of the way now, and Betty is quite his again.

CARTER. But it'll be a lesson to her. She won't flirt now.

PHILLIP. Temporarily a lesson, yes, till someone else comes along and then unfortunately—well—the Horace Kents can't always get rid of the Steven Denbys as Horace did. Poor Horace! I suppose his conscience is clear. We men are so selfish about our women. We're all a bit primitive. In our hearts we'd like to kill the other chap and beat the lady over the head and drag her off—and we'd justify ourselves, too, if it wasn't for the police. One of civilization's nuisances—the police.

CARTER. You take it a bit flippantly—this man's death, your friend?

PHILLIP. Why not? What's it all about,

anyway? I've seen so many people die. Most of us don't go on living because we're so fond of life—it's because we're afraid of dying. It's not the being dead we're frightened of; it's just that single moment of dying. Isn't it foolish that that one little moment holds all mankind in check? I've often thought if there were a man who had overcome that terror—I don't mean softened it or held it down through fear or through religion, but a man who had really overcome it—he would know no law, no restriction, no bonds of conscience. He would be mighty. Wouldn't it be amusing to be that man? . . .

CARTER. You're not afraid to die?

PHILLIP. Not in the least. I've often been surprised that I keep on with this drab existence. You see the only justification for living is the being necessary to some other life, and that keen joy has been denied me. And yet I drag along, always hoping that some incentive may happen to make me really want to live, or else to make me want to quit, and then, until I did quit, I could be that perfectly splendid lawless individual with no fear of parting from this sad old world. But as it is, I go on just merely an optimist.

CARTER. An optimist?

PHILLIP. Yes. I'm like the chap that is always going to dull parties. He knows they'll bore him, and yet if he doesn't go he fears he'll miss something, and so he goes, and never misses anything because nothing ever happens. That is my case—nothing ever happens.

CARTER. I really don't understand you at all.

PHILLIP. It's a pity, isn't it? I could help you so much . . .

CARTER. Are you going out?

PHILLIP. No.

CARTER. Oh, then you're expecting someone?

PHILLIP. I am.

CARTER. A lady?

PHILLIP. Exactly.

CARTER. Of course, I might have guessed. The flowers there, her favorite flowers, I suppose?

PHILLIP. Naturally. Bromidic, old-fashioned idea, isn't it?

CARTER. Commonplace. I should have expected something different from you.

PHILLIP. My dear chap, we've been catching flies the same way for several centuries. The flies ought to have learned a thing or two in that time; yet the same old odors, the same old material, attracts them, and we still catch them in the same old way. There's a lot in the psychology of smell. Every woman prefers to all other the flowers that remind her of some happy experience. To-night, for instance, I expect a woman who, when she was first kissed,—that wonderful, never-to-be-repeated first kiss,—well, she was wearing a corsage of yellow roses. She may live to be eighty—God grant she will—but she will never meet the perfume of yellow roses without memories, without some little thrill of recollection over that first kiss. . . . Oh, by the way, if I remember rightly, yellow roses are your wife's favorite flowers, too.

Phillip's flippancies and impertinence irritate Carter more and more. He

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plods through his jealousy and his suspicions and finally challenges Phillip to a "duel"—a very American duel. He wants to get Phillip out of the way. The act ends as follows:

CARTER. Oh, words, words, words! Specious, plausible words! I grant you have a gift for them. I haven't. But I'm her husband, she's my wife; she belongs to me.

PHILLIP. I believe that is a legal interpretation of the marital relation; but morally...

CARTER. I tell you, you shan't come near her—you shan't see her!

PHILLIP. And who's to prevent me?

CARTER. I am.

PHILLIP. Really? But you can't lock her up all the rest of her life.

CARTER. There is a way out for both of us.

PHILLIP. Yes?

CARTER. I suggest you and I follow the same plan, only that we agree not to botch it as they did, but to go through to the finish quietly, without arousing suspicion. Whichever of us draws the paper with the cross on it—well, within twenty-four hours, you understand...

You agree?

PHILLIP. You are quite mad.

CARTER. Will you draw first?

PHILLIP. I may as well warn you, I'm an unlucky gambler. I always win when I wish to lose.

CARTER. It makes no difference to me how it comes out—one of us has got to go.

PHILLIP. Oh, I think not. There are other ways.

CARTER. Then you're not only a cad but a coward. The two usually go together.

the finest results of thousands of centuries of evolution.

CARTER. You won't—you can't do it!

PHILLIP. Oh, yes, I can, and it's worth the doing, worth the paying, because I shall go knowing that first I stole your wife.

CARTER. You're a crazy fool.

PHILLIP. And my delusion is that I shall rob you of your wife.

CARTER. Good night. *(He goes out.)*

PHILLIP. Good night—my love to Doris! *(He rings for his servant, Austin.)*

AUSTIN. Yes, sir.

PHILLIP. Get your book. I want to dictate a couple of letters—the first is rather important.

AUSTIN. Yes, sir.

PHILLIP. You may type it presently.

AUSTIN. Yes, sir.

PHILLIP. James Hale, care of New



THREE'S COMPANY, TWO'S A CROWD!

In "Tea for Three," Roi Cooper solves a new problem in the geometrical morality of the marital relationship. The actors are (from left to right) Arthur Byron as Phillip, Margaret Lawrence as Doris, and Frederick Perry as Carter.

PHILLIP. Divorce? But that might be rather an unpleasant scandal for Doris.

CARTER. Divorce! Do you think I'd let you have her while I'm alive?

PHILLIP. Not divorce then? What do you propose?

CARTER. You said you were not afraid to die?

PHILLIP. Your memory is entirely accurate.

CARTER. No more am I, because I don't want to live without Doris, and I can't live with her with you in the same world.

PHILLIP. Doris, as I said, is entirely innocent—

CARTER. Oh, I grant it's possible you and she may not have deceived me yet; but you will, you will. I can't go through life, always on the watch, always imagining. I could never look at Doris without wondering if you and she—I tell you it's got to be settled and settled my way.

PHILLIP. And what is your way—a duel?

CARTER. No, it's a modern solution that amused you so much. Steven Denby and Horace Kent drew lots to see which would do away with himself in twenty-four hours.

PHILLIP. *(Picking up paper.)* Ah—lucky at last.

CARTER. You drew the blank?

PHILLIP. I drew the one with the cross.

CARTER. Ah.

PHILLIP. It's 7.30 now—twenty-four hours, eh—by 7.30 to-morrow night then?

CARTER. Exactly.

PHILLIP. That is all, I think? Oh, yes, you thought I was Doris' lover, or that I should be. You forced the issue, you set the stakes in our little game. I've agreed to pay just what you asked; but I'm not going to pay for nothing, so before I settle my account to-morrow night I shall first have the very pleasant privilege of stealing your wife from you. Oh, you'll lock her up, but that won't matter. I'll find a way.

CARTER. I warn you! If you try to break into my house, the law gives me the right to shoot you.

PHILLIP. So much the easier. Why not do it now and save me the trouble? I'd really be grateful. That's the only thing I dislike about it—the thought that I shall have to destroy with my own hands such an admirable piece of mechanism,

York Herald. My dear Jimmie: Circumstances have arisen whereby it becomes compulsory for me to do away by to-morrow night with this comic life of mine.

AUSTIN. I beg pardon, sir.

PHILLIP. That's quite all right, Austin.

AUSTIN. Yes, sir.

PHILLIP. Naturally my suicide will be an item of considerable interest, and as I suppose your news instinct will prompt you to print the story on the front page, I dare say it will arouse a great deal of curiosity and criticism.

AUSTIN. Really, sir, I—

PHILLIP. Yes, I'm quite sure you're sorry, but we can discuss that later. Just now let's finish the letter.

AUSTIN. Yes, sir.

PHILLIP. Unfortunately my action is not caused by any of these conventional motives for self-destruction, but I—I cannot expect this bitter world to believe that, so they will invent some unpleasant scandal. I might as well tell the facts and leave it to your professional skill to make the truth seem the truth. I part with my existence because of an affair of honor, in which nothing dishonorable is

involved. I part with my life to make another life, that is dearer than my own, free from all trace of gossip, all taint of scandal, all possibility of unhappiness.

AUSTIN. Pardon me, sir. May I say I am proud to have been your servant. You are a gentleman, sir.

PHILLIP. Why, thank you, Austin. . . And, Jimmie, please keep yourself from trying to guess the identity of the lady. And if you do guess, please remember that you are wrong.

The last act takes us back to Doris and Carter's for tea the next afternoon. Husband and wife are in a rather unpleasant and fidgety state. Presently Draycott, the maid, enters, bearing an early edition of the *Telegram*. On the front page is the news of Dr. Phillip Collamore's suicide. They cannot believe it, but the news is printed on the front page of the *Evening Telegram*, and that seems to them irrefutable. They read the news together:

DORIS. Can't you see that ours was a fine, true, splendid friendship with nothing of the relation you mean, with no possibility ever of such a relation? Can't you see—God help me—that it's you I love?

CARTER. But Phillip's a man—and—

DORIS. I'm your wife. He respected that fact. . . Oh yes, he did, and what is more I respect it. If you couldn't believe in him, can't you believe in me?

CARTER. But you were seeing more and more of him—you were growing fond of him.

DORIS. Growing fond? I've always been fond of him.

CARTER. Then how could I just sit by and watch him week by week slowly taking you from me? And yesterday it all came to a head. You lunched with him—

DORIS. Is that so very wicked?

CARTER. And you said Ethel was with you—she wasn't. You gave him your picture yesterday afternoon—you pretended it was at the framer's. When you saw I was suspicious you got frightened—you'd already made an appointment to be with him alone. I interrupted that interview. You had to leave. What might have happened if I hadn't come there then—to protect you? You told me this morning you had been at Ethel's. It's all lies, lies, lies. What was I to think? What am I to think?

DORIS. Yes, I've lied to you, just for your own sake; but now do you want the truth about the picture—about the whole thing?

CARTER. I do—I do.

DORIS. Well, Phillip felt you were about to forbid my seeing him any more. He wanted my picture, so that at least if he couldn't talk to me he could talk to it—if he couldn't see myself he could at least look at my photograph. Just a fresh, sentimental boyish idea. I promised at lunch to give him that picture; but after tea, when the time came, I did get frightened, you'd been so cross about him, and I refused. I begged him. He said if I must have it he was always at home at seven. Then you got ugly—I was in another panic. I'd never been afraid of you till then, but then I was afraid. I went

for the picture. You arrived, and I left to avoid a scene, to avoid having to explain my foolish fibs. And that is all—that is what fear does. I wish I'd told you the truth in the very beginning—but now you have it.

CARTER. And is that all?

DORIS. That is all. My conscience is absolutely clear about my relations with Phillip. It would always have been clear to the very end of my life. I haven't been untrue to you even in that secret fairyland of which Phillip spoke.

CARTER. I'm sorry, Doris, but I was afraid I was losing you, and I couldn't bear to lose you. That was all.

DORIS. And so you rushed him out of life because you were afraid you might lose me, because he disturbed you in your comfortable possession of me. And now, inside, I suppose, you're rejoicing. He's out of the way—and you think you're sure of me. That's your idea, isn't it? It was the same when you married me. You felt he was out of the way, out of my life, no longer to be my friend, just because I was your wife. I must give him up entirely, even tho I'd shown which of the two I loved, with a woman's love. I showed that when I chose you and yet at seventeen I had loved Phillip—just that simple foolish first love—and perhaps it wasn't really love, just a happy affection because he loved me so, and was always so gay and merry and kind. What harm was there in my memories—gentle, happy memories? Yet you begrudged me them! You begrudged me Phillip as a friend. Why? Because you were not sure that in taking me from Phillip you were not a thief yourself. You never felt certain your stolen property wouldn't return to her first love—so little confidence did you show in yourself, so little trust did you put in me. It's quite plain now. You are the thief! You have robbed me of my friend and I shall never be able to look at you without remembering that something has gone from me that I held very dear. I have lost more in Phillip in his going than he ever meant to me in life. You have made this emptiness; you ought to be well pleased with your job. You got rid of him, yes; but you've lost something of me!

Then, of course, Phillip shows up. He says he has a few hours yet to live. He will have his last tea. Carter, however, has been made to understand. Repentance and reparation are his. The play ends with a real tea for three. Doris and Phillip are left alone for a moment.

DORIS. But quick, before Carter comes back, tell me how did you manage to get that article printed?

PHILLIP. Oh, I know Jimmie Hale of the *Telegram* pretty well. I wrote him rather a dramatic letter last night, and then I went to see him. I persuaded him, just as a joke, to make up a new front page of the *Telegram* with the fake story of my suicide. He printed one copy. It cost me \$87.00; but it's worth eighty-seven million to know you would really have missed me. Simple, wasn't it?

DORIS. Very, if I'd only understood. I'll never forgive you for those wasted tears.

PHILLIP. They weren't wasted. I'm so very happy you could shed them for me.

DORIS. Now you'll have to make me smile a lot.

PHILLIP. I'll try to.

DORIS. And do tell me about Stephen Denby. You made him and Horace Kent sound awfully plausible. I do remember the Kents vaguely, but who is Steve?

PHILLIP. Oh that was the name of the hero in a play I saw once. I just happened to remember it at the time. Poor Steve—pity I had to kill him off—he was quite useful. Carter swallowed the whole thing most beautifully as we planned he would. . .

DORIS. Never mind, the end justified the means. Do you know I've fibbed, and cheated and deceived ever since I've thought this up at lunch? I feel as if I ought to have a very guilty conscience,—and yet somehow I haven't. What is the matter with me?

PHILLIP. Nothing. You're both to practice what I've preached, and so you're both to be much happier.

DORIS. And you?

PHILLIP. I, of course, I'm still to see you; but really I'm not thinking of myself just now. I'm thinking of you. I have always wanted you to be happy, and if now I have helped a little toward that—

DORIS. You've been wonderful.

PHILLIP. I was quite proud of myself. I really acted awfully well last night, and the curious part is everything I told Carter about himself was true.

DORIS. Were you acting, too, when you talked to me last night?

PHILLIP. No, I meant every word I said to you.

DORIS. I think you did, but now that you're back in Carter's good graces—

PHILLIP. Thanks to you!

DORIS. Thanks to me. You mustn't really make love to me—it isn't quite fair.

PHILLIP. No, I suppose not.

DORIS. And you do it so well, it's quite disturbing.

PHILLIP. I'll be good.

DORIS. As good as you were,—till yesterday?

PHILLIP. As I was till yesterday—and I'll keep my word.

DORIS. Wouldn't Carter be cross if he knew it was all just a trick to teach him a lesson?

PHILLIP. I fancy he would.

DORIS. But we will tell him sometime?

PHILLIP. Of course we will—sometime, when we're sure that he's not only convalescent but entirely cured.

CARTER. (Coming back.) What do you think! Old man Harrington has agreed. Isn't that great! Do you realize what it means after six months' hard work and worry—I've landed him—quarter of a million easy. Now, by Jove, we'll have some fun—you're both right. I've got a new understanding, a new vision. I have been stodgy, stupid, a stick in the mud. Doris, you have seen too much of me. I'll run down to White Sulphur for a month. Jove, I hope you'll miss me, Doris. I know I'll miss you, and, Phil, amuse her while I'm away. Take her to lunch, come here to tea every day if you like. Do any darn thing you want to. You see I trust you now, Phil. . . I always did trust you, dear, deep down—

DORIS. Come, let's have tea!

THE "TERRIBLE INFANT" OF RUSSIAN MUSIC FINDS REFUGE IN AMERICA

RUSSIA, it appears, will furnish the long-expected antidote to the musical impressionism of France, to that delicate, perfumed twilight which pervaded the music of western Europe before the war. It is a curious fact that virtually all the Allied nations succumbed to its charm, while Central Europe clung to its own heavy, sometimes blatant, "romanticism." The cleavage was not less abrupt than the political cleavage. Russia, however, seems to have broken away from both camps not only politically but artistically, and to have interposed between the two opposites a new, brutally realistic psychology, which in politics has produced Bolshevism and in music a materialism equally as ruthless and inconsiderate of precedents.

Scriabin and Stravinsky, both regarded as musical anarchists, were still affected by the suavity of the West, tho Stravinsky's name is now linked with the names of the pioneers of the new movement—Myaskovsky and Prokofiev. Serge Prokofiev, the youngest of this triumvirate, has broken with the present as well as the past. In the words of V. G. Karatygin, Russia's leading critic, he is "the most remarkable appearance in contemporary music." As quoted in the *Boston Evening Transcript*, this authority asserts:

"There is no musician who does not recognize the originality of Prokofiev's music, daring as it is, turbulent and full of vitality. True it is that many cannot accept this music because of its unbridled power, and because Prokofiev's sparkling and brilliant genius often violates all academic rules of harmony and counterpoint. Yet in spite of this violation the composer is ever logical, and his music is stamped with truth and with moments of revelation. He eschews all trodden paths; instead he prefers to force his way through virgin forests, overthrowing every obstacle with a masterful hand, breaking down trees and jumping over broad and deep streams. Much noise and rumbling accompany him in his wanderings towards new shores. Splashes, splinters and debris fly in all directions. But this does not mean sauciness and mischief. Always does his daring spring from a strong convincing logic. The course of his ship is straight and determined: his goal the sun, the fulness of life and the feasting joy of existence."

The outstanding significance of Prokofiev's music, according to the Russian critics, lies in its frank "materialism." Igor Glebov, who writes in the *Russian Musical Contemporary*, believes it accomplishes a revaluation of existing values; "accepted canons of beauty give way to new, healthy and mighty forces." This, however, does

not denote the abandonment of all beauty and spirituality, but rather, according to M. Karatygin, a "turning toward a certain equilibrium of spirit and matter, which was so desirable."

"Music in opposition to the other fine arts has always kept to the publication of the ideal, the spiritual side of life. But with Prokofiev it is different. From his first composition he has had to be considered as a musical materialist, and in this consists his originality. The 'Legends' and the 'Fables' which he relates, and the 'Phantoms' which he sees, the 'Suggestions Diaboliques' which he feels, seem to have a material compactness, to consist of bony skeleton and fleshy body, and at the same



A MUSICAL REVOLUTIONIST
The most modern of the ultra-moderns, Serge Prokofiev, follows no law but his own logic.

time to manifest an intense activity of will. His whimsical 'Sarcasms' are not ironical sketches but real demons of sardonic laughter. The rhythm is sharp, the contour of the melodies salient, the musical ideas and images convex and weighty. Certainly all such musical thinking must exclude pure lyricism, and indeed until the present the compositions of Prokofiev have little of it. Enormous energy, dazzling brilliancy, individual originality, at times stern dramaturgy, often capricious, grotesque and from time to time of deep soul-stuff—such is the music of Prokofiev."

Neither must this materialism be interpreted as mere naturalism. It is far more direct than that. It does not translate facts of nature into the language of tonal suggestion; it does not attempt, like the program music of recent times, to recall pictures to the

Serge Prokofiev is Hailed as the Standard Bearer of Musical Materialism

mind of the listener. It appears rather to be matter itself; it creates its own pictures and its own colors. It is "absolute" music, but so vital and direct as to make one feel things without objective suggestion. Being a composer of absolute music, Prokofiev uses the classical form of the sonata as the carrier of an ultra-modern message. It is significant, too, that while the trend of modern music has been away from melody in the accepted sense, in his more recent works he becomes more lyrical. Upon this side of Prokofiev's genius M. Karatygin comments as follows:

"Here and there, among impetuous splashings and leaps of all kinds, you will feel the charm of something tender, gentle, sweet. There are real pearls of fine musical poetry, which become especially precious, surrounded as they are by sharply contrasted episodes of boiling, pounding and rushing music. The same lyrical current is to be felt in the sonatas of Prokofiev, in the third and the fourth. . . . And his last sonata, the fourth, permits the affirmation that Prokofiev's gift is always growing, striking roots in the deepest strata of psychology."

Poe and Dostoevsky are given as the literary affinities of Prokofiev. Some of their cruelty is said to be reincarnated in his music. His "Sarcasms" and his "Scythian Suite" are, according to some critics, reminiscent of the grotesqueness of Poe, and he is the first composer to write an opera on a story by Dostoevsky.

Prokofiev's career has been as dynamic as his music. This "terrible infant" of Russian music is at present twenty-seven years of age. Yet his powerful creations have, in the words of Prosper Buranelli, already "become an European event." He is a prodigy even to the Russians. He began to compose at six. At seven and nine he made his first attempts to compose operas; at eleven he wrote a symphony and at twelve his third opera. From Mr. Montagu-Nathan, writing in the *London Musical Times*, we learn that he was born on an estate in South Russia, was taught by Glière and Taneiev, and then studied at the Petrograd Conservatory under Rimsky-Korsakov and Liadov, while he became a remarkable pianist under the guidance of Mme. Essipov. He won the Rubinstein prize at the age of thirteen.

The Revolution in Russia drove Prokofiev to America by way of Japan. His recent arrival here has created a sensation in musical circles. During the present season some of his orchestral works will be produced in Chicago, New York and elsewhere.

THE NEW EPIDEMIC OF EGOTISM THAT THREATENS THE THEATER

AT the present moment, the theater is facing a serious dramatic crisis. This fact is emphasized by a diagnostician of the British drama who writes in the *London Saturday Review*. It is the position of the player, he feels, that is more especially threatened. He suggests that an epidemic of egotism threatens the theater. Vanity, he asserts, is the worst temptation of the Thespian. It is essential that the actor should not henceforth be a mere employee in the hands of the big theatrical syndicates. Yet when the theater falls into the control of "a practitioner of the theater," the control of the actor or actor-manager, the egoism and vanity of the actor often escape control. The vanity of a few great actors, we are told, nearly killed the theater not forty years ago. "In present circumstances even a moderate attack of this almost inescapable malady of the playhouse may kill the English theater altogether." He explains this new peril:

"The vanity of some of our popular actors and actresses must be known in order to be believed. You realize it best when, in the innocence of your critical heart, you venture to praise them according to their deserts. In praising actors and actresses it is essential to regard the advice of Hamlet, and to 'use no man according to his deserts.' Praise some of our actors for an intelligent, a competent,

an agreeable, an effective rendering of his part, and he will pass the positive adjective, whatever it may be, merely noting that there is a derogatory absence of the superlative. An honest critic is almost as likely to offend by commending Miss B. for an excellent stroke in the first act or by noticing Mr. C.'s capable handling of a passage in the third act as by expressing a distaste for the whole performance. Selection presupposes reservations, and there must be no reservations. The idol feels an unaccustomed chill in the air, and turns for consolation to the press photographer and his honied epitomes. It is virtually impossible to praise some of our public favorites without offending them for life.

"This does not mean that actors and actresses are necessarily and by nature more conceited than ordinary folk. We must again indicate the temptation. Their opportunities for vanity are so continuous, so inviting, so inescapable. The actor is always a hero; the actress is always a heroine. Circumstances require them to take the utmost care of their effect upon others. They must study their own faces, their figures, their ways of walking and talking. It is the duty of an actress to be beautiful, of an actor to be graceful, of both to watch perpetually what kind of impression they are making."

As soon as a player achieves any kind of distinction, the *Saturday Review* critic proceeds, there ensues an intoxicating publicity, a general conspiracy of deference, admiration, flattery and solicitation. There must be

Actors and Actresses Should Beware of the Virulent Germ of Vanity

innumerable pictures in the papers. Managers become respectable, and mere working members of the profession angle for a place in the sun of publicity. A general demoralization takes place in the character of the "star."

"Consider how difficult it must be for an actor with a witty part, and with the laughter of a large audience in his ears, to realize that the wit is not his own but another's. Conceive the position of a gallant and enterprising hero of romance who thrills the public nightly with his escapades not to take some credit for the glamour with which an unsophisticated audience invests him. Consider, moreover, not merely the supremacy of the 'star' and how bad it is for the star's good sense, but the degrading effect of the star's struggles to secure and to maintain a stellar ascendancy over all competitors. Few players would dream of allowing their understudies to present to the public an individual or even a passably good adaptation of their own rendering of an isolated part. Some of our popular actresses would rise from a bed of death to take a cue upon hearing it said that their poor substitute was making her mark in the rôle. Still less numerous are they, whether actors or actresses, who will tolerate any real independence of style or treatment in those whose duty it is, first and last, to support them. Few players can endure to hear a laugh or any kind of approval from the public evoked by a member of their company if it should in any way diminish the effect of their own exits and entrances."



VOLUNTEERS OVER THERE

Among the stars who have gone overseas as members of America's Overthere Theater League to entertain the A. E. F. and who are pictured in this group are Will Cressy and Blanche Dayne, Margaret Mayo (author of "Baby Mine" and "Twin Beds"), Johnny Cantwell and Reta Walker, Elizabeth Brice, Will Morrissey, Horace Wright and Renée Dietrich, Irene Franklin and Burton Green, and other popular American stage favorites.

DRAMA IN KHAKI: INCIDENTAL MUSIC BY THE BOOMING GUNS

Actors Travel to the Fighting Front to Find the Audiences of Their Dreams

INCIDENTAL music for the dramatic entertainments offered to American soldiers on the fighting front was furnished by the booming of the big guns. The plays of Bernard Shaw are not in demand, and there have been no special Ibsen matinees. In the language of Broadway, hokum, jasbo and gravy are the dramatic favorites. The good old jokes of vaudeville, according to a dramatic reviewer of *Stars and Stripes*, have also got into uniform. Mustard and tear-gas could not kill them; shell-fire did not affect their vigorous vitality. "It is easy to take the old jokes and dress them up in O. D.," the *Stars and Stripes* authority writes. "If you want to make fun of someone, call him a second lieutenant. If you want to use the old cracks about Brooklyn, Yonkers, or Red Bank, substitute Blois or a base port." Were there ever such generous audiences in a real theater?

"Pandemonium!

"It certainly sounds like the good old days to hear a gallery full of Americans, all stamping and cheering and whistling their approval. There is everything there but the peanuts. They roar with delight when lovely Lois Meredith gazes upon them, and the roof threatens to come off the theater when Elizabeth Brice comes dancing to the footlights, swinging her shoulders and putting all the pep in the world into her old songs. . . . The boys fairly split all ears with their whistling. They made that old theater rock on its ancient foundations."

But performances in regular theaters are the exception rather than the rule. Shows are given on the edge of the Argonne forest, with the doughboys hanging on the limbs of trees. The backdrop may be an old tarpaulin or a capsized trunk. In a letter to Winthrop Ames, of America's Over There Theater League, Will Cressy, a veteran vaudevillian, enthusiastically describes these "theaters":

"Our gas-masks and 'tin hats' are as much a part of our clothing as our shoes and stockings. I don't know that we could play our performance without the more or less distant roar of the big guns for 'incidental music.' Sometimes I announce an intermission so that all can step outside and watch air battles overhead. We have had to dismiss an audience right in the middle of a performance in order that they might answer a sudden call to the Front. We have played a performance straight through under shell-fire. We have given exactly the same show on fine stages in lovely theaters, on platforms six feet by eight, on dining-tables in mess-halls, on the tailboards of army-trucks, on the ground in fields, in the woods, on the steps of town-



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THE PLAY IS NOT THE THING

The war is the thing. These young men know that yet here, in the French theater of the struggle, they hang breathlessly and enthusiastically upon the jokes and "Jasbo" of the American vaudevillians who have so courageously entertained them.

halls and churches, and in halls and between the cots in the wards of hospitals."

In a letter to James Forbes, also of the Over There Theater League, Johnny Cantwell, another American vaudeville favorite, describes one of these extraordinary shows:

"We played a camp where the boys had not seen an American show since their arrival in France. There were about three thousand in the audience. They were hanging all over the rafters and looking in the windows. The electric lights were not working that night and the best they could do for light was a row of candles for footlights and two lanterns for 'borders.' They rigged up an auto lamp for a spotlight and away we went after them. Those boys thought that 'theater' was lit up like the Hippodrome. I have never in my life heard cheers like those we received that night. I happened to meet the Colonel . . . later, and he told me, almost with tears in his eyes, that he could never repay us for that entertainment we had given his boys; that they were like new men, happy and contented; that their efficiency had gone up one hundred per cent. and they were all telling our jokes over again. Don't you think that is worth coming over here for?"

The other day, before the signing of the armistice, of course, according to *Stars and Stripes*, Margaret Mayo's "shock unit" performed on a stranded truck, with a dressing-room made out of a piece of tarpaulin. Some tear-gas lurked in the seams of that tarpaulin, and just as Miss Mayo started forward to say something excruciatingly funny to start the show going, she paused, gazed miserably about her, and burst into tears. "The startled audience, who thought that somehow Jane Cowl had got into the bill by mistake, then watched while she departed at

full speed for the nearest dressing-room."

How the men like this sort of entertainment is indicated in a letter sent to the league by Sergeant H. E. Vermilye: "Probably you good people at home don't know what a boon this sort of thing is. You would know, tho, if you had listened for months to ambitious and well-meaning people who love to recite 'Verdun' and such cheerful morsels, and whose idea of a rare treat is to sing consecutively the national anthems of the United States, Great Britain, and France—which, as you realize, does pall a bit!"

With the advent of the armistice, the work of the theater league is to go forward even more strongly than before. Officers of the league are of the opinion that now more than ever the fighting men will need relaxation and entertainment. The demand for volunteer entertainers is therefore greater than before, with the insistence upon the best American artists emphasized. Writing in the *Dramatic Mirror*, Burns Mantle thus voiced an appeal to American entertainers:

"There never has been in your lives before and there never will be in your lives again an opportunity such as this! You never will be needed again as you are needed to-day! And tho you devote all the rest of your days to explaining how you could not break the contract from which you know in your heart your manager would release you, or how you had to make another payment on the summer home you know you can rent for enough to carry it, or how your non-professional wife (or non-supporting husband) threatened to have an attack of hysteria if you so much as mentioned the possibility of your going, the scar on your soul will still burn and burn with the sin you have put upon it and the sting of your self-reproach. Hear ye, O, hear ye!"

SECRETS OF THE FILM DRAMA ARE DIVULGED BY A FAMOUS PRODUCER

SO rapid has been the development of the motion-picture industry in all its phases that the average person can but be astonished at a recital of the facts. Glance into a motion-picture studio of six or seven years ago. It is a Monday, let us say. The scenario writer, the director, the camera man and such of their satellites as hold with them that Monday is no day on which to have a purpose in life, are draped languidly over the chairs and tables, smoking and swapping stories. Enter the president.

"Boys," he remarks to the restful assemblage, none of whom stirs, "have you got an idea for this week? We ought to begin to think about our picture."

"We were just trying to decide on the story," answer the boys in chorus, all being equally gifted procrastinators and not one having given serious thought to a program of work. On Tuesday the president usually repeated his query and left for an outing. On Wednesday the staff roused itself, someone remarking: "We ought to get busy on our copy." Then they'd start in, searching the magazines for leads, reviewing their random notes, hitting on an idea that pleased them and slinging together a scenario which would be delivered to the president that evening. He would return it with his approval the next morning and the picture would be "shot" that day. On Friday it would be developed and printed and on Saturday the negatives started off to the exchanges at the flat rate of \$100 a reel. Then there was nothing to do until Monday or, rather, Wednesday. Since those happy-go-lucky days, writes Adolph Zukor in *System*, the making, marketing and exhibiting of films have undergone a marvelous sea-change. Among other things that have been learned and other secrets that this famous producer divulges is that:

"A good play will go anywhere; a star who is popular in Maine will be equally so not only in Arizona but also in England, China and Argentina. The whole

world likes Mary Pickford, but she must be Mary Pickford and she cannot have her identity lost in the character; likewise the world likes Douglas Fairbanks, but only if he does athletic stunts and wears 'sports clothes.' If a book or a spoken play has become standard, it will certainly draw well on the screen. A



JULIA ARTHUR REINCARNATES
EDITH CAVELL FOR THE
PHOTODRAMA

The life and martyrdom of the heroic English nurse in Belgium make an extraordinarily effective photoplay of propaganda character.

star is more important than the play, for the people know the star and do not commonly know the play. But plays in which the star is everything and the plot nothing do not do so well; there must be some progress in the story, a point of suspense, and a happy dénouement.

"On the other hand it is very easy to shoot over the heads of the audiences. For instance, 'The Blue Bird' was mag-

nificently given and made a big success in New York, Chicago, and the other large cities; but the American country audiences do not yet know if they like Maeterlinck. Just when the American people will be wholly ready for the poetical and subtly imaginative is a matter for close observation and study. There are some styles that none of the people like right now. They do not want 'costume' plays, fairy stories, or anything that is morbid or depressing. 'La Tosca' was exquisitely presented, but it did not take because it was in costume. In these war times there is enough of the depressing in the air and people go to the movies to be amused. Therefore we have cut out all costume plays, 'wig stuff,' and 'sob stuff.' At the beginning of the war, war plays were fairly attended, but to-day the people find enough war in the newspapers. They do not care for war drama except in small doses and then only if the scenes are real and there is not too much featuring of some actor who they may think ought to be at the front and not merely playing at being a soldier. We have studied the conditions in England and France and find them to have followed exactly the same course. These reports guide us throughout. Our scenario department rejects all manuscripts which do not size up to the report requirements. The scenario which seems to have something in it is passed on to the head of the department and, if he further approves, it goes before the executives for final action."

Incidentally, the executives of the motion-picture world are apparently coming to be kaisers, dictating prices, dictating five-reel pictures as the most profitable and inaugurating a selective star system whereby:

"Our salesmen take out lists well in advance for bookings; they will have a selection of stars and pictures for, perhaps, a full year. The exhibitor may select whatever stars he likes, but when he takes a star he is required to take all of that star for the year. That is, he cannot pick out one Elsie Ferguson picture without taking all the Ferguson pictures that we shall release during the year. Say we have booked eight; then the exhibitor must take none or eight. In this manner we are protected in our program for that star and it is fair to the exhibitor because he is picking on his own judgment based upon past performance."

FOURTEEN COMMANDMENTS ON HOW TO WRITE SCENARIOS

ONCE on a time it was reported to be the dream of every other American citizen and his wife to write a play and the fulfilment of one dream in a thousand to have a play produced. Nowadays, we are as-

sured, literally millions of people are concocting motion-picture scenarios without having more than the slightest idea of what is required. To remedy this widespread ignorance, without utterly discouraging ambitious and inexperienced aspirants in this appar-

By Keeping Them There is Some Slight Hope for "One in a Thousand Aspirants" to Succeed

ently exacting and often lucrative form of authorship, Robert E. MacAlarney, a veteran scenario editor, sets down in the *Authors League Bulletin* a comprehensive list of don'ts for scenario writers. Of thirty-three of them we quote fourteen that are to the point:

"1. should there . writin are b stories suffici developo

"2. have a to sho Inevita chased vehicle

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"7. T panies is bid. It so-called of cours dramatic where as costume

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SHOULD reels: Ch United S picture. comedy si ing where lines, don trunk of a killing sev tared com freewood, trunk with is thrilling other equa

THE WO Plunkett &

"1. First of all the beginner author should divest himself of the feeling that there is any magic recipe for screen writing. There is none. Screen stories are bought just as plays and magazine stories are purchased—if they contain a sufficient preponderance of appealing story development.

"2. Do not write screen plays unless you have a target in mind at which you intend to shoot. This target is usually a star. Inevitably the average photoplay is purchased because it will make a good stellar vehicle.

"3. The best way to present a story is in consecutive synopsis form. This synopsis may run anywhere from one thousand to ten thousand words.

"4. Do not use dialogue in your synopsis. Do not lean upon style of expression. Any overdone style of presentation hurts instead of helping.

"5. Do not be thinking of the camera all the time when preparing a screen play. There will be sufficient time to think about the camera when the producing company is at the point of purchase, and, perhaps, asks you for a supplementary working synopsis.

"6. Try to remember that, after all, the average screen play is bought because of the fundamental thematic note it strikes. If possible produce a story which does not depend upon locale for effectiveness. The ideal photoplay is a story strong enough to be played in either Kamschatka, New York City, or Tunkhannock, Pennsylvania. Do not feel that, because a certain type of play is popular in 1918, this same type of play will lead the van in 1919.

"7. To-day the trend of high-grade companies is against the bizarre and the morbid. It is also against the production of so-called 'period' or 'costume' plays. This, of course, robs the screen of many fine dramatic possibilities, but exhibitors everywhere assert that their patrons do not like costume plays.

"8. Dodge themes hinging upon medical operations, amnesia and aphasia, kidnapped children, over-sexed plots, and too sophisticated comedy dramas.

"9. Do not bother about continuity. By continuity we mean a real scenario, the thing which you see actually on the screen, in numbered scenes plus sub and spoken titles.



CHARLIE CHAPLIN TAKES ARMS AGAINST A SEA OF TROUBLES
In "Shoulder Arms" the famous film comedian finds more fun in fighting than any one else in or out of the theater of war has yet found.

"10. Do not write stories which are inherently episodic. Remember that every time you show a lapse of years your story has to be all the stronger to get it over.

"11. Do not feel that, just because we are at war, every story must be flavored by some phase of the world conflict. People are going into motion-picture theaters by the thousands nowadays to forget for an hour about the war.

"12. Do not think you have something very valuable just because you know that a dramatic situation happened in real life. The only point is: Will your story be effective and convincing when expounded in photographic terms?

"13. Do not write stories with clergymen of sorts as the chief protagonists. Do not write capital and labor stories. Do not use business deals or politics modus

operandi in your dramas. Once in a while you see an effective picture which uses all of these. But as a rule they are below par when they come upon the scenario desk.

"14. Do not write for the screen at all if you do not know who is who in film-dom. What is the use of trying to sell screen stories unless you know something about the type of work various stars are doing?"

Any man or woman, declares this expert, in conclusion, who can create plot action and characterization is foolish not to try his or her luck at the game. But, he frankly predicts, the majority will fail until they realize that the screen must be taken seriously.

LEADING PHOTOPLAYS OF THE MONTH

[The following film productions are selected by CURRENT OPINION in consultation with the National Board of Review of Motion Pictures as being among the best new achievements of the photodrama in addition to those mentioned in the magazine previously.]

SHOULDER ARMS. First National, 3 reels: Charlie Chaplin, as a private in the United States Army, is at his best in this picture. There are several unusually good comedy situations, the most amusing one being where the hero, while behind the German lines, dons a device painted to look like the trunk of a tree. By its aid, he succeeds in killing several Huns, also in liberating a captured comrade. At one time a Hun, needing firewood, starts to hew the supposed tree-trunk with an axe. A chase follows, which is as thrilling as well as comical. There are other equally grotesque situations.

THE WOMAN THE GERMANS SHOT. Plunkett & Carroll, 3 reels: The bare facts

of the Cavell case furnish one of the most dramatic and unforgettable incidents of the war, and but little fictitious matter has been added to give this screen-story a stronger appeal. The principal character is enacted by Julia Arthur with dignity, feeling and an excellent quality of screen art.

WOMAN. Maurice Tourneur Productions, 6 reels: In this rather notable photoplay a husband finds his young wife amusing because she is a woman, as tho he had never met one before marriage, and he is so uncertain about her mental and moral make-up that he consults an encyclopedia, a correspondence school not being handy. He finds Eve guilty and Adam innocent of wrong-

doing. This story of Eve is beautifully pictured by Tourneur and Eve herself is charmingly impersonated by Edith Hallor.

THE KAISER'S SHADOW. Paramount, 5 reels: A point in favor of this patriotic picture is its entire plausibility, in spite of the romantic treatment of scenes laid in a mysterious American suburban house with a castlelike water approach and many ingenious trap-doors. The story amounts to an exposure and a warning, where it emphasizes the hypocritical attitude of a pro-German element pretending loyalty while secretly conspiring to keep a brutal autocracy enthroned.

SCIENCE AND DISCOVERY

SURVIVAL OF THE MYSTICAL MATHEMATICIAN

A HINDU magic square, found inscribed on a hidden portion of a lintel, was brought to light by a fall of masonry in the Chota Surang shrine at Dudhai, India. It inspires an article in London *Science Progress* by Brigadier-General F. J. Anderson, C.B. This square, which is said to date from the first half of the eleventh century, is as follows:

7	12	1	14
2	13	8	11
16	3	10	5
9	6	15	4

In addition to the usual claim for such squares that the rows, columns, and diagonals each total 34, the discoverer in this case points out that the sub-squares (*i. e.*, the numbers in the four cells clustered around any point where two lines intersect) each give a similar total, but we shall see presently that this enumeration by no means exhausts the supermagic properties of the square.

The following general definition of the term "Magic Square" is given by Hutton and seems to be generally accepted:

"The name magic square is given to a square divided into several other small equal squares or cells, filled with the terms of any progression of numbers, but generally an arithmetical one, in such a manner, that those in each band, whether horizontal or vertical, or diagonal, shall always form the same sum."

Hutton gives various rules, some original, some derived from previous writers, for the formation of such squares, but it will suffice here to reproduce the result so far as a 16-cell square of the first sixteen numbers is concerned:

1	15	14	4
12	6	7	9
8	10	11	5
13	3	2	16

Hutton's 34 Square

This solution fulfils the requirements of his definition, but it falls short of the claims for the Dudhai square, in that some only of the sub-squares total 34.

Popular attention having been directed to the 34 square by a competition in one of the weekly journals some thirty years ago, the following solution was arrived at:

14	1	15	4
7	12	6	9
2	13	3	16
11	8	10	5

It was found to possess the following, at first sight "supermagic," properties, which "I give in *extenso* for the benefit of the curious," without entering into any explanation as to how the possession of certain properties is involved as a natural sequence to that of others. The following each total 34:

"(a) All rows, columns, and diagonals.

"(b) All sub-squares of four numbers.

"(c) The four corner numbers.

"(d) Parallel semi-diagonals, *e. g.* (1 + 7 + 16 + 10), (15 + 9 + 2 + 8), etc.

"(e) Parallel quarter- and three-quarter diagonals, *e. g.* (14 + 9 + 3 + 8), (11 + 1 + 6 + 16), (4 + 7 + 13 + 10), etc.

"(f) Opposite parallel half-sides taken anywhere, *e. g.* (14 + 1 + 11 + 8), (1 + 15 + 8 + 10), (11 + 2 + 16 + 5), etc.

"(g) The four corner numbers of every square of 9 cells, *e. g.* (14 + 15 + 2 + 3), (12 + 9 + 8 + 5), etc. It may be noticed that the opposite corner numbers total 17, *e. g.* (14 + 3), (15 + 2), (12 + 5), (9 + 8), etc. Hence the two diagonals of any 9-cell square are equal to one another.

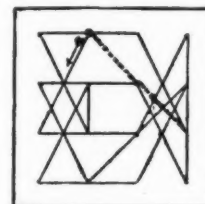
"(h) Similar terminations of any Knight's move on opposite sides of any central line of the square, *e. g.* (14 + 13 + 4 + 3), (12 + 11 + 6 + 5), (8 + 16 + 1 + 9), etc.

"(i) The sum of the two central numbers in any line, horizontal or vertical, and the two outer numbers of a parallel line next-but one to it, *e. g.* (1 + 15 + 2 + 16), (12 + 13 + 5 + 4), etc."

In addition to these properties, it is found that the "graph" produced by joining the consecutive numbers, 1, 2, 3, etc., in rotation (including the line,

Riddle of a Series of Numbers Found in Ancient India

shown dotted, joining 16 and 1) forms an absolutely symmetrical figure, thus:



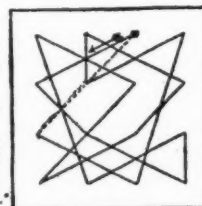
The symmetry of the figure will be the more apparent if it be turned over on its right-hand side.

Now it is to be noted that both the Dudhai Square and that reproduced below, which was discovered on the gate of the fort of Gwalior, share all these properties.

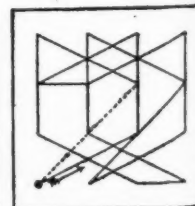
15	10	3	6
4	5	16	9
14	11	2	7
1	8	13	12

Gwalior Square

Their respective "graphs" are as follows:



Dudhai Square



Gwalior Square

The contortions through which any perfect 34 square may be put without any sacrifice of its supermagic properties are somewhat extraordinary. For instance, taking any one primary square, which we will assume to be that shown with the number 1 in its left-hand top cell, we can imagine it inscribed on a cylinder with vertical axis, revolving to the left or right (say the left in this instance), thus bringing each column in rotation into the position occupied by the first column in the primary square, thus:

8	10
11	5
2	16
13	3

We c
four s
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axis, r
us from
ducing
the first

14	11
7	2
12	13
1	8

Exam
and sim
squares.
We h
squares
2, 3, etc.
cell in tu
Again,
sixteen s
ing to w
left-hand
square m

1	8	10	15
14	11	5	4
7	2	16	9
12	13	3	6

Primary Square

12	7	14	1
13	2	11	8
3	16	5	10
6	9	4	15

if we suppose it turned on its right side, or

8	10	15	1
11	5	4	14
2	16	9	7
13	3	6	12

10	15	1	8
5	4	14	11
16	9	7	2
3	6	12	13

15	1	8	10
4	14	11	5
9	7	2	16
6	12	13	3

First Derivatives

15	4	9	6
10	5	16	3
8	11	2	13
1	14	7	12

if we suppose it turned on its left side, or

6	3	13	12
9	16	2	7
4	5	11	14
15	10	8	1

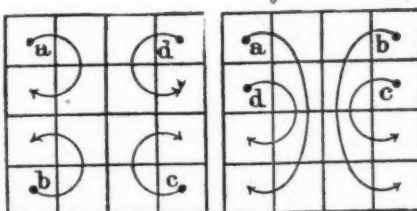
if we assume it turned upside-down.

The primary square thus assumes sixty-four guises, each of which has in addition its corresponding reflected, or looking-glass, form, thus raising the total to 128.

We are not yet at an end of the juggling to which our primary square so readily lends itself, for we can imagine its corner sub-squares converted into successive horizontal lines by supposing them unrolled in rotation (*a, b, c, d*) as shown in diagram A, or we can imagine outer opposite half-sides (*a, b*) and inner sub-squares (*c, d*) similarly unrolled as shown in diagram B, thus producing two new primary squares:

1	8	10	15
14	11	5	4
7	2	16	9
12	13	3	6

Primary Squares



1	8	11	14
12	13	2	7
6	3	16	9
15	10	5	4

1	8	13	12
15	10	3	6
4	5	16	9
14	11	2	7

New Primary Squares

Each of these new primary squares also give us a further sixty-four solutions (or 128 if looking-glass forms be included).

The result is a grand total of 192 forms (or 384 if looking-glass solutions be added).

The following Key-Tables (I, II, and III) present all these solutions in a compact form.

To use them the reader can readily make a stencil by cutting out of a piece of cardboard a square hole of the exact size required to embrace 16 cells of a key-table.

1	8	10	15	1	8	10
14	11	5	4	14	11	5
7	2	16	9	7	2	16
12	13	3	6	12	13	3
1	8	10	15	1	8	10
14	11	5	4	14	11	5
7	2	16	9	7	2	16

Key-Table I.

1	8	11	14	1	8	11
12	13	2	7	12	13	2
6	3	16	9	6	3	16
15	10	5	4	15	10	5
1	8	11	14	1	8	11
12	13	2	7	12	13	2
6	3	16	9	6	3	16

Key-Table II.

1	8	13	12	1	8	13
15	10	3	6	15	10	3
4	5	16	9	4	5	16
14	11	2	7	14	11	2
1	8	13	12	1	8	13
15	10	3	6	15	10	3
4	5	16	9	4	5	16

Key-Table III.

We can then imagine each of these four squares in turn similarly dealt with on a cylinder with horizontal axis, revolving, say, upwards towards us from the plane of the paper, producing three more forms, thus from the first square:

14	11	5	4
7	2	16	9
12	13	3	6
1	8	10	15

7	2	16	9
12	13	3	6
1	8	10	15
14	11	5	4

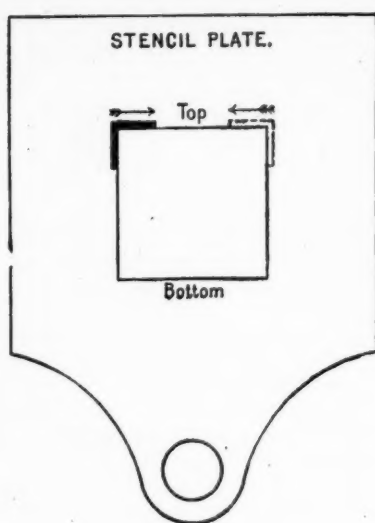
12	13	3	6
1	8	10	15
14	11	5	4
7	2	16	9

Example of Secondary Derivatives

and similarly for the other three squares.

We have now a total of sixteen squares with each of the numbers 1, 2, 3, etc., occupying the left-hand top cell in turn.

Again, we can read each of these sixteen squares in four ways, according to which corner we allot to the left-hand top cell. Thus the primary square may be read as:



To illustrate the method of using the stencil: Let it be required to know the forms of all squares having say the number 13 in the left-hand top corner.

Keeping the bottom of the stencil horizontal, and placing the left-hand top cell (indicated by the dark band) on whichever of the two numbers 13 in Key-Table I does not involve the stencil traveling off the Table, we read, from left to right as indicated by the arrow:

13	3	6	12
8	10	16	1
11	5	4	14
2	16	9	7

Next, turning the stencil so that its bottom occupies a vertical position on the right, we read:

13	2	11	8
3	16	5	10
6	9	4	15
12	7	14	1

Similarly, turning the bottom to the left, we have:

13	8	11	2
12	1	14	7
6	15	4	9
3	10	5	6

and, finally, turning the stencil upside-down, we get:

13	12	6	3
2	7	9	16
11	14	4	5
8	1	15	10

Again, applying the right-hand corner of the stencil (indicated by a dotted border) in a similar, but back-handed manner, we obtain four looking-glass squares:

13	12	6	3
8	1	15	10
11	14	4	5
2	7	9	16

13	3	11	2
3	10	5	16
6	15	4	9
12	1	14	7

13	2	11	8
12	7	14	1
6	9	4	15
3	16	5	10

13	3	6	12
2	16	9	7
11	5	4	14
8	10	15	1

thus providing 8 solutions from Key-Table I, while Key-Tables II and III each yield a similar number, giving a grand total of 24. Similarly for any of the first sixteen numbers selected.

IS THE MEMORY TOO QUICK TO BE GOOD?

A SUSPICION begins to prevail among psychologists that the speed of memory is not sufficiently under the control of the individual. For example, if a number of words be uttered quickly, we may be able to repeat them accurately only if the repetition be as swift as was the original utterance. This is known technically as "speed of presentation and ease of recall." The subject is best investigated, perhaps, through the medium of the so-called Knox cube test. The apparatus is described by Professor L. M. Rachofsky in *The Psychological Bulletin* (Princeton, N. J.) as a strip of board 20 inches by 2 inches. Upon it are fixed four colored cubes at intervals of 5 inches and a silent pendulum. The subject is seated at a table opposite the examiner with the test-board between them. The examiner raps the blocks in a certain order, maintaining a certain speed (constant) of tapping by means of the silent pendulum. The subject is then instructed to tap the blocks in the identical order. The examination consists of ten such

problems, each problem being repeated once before proceeding to the next. One error only is allowed for each problem. Thus it is theoretically impossible to make twenty errors. A perfect score is extremely rare. High-school students were selected to serve as subjects. It had been found by a few preliminary trials that it would be impossible to use only a few subjects who would repeat the test again and again at different speeds. They would learn the test so well after a few sittings that practically no variation in the number of errors would occur, no matter at what speed the test were given. Since for the purpose of the experiment the test could be given only once, it was necessary to secure a large homogeneous group, and high-school students most closely fulfilled these requirements.

It was noticed in this Knox cube test that the scores of subjects were markedly affected by the variations of speed with which the examiners presented the test. This suggested promising material for a study of the relation between speed of presentation and

Few of Us Seem Able to Recall Things Slowly if We Heard Them Rapidly

ease of recall, a phase of the speed and accuracy problem. Professor Rachofsky, who is connected with the Carnegie Institute of Technology, reports:

"Since the object of the experiment was to discover the relation between the speed of tapping by the examiner and the accuracy of the subjects' recall, the students were divided into several groups of equal size so that each group might be given the test at a different speed. The following speeds were selected: one tap per half second, one tap per three-fourths second, one tap per one second, one tap per one and one-fourth seconds, one tap per one and one-half seconds, one tap per one and three-fourths seconds, one tap per two seconds. It would have been desirable to have gone beyond the half-second speed, but it was found physically impossible to tap so fast at a constant rate. Neither the time nor the subjects were available to go beyond two seconds. In all cases the subjects were allowed to respond at whatever speed they desired, regardless of the speed at which the examiner tapped."

It would have been interesting to have continued the experiment beyond the speed of two seconds; for eventually the factor of forgetting would

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have set in and the number of errors would increase as the speed of presentation decreased.

In the high speeds the subjects found it hopeless to employ any but motion

imagery. They found it impossible to tap at a slow normal rate; it was only by tapping at the same high speed as the examiner that they could achieve any successful scores at all. In other

words, they had only a memory of a rapid succession of bare-movement sensations which could be reduced to action only in the same rapid bewildering succession.

THE ENERGY THEORY OF PLANT LIFE

WE are all more or less familiar with the view of the physical organism of man as a machine, but only quite recently has it been shown that the plant is in reality a machine. As a machine the plant has to acquire energy. Hence the botanical science of the past ten or fifteen years concerns itself with questions never asked in the nineteenth century. From what sources does the plant receive its energy? What work does it accomplish by means of the energy received? How effectively does it use this energy? In what classes of plant problems does the energy point of view suggest a hopeful means of attack in research? In reply, Professor George B. Rigg, writing in *Science*, notes to begin with that under certain conditions the plant may absorb heat from the surrounding air. It also commonly takes in from the soil solution and perhaps even from the air certain energy-containing compounds. Still the plant receives much of its energy directly from the sun in the form of light-rays. What we know of its reception and use by the plant is largely confined to that portion lying within the visible spectrum, tho some scientific excursions have been made into the realms of the ultra-violet and the infra-red rays.

"The leaf is the most useful portion of the plant for receiving and utilizing this radiant energy of the sun. Being by nature a surface-exposing organ, the leaf brings its green cells into such a situation that they advantageously receive light-energy from the sun's rays.

"It is in the green cells of the leaf that those transformations of energy take place, which are most significant to the plant in its own problems of existence as well as to man in his.

"The radiant energy falling upon the leaf of the plant may be disposed of in several ways. Some of it is reflected from the leaf surface and is then lost so far as its immediate effect upon the plant is concerned. This is a very small amount, but still it can not be entirely neglected."

Some of the sun's energy passes entirely through the leaf and is then also lost. Direct measurements of both the intensity and the wave-length of the light thus passing through the leaf have been made. Some of the energy

retained by the leaf is used in evaporating water from the surface of the leaf. This is a much larger amount than both of the preceding combined. The amount of water thus evaporated from the aerial portion of a plant is large relative to the weight of the plant itself. Grass plants often give off, in the form of vapor in every twenty-four hours of dry hot summer weather, a quantity of water equal to their own weight. The grass of an ordinary city lot 50 by 125 feet would give off under these conditions about 125 gallons of water in every twenty-four hours. If this is raised an average of 1 foot, it means the expenditure of 1,100 foot-pounds of energy per day through the medium of the grass on the city lot.

"A birch-tree standing in the open has been found to give off over 800 pounds of water per day. A man equipped with two ordinary water pails would have to make thirty-two trips in order to carry this amount of water. If he had steps up to the top of the tree and could make a round trip every ten minutes he would work over five hours per day to carry this amount of water.

"This evaporation is a large factor in raising water to the tops of plants. Recent investigation indicates that this molecular diffusion, which we call transpiration, exerts suction throughout the whole vascular system of the plant—leaves, branches, stem and roots. The contained water seems to be under tension even to the tips of the roots."

Luminosity in plants was for a long time an intangible will-o'-the-wisp—a foundation for belief in ghosts. It was not until it was studied as an oxidation that the facts were established and the mystery cleaned up.

Our study of the intake of water by plants from the soil solution has in the past consisted too much in the substitution of the word "osmosis," for any clear notion of the nature of the processes that really take place. A good deal of thought unfortunately not so far resulting in much experimentation is now being directed toward the nature of the energy involved in the two processes for which we use the names "osmosis" and "imbibition."

Considerable more thought and experimentation have gone into attempts to understand the kinds and magnitude of the energy involved in the raising

A Revolutionary Point of View Adopted by the Botanist of To-Day

of water to the tops of plants. The chief progress in this field during recent years has been the result of thinking in terms of energy.

"Among the many important economic contributions made by botanists during the last few years, a piece of work by Briggs and Shantz on crop plants for arid regions well illustrates the usefulness of thought along energy lines. Plants that flourish without irrigation in these arid regions must, of course, be able to get along with very little water. They found that the efficiency with which these plants use radiant energy is inversely proportional to their water requirement. Hence, instead of introducing from more humid regions the plants of high water-requirement and trying to supply to their roots all of the water that they can use, a more profitable line of endeavor seems to be that of the reduction of the water requirement of varieties of crop plants that are to be grown in these regions. There are two lines of endeavor that seem hopeful in this—the selection of varieties having low water-requirements and the lowering of the evaporation rate by artificial means, thus lowering the water-requirement of the plant.

"The field of photosynthesis is an extremely important one for the use of the energy point of view. All of the probable steps in the synthesis of carbohydrate from inorganic nature have now been repeated in the laboratory. In the main, however, this has been accomplished by employing forms of energy probably not available in the plant. The search for the energy that may be available for this synthesis should engage much of the attention that is now going merely to a consideration of the materials involved."

Some confusion on the energy involved in the process has resulted in the past from the fact that a few of the earlier workers had differences in intensity when they thought they had only differences in wave-length. However, clearer thinking and better apparatus are already pointing to definite progress in this field. The photo-electric cell has already been employed in plant physiology as a means of measuring the light-intensity under which the plant is carrying on its life processes, and important data will undoubtedly be obtained through its use by future investigators.

"In the broadening of our knowledge of plants and of our interests in them, we have gotten far from the point of view of those who looked upon plants as merely things to be named—of those whose in-

terests in plants was merely in the earmarks that might be useful for identification. In the shifting of interest from this mere naming of plants to their natural classification as based upon their structure and reproduction, and the broadening of this into interest in their functions, their health, their diseases, and even their mutual relations in plant so-

cieties, interest in the plant as a living thing has naturally developed.

"In all of the modern phases of botany the tendency now is to look upon the plant as a living organism with work of its own to perform its own problems of existence to solve. In the very early stages of this interest it seemed to many persons that the mere statement that the plant was a

living thing was a sufficient explanation of the phenomena shown in its activities. Perhaps this may still seem so to some.

"The search for a 'vital principle' at first based on observation and speculation, but later professing to find some basis of support in the facts of modern experimental biology, has proved unsatisfactory as not contributing to progress."

NERVE DISEASES CAUSED BY SUCCESS IN LIFE

WORRY is good for us. Indeed, the advice so often given to those who seem anxious—"don't worry"—is based upon a complete misconception of the very nature of man's physical organism. By way of illustration, the distinguished American neurologist, Doctor J. Stewart Doubleday, writing in the *New York Medical Record*, notes that men on salaries—high salaries—with no anxiety for the future are the ones who develop neuroses. The man who has definitely succeeded in business life is much like the wild animal in a cage at the "zoo." His material well-being is the very cause of his breakdown. Man, like all other animals, originally had to battle physically for his food; else he didn't get it. When the flesh on which he and his family had subsisted was gone he girded his loins, took down handy knife or spear and started out on a meat quest. Not much difference here between man and tiger. Both were fierce, both showed their fangs and woe betide what came in their way. We all know what happens to the tiger when we cage him and feed him and liberate him from the magic lure of the mysterious food forest which his forebears have ranged since the first sun warmed their stripes. He shrivels in spirit, grows restless, paces his cage, feels life to be tamely inadequate, rebels at the crowning futility of this civilizing force which would debase him from the glory of a tiger to the purring level of a hearth cat. Now, man is not a tiger, but there is much of the tiger in him, and when we take all the wild beast out of him we miss something in him; also he misses something in himself, tho he does not know just what it is. Yes, the open fight and the wily stratagem (which is a part of fight) in the vast, unending conflict of food-getting are primal human needs, and no picture has quite such a droll pathos as that of the energetic adventurous man who has too early salted away his flesh-pots, and knowing that his nutriment is secure without further effort on his part, dilates to his friends on his wonderful good fortune; yet who,

when those friends have departed, yawns away the heavy hours and reads about calories and "How to Prevent Old Age."

Doctor Doubleday has in mind one such individual whose case he thus sets forth in *The Medical Record* because it affords such a good illustration of the point:

"He is a lanky, big-limbed Westerner of 55, one of the erect, hustling, nimble-witted captain-of-industry types. He began life as a clerk in a country store at fourteen, and, totally unaided, worked up for himself in real estate till at 48 he owned a juicy slice of the New City of Cleveland, and soon after managed with difficulty to retire from the many-sided corporations of which he was an important member. After this, on the further advice of his family physician, he gave up his own most interesting business, in which he had become a millionaire, and proceeded so to arrange his life that it would declare, with no work, maximum dividends of daily happiness. Needless to say, such a stock, being watered with dilute artificialities instead of enriched with robust necessities, never yields up to expectation. This gentleman is not happy at all; he is, in fact, completely miserable. Golf, billiards, travel, theaters, family and friendly associations, and interest in religion and war-relief work, tho he has all of these and employs them assiduously as diversions, avail little, for they do not meet the central need, which is, in his case, the cry for fulfillment of the food-fight instinct, the spark that burns in the bosom of energetic man and tells him to go forth and provide. Unluckily in his case the provision is already secure, and there could be no deeper misfortune."

High blood - pressure, uric - acid diathesis, nephritis with hypertension (resounding titles for the similarly afflicted), headaches that drive him frantic until they have achieved their aim in driving all others frantic, vertigoes, dyspneas, neuralgias, fears of appendicitis—indeed the whole hypochondriac gamut. We see to what absurd yet tragic physical lengths he is driven by the whip of that still vigorous tyrant, his self-instinct for fight. This thrilling force, which one time had been used squarely and successfully against the real world enemy, is

Importance of Worry as a Factor in the Maintenance of Health

now absorbed in trivial and self-debasing skirmishes with the grotesque Bolsheviki of his imagination.

"What shall we do with such a patient? Games are good, being sham fights, and it is just this fighting element which ensures their popularity and permanence. The drawback is that he has played the greater game and all else stales by comparison. When possible, if you can't get him back into business, give such a man something with a spice of physical danger. He will take gladly to it—high-mountain climbing, conquering the noted peaks one by one, beating across famous deserts. Try him with the Amazon and the Andes or tiger-hunting in India. Yacht-racing is fine, riding cross country, an experience in an airplane—briefly, those sports with most hazard and dash. Then interest him in controversies; anything with scrap in it. He is saved if he goes in for practical politics. But enough is said to bring out my point, that due regard must be had for the primitive food-fight section of the Self-Instinct."

Women, too, have this instinct, tho in negative form. They are not quite content to fight for the sake of the fight as men are. They want to help man in his fight, to aid, encourage, abet, and above all to hoard. The man brings back the carcass and the woman salts it away for the winter. He risks his life to obtain strange nuts, and she piles them up in hidden crannies against the dark days. Woman is the saver, the consumer, the straw to the masculine brick without which the family livelihood-building would come quickly down. She fights negatively, receptively to his positive and initiative, but hers is just as truly as his an overwhelming primal instinct without which release and function she is quite as miserable and "left out" as he. Picture the multitude of women of means who need just this opportunity and nothing else, who have love and associative ties and leisure for contemplation, yet who, because of a good income, which is and has likely always been perfectly secure, miss inevitably and profoundly that wondrous fulfillment of woman's intended activity in upholding man in his daily labor of supply.

ASPECT OF THE FIRST THINGS THAT FLEW

A REGION with one of the most remarkable assemblages of life—from earth, air and sea—is that of the lithographic stone quarries of South Germany. In all the world there is scarcely a museum that does not contain some specimen from the Solnhofen lithographic stone. The region dates back to a time in the remote geological past. The water round about was relatively shallow and the bottom was flat. Upwards of five hundred different kinds of animals have been recovered from the lithographic stone of the region. The variety of life illustrated is amazing. Insects to the number of a hundred different kinds were blown about the mud flats or perished in the waters. Sometimes we have preserved in stone the traces of the struggles of a mixed insect in its efforts to escape hundreds of thousands of years ago. There are no fresh-water forms of life. Fishes in wonderful variety are found. A dinosaur, evidently bogged, has come to light. Several kinds of crocodiles have been found. The vertebrate inhabitants of the air seem to have been the most weird elements in the landscape.

By all odds, declares Professor Edward W. Berry in *The Scientific Monthly*, the most spectacular find in the lithographic stone, these Jurassic lagoons of Solnhofen—is the remains of the oldest-known bird—the archæopteryx or lizard-tailed bird.

"Archæopteryx was about the size of a modern crow. The head was small and flat, with very large eyes, and without body feathers except on the back and nape. There was no beak and both jaws were armed with small sharp teeth set in grooves. The nostrils were well forward and the body was long and narrow. The vertebrae were bi-convex and about 50 in number, of which only 10 or 11 are regarded as cervical (the lowest number of cervicals in any modern bird is 13). Instead of the few caudal vertebrae of modern birds terminated by a pygostyle for the support of the digitately-arranged tail feathers Archæopteryx had about 20 elongated tail vertebrae, each of which appears to have supported a pair of tail feathers or rectrices, whose arrangement may be said to have been pinnate."

A comparison, rather remote, it is true, is suggested between the flight of Archæopteryx and that of the modern tinamous of South America, which have somewhat similar short rounded wings. As described by W. H. Hudson, the tinamous fly violently for a maximum distance of perhaps a mile, but usually a much less distance, and then glide to the ground, repeat-

ing this two or three times before becoming exhausted. The tinamous are ground dwellers and rapid runners, while Archæopteryx was, on the other hand, clearly a partially arboreal form and scarcely a runner. Its functional-clawed fingers must have been habitually used in climbing about in the branches, much as a young hoatzin of South America does, and they were also useful in effecting a safe landing in flying from one tree to another or at the end of a glide.

"While Archæopteryx may be considered as about 25 per cent. reptilian, it is indubitably a true bird and a long way removed from its scale-covered cold-blooded reptilian ancestors. There were bipedal bird-like reptiles already present before the close of the Triassic, so that there were some millions of years before the late Jurassic in which to evolve feathers and acquire the art of flying, and we know that the pterodactyls had successfully solved the problem of flight by another method in that same interval.

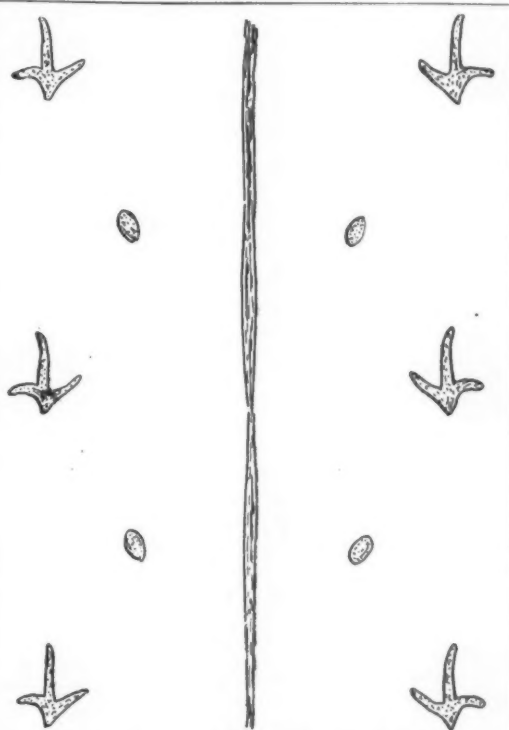
"The present restoration which is believed to be far more accurate as to environment and detail than any heretofore attempted, shows the strand of the upper Jurassic mainland with the beach-ridges covered with a low jungle, made up largely of a mixed stand of cycads, with a few tall leathery-fronded ferns, together with a scattering of taller conifers, comprising both scale-leaved and broad-leaved types. High overhead is seen a small long-tailed pterodactyl or winged lizard. In the foreground an Archæopteryx is flying. Note the slender body, the short heavily-lapped wings, the pelvic plane made by the widely-spaced hind legs with their quill feathers, and the long distichously-feathered tail constituting a second plane. At the right another Archæopteryx is shown with a small fish in its sharp-toothed beakless jaws. It is perched on the crown of a Zamites of the Williamsonia order of cycadophytes. Note the long tail, the free-clawed fingers of the fore limbs firmly grasping the cycad fronds and helping to sustain the long body."

This earliest of known birds left its footprints in the Jurassic lagoons of Solnhofen and they have apparently come down to us. Alternating with the footprints and midway between them and the tail-furrow are

It Flourished When Europe Was an Open Sea and the Mediterranean Covered Spain

elliptical depressions with their long axes directed forward and outward. The question for decision is what sort of an animal made this track and how. Oppel thought that it was made by an Archæopteryx and many have followed him in this interpretation. Any small long-tailed animal with bird-like feet such as birds or some of the contemporaneous bird-like reptiles would readily account for the footprints and tail-furrow, but how are the alternating elliptical tracks to be explained. They are too constant and regular not to have been made by the same animal that made the other parts of the trail. It has been commonly supposed that Archæopteryx made the whole trail by using its wings like a pair of crutches, the point of rest being the carpal or wrist joint.

The plants of these far-off Jurassic times are so different in every way from any that still survive that it is most difficult to picture their environment in terms of their physical requirements, observes Professor Berry, who is a high authority on the subject. We know that the climate was warm from the character of the calcareous ooze in which the fossils have been found. We presume that it was also humid from



EVIDENCE IN THE CASE AGAINST THE ARCHÆOPTERYX

The chief objections to their having been made by a mature Archæopteryx are the small size of the footprints—much smaller than the feet of the two known specimens, the fact that the pinnately feathered tail would hardly leave a tail furrow in the mud that would look exactly like this one does, and that the wing quills would hardly permit of the wings being used as crutches.

the kinds of contemporaneous terrestrial and arboreal animal life, and we also know that climates were more uniform then than now from the simple fact that the same Jurassic floras occur in the Arctic and Antarctic regions as are found in the equatorial zone.

"Europe was an archipelago at that time, not unlike the East Indies of today. The largest island embraced Scandinavia, Finland and northwestern Russia. No traces of Portlandian sediments have been found in this vast region except in the lined area indicated around its margin. A shallow open sea appears to have covered most of Russia, broken by large islands in the Caucasus, and in Podolia, Kiev, Bessarabia, Kherson and Taurida, that is to say, southwestern Russia and the Roumanian border. Asia Minor was above the sea, and it is uncertain whether this last land mass extended to the northwest, or whether parts of Macedonia, Bulgaria, Serbia and Hungary constituted another large island. Ireland, Scotland and western England were above the sea, as was most of Spain and the site of the Pyrenees. There were smaller islands in the Alpine region and elsewhere in Italy, and a large island occupied the western Mediterranean, the latter sea reaching the Atlantic across southern Spain on the north and Morocco on the south."

A CASE OF ILLNESS CURED BY A GHOST

AMONG the facts collected by psychical research societies are details relating to the activity of ghosts endowed with healing powers. The ghosts are now and then physicians who have "passed on." These physicians return to earth owing to their interest in particular cases. Now and then, too, the departed medical man seems to take the form of a "possessing" spirit. That is, he uses the bodily form of a person still on earth to manifest himself to the patient, who actually "senses" the individuality of the departed however clothed in the form of one still living.

Now, it would not be difficult, remarks the London *Lancet*, to ridicule this sort of thing, especially when set forth in the fashion of a writer like "E. M. S.," who has just given the details of her case in a book.* The volume purports to be an autobiographical account of her illness and recovery through the devoted treatment of an unseen spirit whom she calls "Dr. Beale," and yet its evident sincerity wins respect. We are told that E. M. S. had been bed-ridden for fifteen years, and for the past six years had been unable to sit up in bed for more than two minutes

*ONE THING I KNOW, OR THE POWER OF THE UNSEEN. By E. M. S. London: John M. Watkins.

without knocking herself up for six or nine months. Exertion such as this made her utterly exhausted, and her pulse rose to 140. She sometimes required food thirty times in the twenty-four hours, and so on. She had consulted over a dozen medical men, had taken tonics, sedatives, glandular extracts, had Nauheim and Kneipp cures, massage, rest cures, hypnotism—all to no purpose. The "earthly" medical man, whose report is given, states that there was no indication of insanity or hysteria, but, as we read the case, the disorder was clearly functional. The *Lancet* proceeds:

"The story as told is no uncommon one in practice. The gravity of the matter lies in the fact that legitimate medicine failed, whilst recovery followed under the influence of several women with so-called psychic powers. Such cases are worth careful scientific study. It is surely a reproach to medicine when patients such as these remain ill for long periods of time and recover by means such as are here described."

Dr. Beale, we are told, died many years ago, and after a deep sleep devoted himself to work on earth, using the body of a Miss Rose and other persons possessing "psychic" qualities. Dr. Beale also had a kind of home in the unseen world where he treated re-



RESTORATION OF THE EARLIEST KNOWN BIRD

The hind legs were slender, wide apart and far back in position, but were otherwise much as in modern perching birds, except that the tibia and fibula were distinct, as in most reptiles. The wings were short and rounded, with three separate sharply-clawed and functional fingers. The wings carried rather large flight feathers, of which six or seven pairs appear to have been primaries and ten secondaries, and there was at least one row of wing coverts.

The Jurassic also was a time of great geological change in North America. The Appalachians were subjected to intensive erosion. A gulf

spread northward over the basin region. A similar sea existed in Canada. At the close of the period the Sierra Nevada mountains were uplifted.

The 'Spirit Was a Doctor Who Seems to Have Worked Through a "Possessed" Person

cently-arrived spirits who were in trouble. His treatment was interrupted by his being suddenly called to higher spheres for a course of instruction. Fortunately, he left a useful locum-tenent, "Dr. Prentice." We are also told how the possessing spirit is apt sometimes to forget the body of the instrument and "the doctor has been known to ask if his trousers were muddy or his tie straight, and has really been annoyed to find upon looking down that he had on petticoats and a lace collar."

"The fact remains that the patient recovered, and the important question is how it came about. We find two methods of treatment which are novel. By means of magnetic massage Dr. Beale (i. e., Miss Rose) drew out of the body 'bad stuff' and threw it away, as it were, from the tips of his fingers. When he was called away during her convalescence he left behind a 'psychic battery,' upon which, however, she drew so extravagantly that she nearly had a relapse. The remainder of the treatment appeared to consist of massage and exercises continued for months, then gradually she was taught to use her leg muscles and at last to walk. Within two years she was well. There are many other remarkable things in the book, which is vividly written and profoundly interesting, as showing what the 'will to believe' can do when uncontrolled by experience or the critical faculty."

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RELIGION AND SOCIAL ETHICS

THE KIND OF PEACE THAT CALVINISM WOULD DICTATE

THE President of the United States and his Secretary of State are both Presbyterians. When Secretary Lansing, recently, wished to make public his views regarding peace and the problems of readjustment, he spoke at a Presbyterian institution. The occasion was the hundredth anniversary of the Auburn (New York) Theological Seminary, and Mr. Lansing said, among other things: "Let us not forget that while stern justice without mercy is un-Christian, mercy which destroys justice is equally un-Christian." He also said: "The new era born in blood and fire on the battlefields of Europe must be a Christian era in reality and not alone in name."

All of which leads the New York *World* to speak of a "Presbyterian peace" and the New York *Times* to comment:

"To say that Germany must be tried and judged by the Westminster Confession of Faith might seem fanciful, but that stern code of justice is applicable, if applied. 'There is but one only living and true God,' it is declared in that Confession, who is 'most just and terrible in his judgments, hating all sin and who will by no means clear the guilty.' The courts of civilization would stop short of ruling that the Germans were fore-

ordained to dishonor and wrath, but they are flagrantly impenitent, and repentance, we are admonished, 'is of such necessity to all sinners that none may expect pardon without it.' The Westminster Confession is not the Word of God. The Scotch kirk went only so far as to say that 'it was agreeable to the Word of God.' . . . It is in its fundamentals of continuing validity as a code of justice, for it embodies the rooted belief of every plain man, of all sorts and conditions of men, that sin and wrong must be punished."

The foundation of Presbyterianism is Calvinism, and the essence of Calvinism may be found in its historic "five points." The Newark *News* makes application of these five points to the present world-situation as follows:

"Predestination—According to the Calvinistic teachings, Kaiserism was predestined from before the beginning of the world to be destroyed, and no power on earth or in Heaven can alter that foreordination.

"Redemption—There is no salvation possible for Germany until it has been redeemed. To this President Wilson, another Calvinist, subscribed, when he said: 'Germany will have to redeem her character.'"

"Total Depravity—Germany must recognize and confess her depravity before

she can lay hold of the means of grace by which she may be saved.

"Irresistible Grace—Difficult as it may be for us mortals to conceive of Germany purged of her awful barbarism, egomania and falsity, the Calvinistic faith holds that the grace of God may accomplish even that miracle.

"Perseverance of the Saints—Tho the redeemed sinner may backslide now and then, this backsliding will not be permanent; but he will recover himself and persevere on the right course unto the end. In other words, when the devils have been cast out of Germany and the German people have set their feet on the road to democracy, reaction may drag them back, but it will be temporary only and they will return to the track of civilization to resume their progress along it."

In the working out of the Divine economy on this plan, the task allotted to the Entente Allies is to apply the immutable laws of the universe to the destruction of Kaiserism and to put Germany under bonds until she can produce proof that she has been redeemed. "That's a good enough peace for anybody," the Newark *News* exclaims. "For the purpose of bringing about this peace, the elect are the armies under General Foch, who will continue to show the perseverance of the saints until Germany admits her depravity and repents of it."

IS HATRED OF THE GERMAN IN THE PRESENT CRISIS A DUTY?

IT would not occur to most of us that the lack of hatred among religious people is likely to spoil the benefits of peace, but such, it appears, is the conviction of a few of our publicists. Chancellor Day, of Syracuse University, speaking recently at the opening of the university as a military institution, said: "It is religious to hate the Kaiser." Bishop Quayle, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in an article in the *Northwestern Christian Advocate* (Chicago), discerns a "moral flabbiness in discussing the German which has a sinister aspect," and speaks indignantly of "indiscriminate, spineless, godless talk about loving the German ministers to a wrong peace, to a peace which will not last over night." And Horace J. Bridges, leader of the

Chicago Ethical Society, writing on "The Duty of Hatred" in the *Atlantic Monthly*, declares:

"Hatred, within the limits of the purpose of ending this war and all war—hatred for the very sake of the better nature buried under the demonism of the enemy—is not merely tolerable but is our bounden duty. For the circumstances are such that our only chance of contributing to the release of the true and better self of our enemies is to make manifest to them the immitigable anger provoked in us by their deeds and by themselves as authors of those deeds. Such hatred is quite distinct from the blind lust of revenge, for the reason that its end is not the mere infliction upon the enemy of such savageries as he has perpetrated upon others, nor is it his annihilation. The end is such a physical

Adherents of the Gospel of Hate in This Country Would Seem to Be in a Minority

victory over him as will render him impotent to pursue the course that has fired the world with a just hatred; and, to this end, the infliction upon him of so much injury as that end itself necessitates.

"When the wild beast has been caged so that he can no longer burn, poison, rape and destroy, his own reflections upon the universal devastation he has provoked, his own perception of the impossibility of his being readmitted to the fellowship of nations while he remains identified with the seven devils that possess him, will be the necessary prelude to the change of heart that would make forgiveness and restoration possible. In this process of the spiritual redemption of Germany, hatred of the wrong and the wrong-doers is a necessary factor.

"The impossible pretence of loving the spirit which is expressed and embodied in the deeds we hate is a sickly and sick-

ening sentimentality; it is, to return to Emerson's phrase, 'the gospel of love pulling and whining,' and therefore it needs to be counteracted by the doctrine of a just hatred."

All this is far from the spirit voiced in most of the religious papers. The *New York Churchman*, as it looks ahead and glimpses the tangle of political and spiritual problems which our generation must solve before the world can again settle down to its normal Christian pursuits, finds that "the schools and churches have upon their hands more creative tasks than getting people to hate the Hun." Such

counsel, it says, cheapens both patriotism and religion. The *Northwestern Christian Advocate* comments, in similar vein:

"The gospel of hate is not a necessary spur to make Americans fight. The heart of America is beating correctly. We need not invoke the wrath and condemnation of God upon the Kaiser or his aids. That is a matter for God himself. The case against Germany has been made out absolutely. She is the greatest enemy to the progress of the world in modern times. The American soldier understands this. The men in the trenches know they are facing the greatest foe of modern civilization. Their spirits are burning with

indignation. There is none of us who has read the history of Germany for the last three and a half years whose heart is not almost bursting with indignation and revolt.

"This foe of modern times must be overcome. But it should be insisted that it can be done without resorting to the debasing tactics of Germany herself. Let us not resort to her low level, but with a spirit filled to the brim with a clean, wholesome, righteous indignation against the principles that the rulers of Germany espouse, go forth to fight to the bitter end to overthrow those principles and whatever else must fall with them, and to establish righteousness throughout the length and breadth of the world."

PROTESTING AGAINST THE EXPULSION OF CAMP-PASTORS

A "stupendous blunder" is what the *New York Baptist* paper, *The Watchman-Examiner*, calls the War Department order under which camp-pastors and voluntary chaplains are withdrawn from the army, and a commissioned chaplain is created for every 1,200 men. "We are convinced," says the *Philadelphia Presbyterian*, in discussing the same edict, "that there is at present a party associated with the Y. M. C. A. who have desired to separate the Y. M. C. A. from the Protestant Church." Both papers agree that one of the results of the new order is to give an unfair advantage to Roman Catholicism and Judaism over Protestantism, and the *Presbyterian* expresses the hope that "the War Department will respect the protest of Protestantism which is now coming up from all parts of the country."

This protest, it seems, is excited by the fact that Roman Catholics and Jews are allowed what amounts to denominational representation in army camps, while Protestants are not. As *The Watchman-Examiner* puts it:

"It is against the genius of our Government and contrary to our principles of soul liberty that Roman Catholics and Jews shall be the only distinctive religious bodies recognized by the Government and welcomed to the camps. If Roman Catholic priests and Jewish rabbis are allowed in the camps, why not Baptist preachers? The Young Men's Christian Association belongs to us all, and a noble institution it is; but it does not, cannot and ought not to recognize denominationalism. Our Government approves the Young Men's Christian Association for that very reason, and yet it also approves the Knights of Columbus, a Roman Catholic secret order which boasts of being the 'fighting right arm' of the papacy and which is openly, avowedly and proudly sectarian.

"As long as this Roman Catholic propaganda continues in the camps, in common justice we demand that Protestant

pastors be permitted, very modestly, very humbly and under proper regulations to minister to our Protestant boys in the camps."

Mr. Raymond B. Fosdick, Chairman of the Commission on Training Camp Activities, has been moved by this and similar utterances to defend the Government's plan. He points out (in a letter to *The Watchman-Examiner*) that the institution of camp-pastors was never specifically authorized by the War Department. It grew up almost without notice on the basis of arrangements made with individual commanding officers at the various camps. The scheme, as it developed, provided that each denomination place in the camps its own denominational representatives to care for the religious interests of its particular constituency. As a result, the various camps and cantonments contained representatives of half a dozen or more denominations in addition to the regularly authorized chaplains and the religious workers attached to the Young Men's Christian Association and the Knights of Columbus. This system, Mr. Fosdick tells us, was bound to be more or less unsatisfactory. "The camp-pastors, appointed by their respective denominations, were subject to no military rules or regulations. In not a few instances serious embarrassment was caused in the camps by indiscreet statements, by an insistence upon proselyting, and even in some cases by insidious pro-German propaganda." Mr. Fosdick proceeds:

"The Act of May 25, 1918, creating a chaplain for every 1,200 men, completely altered the situation. Under this Act there will soon be 3,000 clergymen holding commissions in the Army of the United States, ministering to the religious needs of the troops. The continued existence of the institution of camp-pastors will therefore be not only unnecessary but unwise. Inasmuch as these commissioned chaplains must bear the entire burden of spiritual care when the

Roman Catholics and Jews, Rather Than Protestants, Are Said to Gain from the New Edict

troops reach France, it is essential that they should receive in this country the training in responsibility and initiative which will enable them to play their full part on the other side.

"This kind of training is impossible if they are subordinated in practice to an unofficial group of clergymen who are serving the troops only temporarily. As a rule, our army chaplains are younger than the camp-pastors and a natural deference toward their elders has resulted in their playing a secondary rôle in the camps, a preparation entirely inadequate for the responsibilities which they must face, and face alone, in France. If we are to build up a self-reliant body of chaplains we must make preeminent their position in the training-camps of the United States. . . .

"The results of the order are already apparent. The commissioned chaplains, feeling that the responsibility for spiritual conditions among the troops has been centered in them, are performing their present duties and preparing themselves for great opportunities on the battle-front in a new spirit of devotion and enthusiasm. An increasing number of excellently qualified candidates for chaplaincies are coming forward, including, as was expected, many of the younger men who have been serving as camp-pastors.

"In brief, the Government is seeking an orderly, just way to make provision for the religious needs of the men of all denominations. The chaplains are chosen in as close a ratio as possible to the number of communicants of the several faiths in the Army, and they are assigned in accordance with the relative number of each denomination in a given camp. Inasmuch as the chaplains may now be assigned to posts and camps, as well as to regiments and other units of troops, it may confidently be stated that the number of soldiers who will be deprived of the presence of a clergyman of their own faith is so small as to be negligible."

The Watchman-Examiner is unconvinced by Mr. Fosdick's argument, and makes rejoinder: "This order was a stupendous blunder, or else practically all of the Christian denominations of America are vastly mistaken."

THE WESTERN CONTRIBUTION TO OUR NATIONAL SPIRIT

IN a book which Brander Matthews says should be read by every American and which the New York *Sun* calls the most important of the year or of a number of years, the novelist Meredith Nicholson offers an interpretation of the Middle West. Mr. Nicholson is himself a Western man, and his study, entitled "The Valley of Democracy" (Scribner), deals with that section to which Lincoln referred, in one of his messages to Congress, as "the great interior region bounded east by the Alleghanies, north by the British dominions, west by the Rocky mountains, and south by the line along which the culture of corn and cotton meets." This region is, as Lincoln called it, "the great body of the Republic," and the rest of the United States is physically but marginal to it.

Mr. Nicholson's book may be said to reveal something at once unified and infinitely diverse. He states the contradictions of the Western character, and he tries to reconcile them. The West, as he sees it, is realistic and speculative, youthful and mature, radical and conservative. It can never again, he intimates, be what it was before the war. East and West, North and South are awakening to the realization of a new national consciousness. And "in all the impending changes, readjustments and conciliations," Mr. Nicholson writes, "the country may look for hearty cooperation to a West grown amazingly conservative and capable of astonishing manifestations of independence."

The first Western characteristic of which Mr. Nicholson speaks is its inherent "folksiness." Folks is recognized by the lexicographers as an American colloquialism, a variant of folk. And folk, in old times, was used to signify the commonalty, the plain people. There are folks in all parts of the world and of the Union, but Mr. Nicholson, when he employs the word, is thinking of it in a Western sense, "as used all the way from Ohio to Colorado, and with particular point and pith by the haughty sons and daughters of Indiana and Kansas." Here is his definition:

"FOLKS, n. A superior people, derived largely from the Anglo-Saxon and Celtic races and domiciled in those Northern States of the American Union whose waters fall into the Mississippi. Their folksiness (q. v.) is expressed in sturdy

independence, hostility to capitalistic influence, and a proneness to social and political experiment. They are strong in the fundamental virtues, more or less sincerely averse to conventionality, and believe themselves possessed of a breadth of vision and a devotion to the common good at once beneficent and unique in the annals of mankind."

Mr. Nicholson tells us further that the West's philosophy is "a compound of Franklin and Emerson, with a dash of Whitman. Even Washington is a pale figure behind the Lincoln of its prairies." He adds:



AN INTERPRETER OF THE MIDDLE WEST

Meredith Nicholson has been, in his time, office-boy, news-boy, student of law, businessman and novelist. He says: "My politics boils down to this proposition, that we must make and keep America a safe place for democracy."

"Its curiosity is insatiable, its mind is speculative, it has a supreme confidence that upon an agreed statement of facts, the Folks, sitting as a high court, will hand down to the nation a true and just decision upon any matter in controversy. It is a patient listener. Seemingly tolerant of false prophets, it amiably gives them hearing in thousands of forums while awaiting an opportunity to smother their ambitions on election day. It will not, if it knows itself, do anything supremely foolish. Flirting with Greenbackism and Free Silver, it encourages the assiduous wooers shamelessly and then calmly sends them about their business. Maine can approach her election booths as coyly as Ohio or Nebraska, and yet the younger States rejoice in the knowledge that after all nothing is decided until they have been heard from. Politics becomes, therefore, not merely a matter for concern

Meredith Nicholson's Vivid Picture of the "Valley of Democracy"

when some great contest is forward, but the year round it crowds business hard for first place in public affection."

With these generalizations as a starting point, Mr. Nicholson conducts the reader on an entertaining journey among types and diversions. We may see, through his eyes, the improving status of the farmer. We may pass, with him, to crowded Chicago. Everywhere we feel the expanding energies of an industrious and idealistic population. The Middle West, he tells us, may be likened to a naughty boy in a hickory shirt and overalls who enjoys the fun of pulling the chair from under his knickerbockered, Eton-collared, Eastern cousins.

"The West creates a new issue whenever it pleases, and wearying of one plaything cheerfully seeks another. It accepts the defeat of free silver and turns joyfully to prohibition, flattering itself that its chief concern is with moral issues. It wants to make the world a better place to live in, and it believes in abundant legislation to that end. It experiments by States, points with pride to the results, and seeks to confer the priceless boon upon the nation. Much of its lawmaking is shocking to Eastern conservatism, but no inconsiderable number of Easterners hear the window-smashing and are eager to try it at home."

Mr. Nicholson goes on to speak of Chicago in a chapter headed by the spirited lines of William Vaughn Moody:

And yonder where, gigantic, wilful, young,
Chicago sitteth at the northwest gates,
With restless violent hands and casual tongue
Molding her mighty fates—

and opening with the sentence: "A fateful Titan, brooding over a mammoth chess-board, now cautious in his moves as he shifts his myriad pigmies, now daring, but always resolute, clear-eyed, steady of hand, and with no thought but victory—as such a figure Rodin might have visualized twentieth-century Chicago." The West, Mr. Nicholson continues, is proud of Chicago and loves it with passionate devotion. "Chicago not only draws strength from a vast territory, but, through myriad agencies and avenues, sends back a mighty power from its huge dynamo." There is, quite definitely, Mr. Nicholson assures us, a thing called the Chicago spirit, "a thing compounded of

energy, faith and hope—and again energy."

"Nor is the energy all spent upon the material and the sordid, for the fine arresting thing is the tremendous vim this lusty young giant among the world's cities brings to the solution of its problems—problems that deserve to be printed in capitals out of respect for their immensity and far-reaching importance to the national life. Chicago does not walk around her problems, but meets them squarely and manfully. The heart of the inquirer is won by the perfect candor with which the Chicagoan replies to criticism; the critic is advised that for every evil there is a remedy; indeed, that some agency is at work on that particular thing at that particular moment. This information is conveyed with a smile that expresses Chicago's faith and hope."

The coming of the war, Mr. Nicholson asserts, found the West self-absorbed and rather hard put for any great cause upon which to expend its enthusiasm. There was a lack of spirituality. Over and over, as he had traveled through the West in recent years, he had felt the need of an awakening. That awakening came when war was declared. It is a mistake, we are told, to suppose that the West was apathetic or indifferent in its attitude toward the problems raised by the war. Mr. Nicholson says:

"My observations began at Denver when the land was still at peace, and continued through the hour of the momentous decision and the subsequent months of preparation. The West is a place of moods and its changes of spirit are sometimes puzzling. The violence has gone out of us; we went upon a war-footing with a minimum amount of noise and gesticulation. Deeply preoccupied with other mat-

ters, the West was annoyed that the Kaiser should so stupidly make it necessary for the American Republic to give him a thrashing, but as the thing had to be done the West addressed itself to the job with a grim determination to do it thoroly.

"We heard, after the election of 1916, that the result was an indication of the West's indifference to the national dangers; that the Middle Western people could not be interested in a war on the farther side of the Atlantic and would suffer any indignities rather than send their sons to fight in Europe. It was charged in some quarters that the West had lost its 'pep'; that the fiber had softened; that the children and the grandchildren of 'Lincoln's men' were insensible to the national danger; and that thoughts of a bombardment of New York or San Francisco were not disturbing to a people remote from the sea. I am moved to remark that we of the West are less disposed to encourage the idea that we are a people apart than our friends to the eastward who often seem anxious to force this attitude upon us. We like our West and may boast and strut a little, but any intimation that we are not loyal citizens of the American Republic, jealous of its honor and security and responsive to its every call upon our patriotism and generosity, arouses our indignation.

"Many of us were favored in the first years of the war with letters from Eastern friends anxious to enlighten us as to America's danger and her duty with respect to the needs of the sufferers in the wake of battle. On the day when I received a communication from New York asking 'whether nothing could be done in Indiana to rouse the people to the sore need of France,' a committee for French relief had just closed a week's campaign with a fund of \$17,000, collected over the State in small sums and contributed very largely by school children.

The Millers' Belgian Relief movement, initiated in the fall of 1914 by Mr. William C. Edgar, of Minneapolis, publisher of *The Northwestern Miller*, affords a noteworthy instance of the West's response to appeals in behalf of the people in the trampled kingdom. A call was issued November 4th for 45,000 barrels of flour, but 70,000 barrels were contributed; and this cargo was augmented by substantial gifts of blankets, clothing for women and children, and condensed milk."

Already the war has brought a closer knitting together of States and sections, and already the West is making a contribution which, as the years pass, will be seen to have a deeper and deeper significance. Mr. Nicholson concludes:

"There are balances as between materialism and idealism which it is desirable to maintain if the fineness and vigor of its higher inspirational values are to be further developed. Our Middle Western idealism has been expending itself in channels of social and political betterment, and it remains to be seen whether we shall be able to divert some part of its energy to the history, the literature, and the art of the past, not for cultural reasons merely, but as part of our combat with provincialism and the creation of a broad and informed American spirit.

"Having in mind things true, things elevated, things just, things pure, things amiable, things of good report—having these in mind, studying and loving these, is what saves States," wrote Matthew Arnold thirty years ago. In the elaboration of a program for the future of America that shall not ignore what is here connoted, there is presented to the Middle West abundant material for new enthusiasms and endeavors, commensurate with its obligations and opportunities not merely as the Valley of Democracy but as the Valley of Decision."

AMERICA'S EDUCATIONAL DEBT TO PRUSSIA

THAT Prussianism has exerted a deep influence upon American education and that, in the main, this influence has been beneficial, is the striking position taken by Prof. Arthur J. Jones, of the University of Pennsylvania, in a leading article in the monthly *Educational Review* (New York), edited by Nicholas Murray Butler. Professor Jones is discussing the question, Are Our Schools Prussian in Origin? raised in recent articles in the *New Republic* and in *School and Society*. He traces the history of American education and shows that important reforms in our educational system were influenced, in large part, by the Prussian *Volksschule*. "We surely owe Prussia," he says, "a deep debt of gratitude for her share in these reforms, even tho our present attitude toward her be anything but grateful."

Professor Jones relies for his argument, in part, upon a monograph by F. F. Bunker entitled "The Reorganization of the Public School System" and published by the United States Bureau of Education. One of the statements made by Mr. Bunker is this:

"The practice of segregating children of the same age and of the same attainment into grades or years and grouping together the first eight to form the elementary division had its beginning with us in the third and fourth decades of the nineteenth century. In its essential features the plan was borrowed from Germany where, at the time of its introduction into America, it was rapidly becoming the universal plan of school organization, and where it had evolved during three centuries of educational discussion and practice."

A little further on in his brochure, Mr. Bunker gives a list of the features

An Account of Important Reforms in Our Public-School System That Were "Made in Germany"

in the Prussian system which American educators, eighty and ninety years ago, were seeking to introduce:

1. Compulsory school attendance.
2. Trained teachers.
3. Efficient system of supervision.
4. Reasonable salaries.
5. Higher social plane for teachers.
6. Graded schools (away from subdivisions into small units and toward consolidation into larger units to make grading possible).
7. Better school buildings, with one room for each class.

Even a cursory examination of the evidence presented in this brochure, Professor Jones comments, shows that the case for Prussian influence is overwhelmingly strong.

Professor Jones goes on to subject to minute analysis the records of the early educational experiments of New England. He refers, in particular, to

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Horace Mann and John Philbrick, both of whom admired the Prussian *Volkschule* and introduced many of its features. He points out that of the seven reforms listed in Bunker's monograph every one was successfully introduced during the period following 1830. He comments further:

"Undoubtedly the influence of Prussian practice was very potent in bringing about many of the desired changes. To these should be added the departmental plan of instruction, generally introduced into the high schools and the careful and detailed outline of the work to be accomplished in each grade of the school. Each of these seems to be due largely to the influence of the Prussian example."

"The principal point for discussion here is to what extent were these reforms undemocratic; to what extent were they instruments that were unsuited to the accomplishment of our American ideals. Obviously reforms that operated to make instruction more efficient can not be said

to be undemocratic, whatever their origin, unless they show at the same time tendencies that are distinctly undemocratic."

"Of the seven reforms listed above, each has contributed mightily to the efficiency of our system of education, and, further, not one of them, unless we partially except the grading of schools, has any single element in it that militates against our democratic ideals."

Briefly summing up the points made in his article, Professor Jones concludes:

"1. The New England colonists started out on their educational development with two types of schools, inherited from Europe. These were the Latin Grammar school, for the training of leaders, and a common school intended for boys (and girls) between the ages of seven and fourteen, who were not planning to go to college. This was the dual aristocratic system of England, France and Germany. These types of schools persisted well into the nineteenth century."

"2. About the beginning of the century we see certain tendencies in the direction of improvement of educational facilities and the democratizing of the schools. Among these are the better grading of schools and the establishment of English high schools and high schools for girls."

"3. From about 1830, Prussian educational ideas exerted a tremendous influence upon American schools. This resulted in pronounced improvement in all aspects of school work, and operated to increase materially the efficiency of instruction and in this way promoted the democratic ideals of our own country."

"4. In some respects the Prussian influence apparently retarded the complete development of a truly democratic system. This is seen most clearly in the over-organization of our schools, and in the persistence of the idea that an elementary school is a finishing school. There is no evidence to show that this latter idea was directly due to Prussian influence, nor that it ever completely dominated the purpose of the elementary school."

A NEW APPROACH TO THE SOLUTION OF SEX DIFFICULTIES

Dr. Marie Stopes's
Challenging Book
on Married Love

ONE of the books that seems likely to mark a milestone in sex literature is Dr. Marie Stopes's "Married Love." It is different from anything of its kind hitherto published, and is already a storm-center of controversy. Dr. Stopes is the daughter of a distinguished anthropologist. She has studied in London, Munich and Tokyo. She is a Doctor of Science and of Philosophy; belongs to distinguished scientific organizations; and was the first woman to be appointed to the science staff of the University of Manchester. Her erudition along scientific lines is exceptional, and her romantic and imaginative qualities are no less so. One of the subjects on which she has written exhaustively is botany. She is the author of "Plays of Old Japan"; of "Conquest" and "The Race," two plays in three acts; and of "Man, Other Poems and a Preface," in collaboration with Professor Sakurai.

"Married Love" is a book of the type of Edward Carpenter's "Love's Coming of Age." In its fervor and sincerity, it recalls Olive Schreiner and Ellen Key. It can best be described as a treatise on the art of love, and it is so outspoken that in America, where it is sponsored by Margaret Sanger and by Dr. William J. Robinson, it has been forbidden the mails by the postal authorities. Yet in Europe it has had a respectful, even an enthusiastic, reception. The *Mercure de France*, of Paris, in a detailed review, calls it a notable book. The *Christian Commonwealth*, of London, devotes its first page to a eulogy of the author. The *English Review*, the *British Medical*

Journal, the *International Journal of Ethics*, the *New York Survey*, are only a few of the journals that praise "Married Love."

The most original feature of Dr. Stopes's book is her theory of woman's erotic periodicity, a theory which she proposes to define and elaborate in a technical medical treatise. Briefly summarized her theory is that, in adult "normally healthy" women, there is a natural recurrence of more or less definite and ardent sexual desire at intervals of a fortnight, and that a failure to recognize this fact is at the root of many unhappy marriages. One chapter in her book is entitled "The Fundamental Pulse." Other chapters deal with "Mutual Adjustment," "Sleep," "Modesty and Romance," "Abstinence," "Children" and "Society." By reason of her frankness of speech, Dr. Stopes is sure to be reckoned something of a revolutionary, but in her fundamental attitude toward sexual problems she is conservative. Her book, indeed, is an ardent defense of monogamy not so much from a moral as from an esthetic and idealistic standpoint, and she states it as her conviction that the majority of men and women are monogamic. "All the deepest and highest forces within us," she says, "impel us to evolve an ever nobler and tenderer form of life-long monogamy as our social ideal."

Two currents of longing, Dr. Stopes reminds us, spring up within the young people of a new generation—the longing for a full life-experience and the longing for a close union with a life-long mate. They "are not incompatible, but are actually both essential parts of the more perfect and fuller beauty

of the future that already seeks to find its expression in their lives." It is sometimes assumed that the widening of the married woman's life must dwarf and sterilize the mother in the married woman; but Dr. Stopes does not share this apprehension. She rather inclines to the view that the more freely the human mother mingles in the natural industries of a human being, the more rightly she fulfils her maternal functions.

The majority of our young women, Dr. Stopes is convinced, have in them the potentiality of a full and perfected love. So, too, she continues, have the majority of our young men. For "the best type of young man to-day is tired of polygamy, he has seen enough in his father's and his friends' lives of the weariness of the sinister, secret polygamy that hides itself and rots the race under the protecting cloak of the supposed monogamy of our social system."

But as things are at present in England and America, the young man who marries, however much he may be in love, is generally, according to Dr. Stopes's idea, too ignorant to give his wife real physical delight. The result is unhappy marriage, and, in many cases, a drifting apart.

It is often hard, it is sometimes impossible, Dr. Stopes tells us, for a good woman to understand what it is that draws her husband from her. "Restricted by habit and convention in the exercise of all her faculties, she is unaware of the ever narrowing range of her interest and her powers of conversation. The home life tends to become that of a fenced pond, instead of a great ocean with innumerable cur-

rents." The root of the difficulty is traced in the following passage:

"Man, through prudery, through the custom of ignoring the woman's side of marriage and considering his own whim as the marriage law, has largely lost the art of stirring a chaste partner to physical love. He therefore deprives her of a glamor, the loss of which he deplures, for he feels a lack not only of romance and beauty but of something higher which is mystically given as the result of the complete union. He blames his wife's 'coldness' instead of his own want of art. Then he seeks elsewhere for the things she could have given him had he known how to win them. And she, knowing that the shrine has been desecrated, is filled with righteous indignation, tho generally as blind as he is to the true cause of what has occurred.

"Manifold and far-reaching, influencing the whole structure of society not only in this country but in every country and at every time, have been the influences which have grown up from the root-fallacy in the marriage relation."

There are difficulties, but they can be overcome; and, in spite of the constant maladjustments under the present order of things, Dr. Stopes is optimistic. "The future," she says, "is full of hope. Already one sees beginning to grow up a new relationship between the units composing society." She writes further:

"In the noblest society love will hold sway. The love of mates will always be the supreme life-experience, but it will no longer be an experience exclusive and warped.

"The love of friends and children, of comrades and fellow workers, will but serve to develop every power of the two who are mates. By mingling the greatness of their individual stature they can achieve together something that, had both or either been dwarfed and puny individuals, would have remained forever unattainable.

"The whole trend of the evolution of human society has been toward an increased coherence of all its parts, until at the present time it is already almost possible to say that the community has an actual life on a plane above that of all the individuals comprising it: that the community in fact is a superentity. It is through the community of human beings, and not in our individual lives, that we reach an ultimate permanence upon this globe.

"When our relation to the community is fully realized it will be seen that the health, the happiness and the consequent powers of every individual concern not only his own life but also affect the whole community of which he is a member.

"The happiness of a perfect marriage, which enhances the joy of the private life, renders one not only capable of adding to the stream of the life-blood of the community in children, but by marriage one is also rendered a fitter and more perfect instrument for one's own particular work, in the tempering and finishing of which society plays a part, and the results of which should be shared by society as a whole.

"Thus it is the concern of the whole community that marriage should be as perfect, and hence as joyous, as possible; so that the power which should be set free and created for the purpose of the whole community should not be frittered away in the useless longing and disappointment engendered by ignorance, narrow restrictions, and low ideals.

"In the world the happily-mated pair should be like a great and beautiful light; a light not hid under a bushel, but one whose beams shine through the lives of all around them."

All this appeals to the *English Review* (London) as marking a revolution in woman's attitude towards sex questions. "Like all Dr. Stopes's writing," the review declares, "it is clear, thoughtful, penetrating, and undoubtedly is a scientific contribution towards a subject which a decade ago would have been taboo, and denounced as vicious and indecent."

"The author's point is the arrestation of the Englishwoman's sex gratification, its cause and the remedy; and here her analysis of the rhythm of woman's love movements has a positive value. Hitherto it has been almost impossible to obtain information owing to the traditions of secrecy imposed upon woman and the training forced upon the sex by the church and by convention; but Dr. Marie Stopes breaks through this age-long superstition and demands that women should claim gratification in marriage precisely as men claim it. Her book opens up a wide field."

Bianca Van Beuren, in *The Birth Control Review* (New York), makes the comment:

"This real beginning of a scientific study of woman is an encouraging sign that woman will no longer acquiesce in the old, man-made dogma that woman is the passive instrument of man's pleasure. Dr. Stopes's book is a convincing answer to Weininger's peevish complaint that women are so little interested in the wonder and laws of their being, that the only known description of the emotions of a pregnant woman was written by a man."

F. W. Stella Browne, in the *International Journal of Ethics* (Philadelphia), approves of the general trend of the book, but offers the two following criticisms:

"Firstly, the book is quite frankly based on observation of, and addressed to, the educated, prosperous and privileged classes. Doctor Stopes does not seem to admit that immense industrial, social and legislative changes are necessary, before the majority of her fellow citizens are able even approximately to develop and refine their erotic nature sufficiently to follow her suggestions. Secondly (and closely connected with the first omission), she tends in her advocacy of 'an ever nobler and tenderer form of lifelong monogamy as our social ideal' to overlook the fact that the present legally sanctioned patriarchal monogamy rests on the subjection of women, and implies prostitution as a male 'safety-valve' and the

'double standard.' Undoubtedly much of the distressing and wholly preventable unhappiness in sexual unions arises from men's ignorance of women's needs and natures; but an equally tragic amount of misery and misunderstanding arises from women's ignorance of men's needs and natures. Yet this feminine ignorance is inextricably connected with women's economic dependence and with the tyrannous demand for theoretical ignorance and anatomical virginity in the bride.

"Doctor Stopes has shown in her fine remarks on richness and variety of active interests, on jealousy and on the social aspects of marriage, that she is far-seeing enough to realize some of the deficiencies of present conditions and present moral ideas. Will she not carry her researches and her conclusions further, to the very root of the matter?"

Dr. Stopes herself is quoted in an interview with a representative of the *Christian Commonwealth* as stating that "the thing that matters is the spiritual relation of humanity to life." She continues:

"There are such large populations now, the interactions of humanity have grown so vast, and society is so complicated, that social problems get out of hand. We have been forced into so much specialization that it has put us out of gear. In education the quarrel is between science and art, yet each is the complement of the other. You spoke just now of my book, 'Married Love.' Take that as an illustration. Just consider how many books have been written on marriage; hordes of them, and it would seem impossible to say anything new on marriage; if I was able to say something new it was because of my scientific training.

"This book, 'Married Love,' was an adventure. I took my fate in my hands when I published it, and was told it was a tremendous thing to risk. But the results have been wonderful. I have had letters from all kinds of people—medical men, scientific people, officers, Anglican clergy and Roman Catholic priests, aristocrats, simple workers—grocers, news-girls—telling me that the book contains some new and true things and has helped them. Its reception has been most touching. Yet it is merely a clean scientific statement of vital facts told with enough feeling and poetry to put them in proper perspective. Sex is such a fundamental thing it seems terrible that we should have so shirked facing its manifold manifestations.

"I am convinced that the essential need in life is a consciousness of our relation to eternity. No happiness, no progress is possible for us as individuals, or as a whole without. This life is only a phase of existence. If such consciousness could be universal, social problems would vanish. We should realize that an immortal being cannot be bad. For many difficulties the churches are to blame; they are so remote from every-day life, and they do not encourage clear thinking.

"What the world needs is *understanding*. There is so much love and chivalry in the most ordinary people if it but had a chance to come out. Understanding brings out the best that is in us."

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THE STORY OF WORDSWORTH'S DISILLUSIONMENT

AT first glance, "The Early Life of William Wordsworth"* by Emile Legouis, Professor at the University of Lyon, now published in America, might seem rather pale and remote. On closer investigation, however, this book will be found to have a living and almost universal appeal. It suggests the thought that history repeats itself and that some problems are eternal. The struggle of Wordsworth to achieve a philosophy is the struggle of many a man to-day. The story of his social dreams and of their failure might have been written out of our own time.

Browning's poem, "The Lost Leader," was inspired, as every student of poetry knows, by Wordsworth's apparent lapse from his high idealism. The youthful rebel ended as Poet Laureate. "Some of us," writes Sir Leslie Stephen in a Prefatory Note to the Legouis study, "can still remember the venerable gray head bowed in the little church at Grasmere, and typifying complete acquiescence in orthodox tradition. This 'lost leader,' however, had once defended the principles of Paine's 'Rights of Man,' had condemned the crusade against the [French] Revolution as a great national crime, had been described by his intimate friend, Coleridge, as a 'semi-atheist.'" How was this brand snatched from the burning, or what, as others will say, led to this lamentable apostasy? Professor Legouis sets himself to answer these questions.

Wordsworth was born in 1770. He went to school in a Cumberland village, and he lost his father and mother before he was thirteen years old. His childhood seems to have been happy, but his youth was unsettled, and, despite his joy in nature and his budding poetic genius, he found himself a prey to melancholy.

In this mood, early in 1792, he went to France, where he came into touch with French revolutionaries. He fell, in particular, under the influence of one Michel Beaupuy, a captain in the little garrison of Blois. The young poet longed for friendship, and he found it in Beaupuy. He found more—an intense and sincere humanitarian faith. The couple took long walks beside the Loire, discussing Rousseau, Godwin and the Revolution.

From the attitude of a spectator of the Revolution, Wordsworth became its ardent partisan. He felt that he was "born again." He tells us in the "Prelude" of his conversion in the gray

dawn after a night of revelry at a rustic dance.

I made no vows, but vows
Were then made for me . . .
That I should be, else sinning greatly,
A dedicated spirit.

That which had taken place in his own soul now seemed to him to be taking place in the soul of the world.

Europe at that time was thrilled with joy, France standing on the top of golden hours,
And human nature seeming born again.

A great rapture filled his soul.

Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,
But to be young was very heaven.

He visited Paris, mingled freely with the leaders of the Revolution, identified himself with the Girondins and narrowly escaped the guillotine. Even after his return to England he was still strong in the revolutionary faith. He called himself a republican and "a patriot of the world." During this period England was ablaze with political controversy, and all eyes were turned toward France. At the time of the first outbreak of the Revolution, many English liberals had expressed themselves as in sympathy with it. But after the execution of Louis XVI. and as the more extreme elements gained control, a reaction in sentiment set in. Edmund Burke published a bitter attack upon the Revolution. Thomas Paine, in his "Rights of Man," attacked Burke. Wordsworth, of course, sided with Paine, and in a reply that he wrote, on his own account, to Richard Watson, Bishop of Landaff, as a result of the latter's "Strictures on the French Revolution," he defended the Revolution, while deploring its violence.

Early in 1793, war broke out between England and France, and Wordsworth saw his native country prepare to attack the nation he loved. He was torn between sentiments of patriotism and of revolutionary enthusiasm. His sympathy with France was stronger than his patriotism. But France was going from bad to worse. The first effect of the coalition of powers which had been formed against her and had been joined by England was to throw influence into the hands of the most violent party. The Girondists, with whom Wordsworth had fraternized, met their doom on the scaffold.

Then came the Reign of Terror. It haunted Wordsworth like a nightmare.

Most melancholy at that time
Were my day-thoughts,—my nights were
miserable;

Through months, through years, long
after the last beat

Why the Poet Abandoned His Revolutionary Ideals and Became a Conservative

Of those atrocities, the hour of sleep
To me came rarely charged with natural
gifts,
Such ghastly visions had I of despair.

The death of Robespierre brought him equally gloomy thoughts. The Revolution passed to its final phases, and Wordsworth, following the example of his friends Southey and Coleridge, gave up his revolutionary dreams and settled down to the life of a recluse.

The record of Wordsworth's disillusionment is full of dramatic quality, and, in the light of the Russian Revolution, still speaks with undeniable urgency. "The Age of Wordsworth," Ernest J. B. Kirtlan writes in the *Contemporary Review*, "was a false dawn, but it proclaimed to the suffering sons of men that the dawn and the day are worth seeking." The same writer continues:

"If the age in which Wordsworth lived was one of change, he, himself, changed with it. One of his disappointing characteristics is this quality of inconstancy. With the passionate fervor of his nature, so unapparent to the superficial observer, but so absolutely real in the recesses of his soul, he was a pilgrim of eternity, turning this way and that wherever he thought he saw gleaming 'the light that never was on sea or land.' . . .

"It is true that in the last twenty years of his life he laid himself open to the charge of recreancy to his life-long creed. In a sonnet published in 1835 we find him denouncing agrarian oppression. Here we see the primeval soul of Wordsworth, still on fire. But the sonnets of 1842 are as dull in matter as they are in form. The fires were dying. The creative spirit had spent itself. Long ago he had 'yielded up moral questions in despair,' and had fallen back on Nature and on God. He had discovered that the basis of the world is moral and not material. And the apparent conservatism of his later years was the result, partly of the increasing feebleness of his intellectual power, or (as it might be more just to say) the decreasing energy of his creative powers, added to a growing and more confirmed belief in the supremacy of the spirit. Men and nations must emancipate themselves by emancipation of the soul. Humanity must give the 'Immanent God' a chance in his own world. In the 'Prelude' and in the 'Excursion' (1814) Wordsworth sets forth his social creed. He shows us the evils of the industrial system, the crowded cities, the joyless life of the workers, the degrading influence of their environment. There is not the same fierce flame of pure poetry as we find in Shelley, but there is a measured and deliberate statement of the damning effects of poverty. The fact is that Wordsworth was, in his later years, a disillusioned man. He had been in Heaven. He finds himself still on the solid earth at the foot of the ladder that leads to the stars."

* THE EARLY LIFE OF WILLIAM WORDSWORTH: 1770-1798. By Emile Legouis. Translated by J. W. Matthews, with a prefatory note by Leslie Stephen. Dutton.



BORIS ANISFELD INVADES THE REALM OF FANTASY

I PAINT what I feel, not what I see." This is the key-note of the new art of the Bessarabian, Boris Anisfeld. A large collection of the Anisfeld canvases have recently been put on exhibition at the Brooklyn Museum of Art. They will also be shown in other American cities. Boris Anisfeld has been labeled by certain critics as a "Fantast." This conveys, rather unfortunately, the idea that he is but another of those boring metaphysicians in paint who are so very modern that, like the lady in the Wilde play, they suddenly find themselves very old-fashioned. Anisfeld, according to Christian Brinton, who interprets his art in the sumptuous catalog at the Brooklyn Museum, has a solid foundation for his painting. Subjective as his work is, it has been developed in the most exacting schools of Russian art. As explained by Mr. Brinton:

"This symphonic fantasist, who literally plays with lapis lazuli, emerald, and deep, sonorous reds and yellows, nevertheless preserves at every step a fitting degree of outward semblance. An admirer of such visionary spirits as Whistler and Oscar Wilde, as well as the enigmatic Easterners, Anisfeld yet moves in the world of pictorial symbolism with a cer-

tain satisfying surety. The two elements which beyond all he strives to attain in his paintings are color and form. 'I always see a thing first in color,' he says. 'It comes to me as a fairly complete conception, and I rarely have to alter the essential character of any of my initial impressions.' Elaborating the idea, he continued with brevity and concision, 'It is my habit to put down these visions of color and form, such as they are, quite freely in water-color, pastel, or oil, and to amplify and intensify the scheme at some later time as I am so disposed. With me art is a matter of feeling and I paint, as a rule, that which I feel, not that which I see. When I begin work upon the scenery for a ballet or an opera, for instance, I pay scarcely any attention to the plot. I listen over and over to the score, for it is from the music that I derive my most valuable suggestions.'"

Boris Anisfeld confesses that he belongs to no special school or movement in art. "I strive not to be original," he told Mr. Brinton, "but merely to be independent, and to express myself in the most congenial manner of which I am capable." He does not even consider himself a modernist, tho his talent was first recognized by Serge de Diaghilev, director of the famous Russian Ballet, and his decorative idealism has been brought out in his work of creating

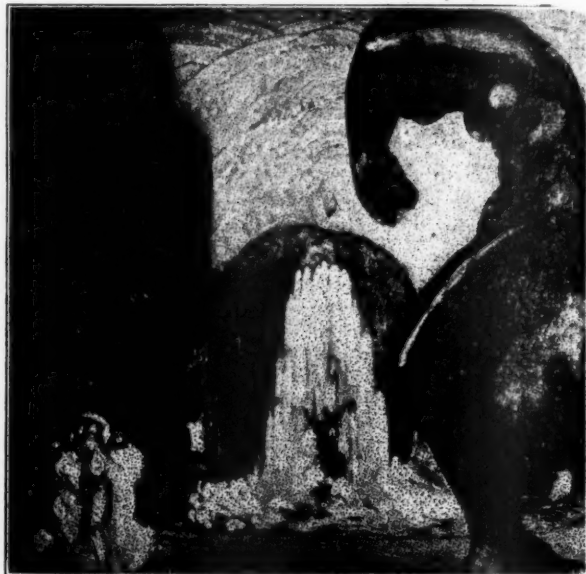
The American Exhibition of a Russian Artist Who Paints "Not What He Sees, but What He Feels"

settings for those ballets. He is said to be the originator of these famous blue and green effects of the new Russian school.

His chromatic opulence seems to Mr. Brinton to be as rare as it is personal. His sense of rhythm, moreover, is said to be typically organic and individual. Mr. Brinton sums up his impressions of the art of Anisfeld:

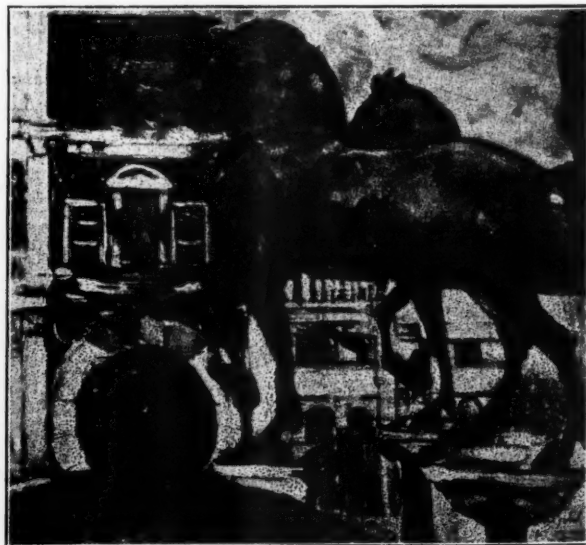
"Despite its seeming complexity, there is something direct, instinctive and elemental in the work of Boris Anisfeld. It displays to an uncommon degree that unity of mood and manner without which any esthetic expression must assuredly fail of effect. This art is a product of emotion rather than reason and observation. Typically Russian in their mysticism and power of psychic evocation, there is a festal, carnivalesque quality to these freely brushed pictorial syntheses and these gleaming little water-color panels. Lacking, if you choose, that sober, and sobering, stolidity to which we are accustomed, these paintings appeal primarily to our creative and imaginative sensibilities. It is easy to contend that a certain proportion of this work is fantastic in character, that it has no basis in actual fact, yet you cannot deny that it possesses the secret of suggestion, that it makes for passion and aspiration.

"When confronting the production of Boris Anisfeld and kindered apostles of



THE BLUE STATUE

This is the earliest purely decorative composition of Boris Anisfeld to be shown in the American exhibition of his work.



THE BRONZE HORSES OF ST. MARKS

This was painted in Venice in 1914 and later exhibited in the Mir Iskustva exhibition at Petrograd and Moscow.

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CHALIAPINE

Here is Anisfeld's impression of the greatest Russian opera singer. It was painted in 1916.



BORIS ANISFELD PAINTED BY HIMSELF

This is the first exhibition of this portrait of himself, with a sunflower and a cat, painted in Petrograd last year.

the new school of decorative idealism, it is well, for the time being, to forego reality and resign one's self to the subtle potency of the spirit and the senses. The art which endures longest is that which, other elements being equal, displays the superior measure of emotional intensity. And we can scarcely charge the latter-day Slavs with being deficient in emotional intensity."

The work of Boris Anisfeld is to be exhibited in this country in somewhat the same generous fashion as was the work of the Spaniard Zuloaga. The Russian, in the opinion of the discriminating Henry McBride, of the *New York Sun*, should not make such a pretentious bid for popularity. Anisfeld, says Mr. McBride, is not in the Zorn-Zuloaga class. In fact, this critic obtains from an examination of the Russian's canvases and sketches an impression diametrically opposed to that of Christian Brinton.

"For one thing, Mr. Anisfeld doesn't paint very well. His touch is quite repellant, and in his biggest and most ambitious canvases it is impossible not to wish that the design had been carried out in damasks or tapestry or anything except oil paint. The color is not always offensive, but in the imaginative works it certainly is cheap.

"The imaginative works themselves are restless and contorted to a degree. It is so easy to be imaginative if one only lets one's imagination work. Hans Christian Andersen's pen pictures are as clear as crystal and simple enough to please children. I suppose Mr. Anisfeld began imagining things too late in life, and even then to order. That is always hard.

Fancy holding a pistol to a grown man's head that had never imagined anything and saying: 'Be imaginative.' Something like Mr. Anisfeld's horrid Blue Statue would doubtless be the result.

"No, only children or adults who are children at heart can play the imaginative game."

Nevertheless, Mr. McBride admits, there are passages here and there of bold, direct brush-work that will please admirers of impressionistic tendencies. Occasionally Anisfeld's vivid colors take on values and vitality both.

"Upon the whole it can scarcely be al-

lowed that Mr. Anisfeld is an internationalist as yet. He seems to be too much aware of, too much embarrassed by, his materials; in a word, self-conscious. This has no doubt been brought about by inhaling too much Russian ballet atmosphere before the artist was quite fitted for it. The Russian ballet was very delightful and memorable, but few will deny that it also had much in it that was sickly and dangerous for certain susceptible natures. It more or less did for Bakst, who of course is more of a personage than our present man, and in the end it did for itself, since that was before the day when protective masks were thought of."



THE GARDEN OF THE HESPERIDES

If the Greek myth seems rather vague in this version of it by the Russian painter, it should be remembered that this is only a sketch, exhibited for the first time.

ADVENTURES OF JAMES HUNEKER AS A LITERARY STEEPLE-JACK

A VOWALS of a steeple-jack—that is how James Gibbons Huneker describes his reminiscences of the great, the near-great and the insignificant. As the most sophisticated steeple-jack of American criticism, Mr. Huneker's gaze has been more habitually turned, as these confessions indicate, toward European shores than the more immediate literary landscape. And if being American removed him overseas from the shell-fire and gas-attacks of European iconoclasts and heretics, it had the great advantage for Mr. Huneker of bringing to him a weighty and varied collection of letters from the intellectual and literary front. He is now making, in the *Philadelphia Press*, a frank confession of his loves and quarrels, of his adventures among masterpieces and makers of masterpieces. When we recall that Mr. Huneker's memory extends back to Flaubert, and that he has missed since then the acquaintance of very few of the great international figures, the present record seems to be a real trip behind the scenes of modern literature. The letters he has received and now rereads act as the stimuli to his fertile memory.

He suffered from a bad attack of Whitmania in his youth, he notes, but recovered fully and has been immune ever since. "What I chiefly resent is the implication that Whitman voices our national feeling or even pictures us as we are. He does neither. We are not Camerados, closely knit as the war has made us. 'These States,' as John Jay Chapman pointed out long ago, 'are not peopled by Whitman characters.'" He regrets the passing of that rarest of qualities in literature—charm. He thinks that the reading public to-day is in too much of a hurry. We no longer linger lovingly over an idea. The books produced to-day he describes as "movies" in print. These thoughts are suggested by certain letters sent him by Havelock Ellis. Concerning this distinguished Englishman's place as a literary critic, Mr. Huneker affirms:

"In reading some of the letters Havelock Ellis sent me during the past fifteen years, I note the same quality of charm and wisdom that informs his published writings. Now, to write a book that is both wise and charming seems a task beyond the powers of most of our young authors. They are in such a hurry, tumbling head over heels to court the favors of the great goddess Success, that they give us hardly the bare ribs of literature. Charm—isn't it a lost art? And haste and charm are mutually exclusive. You can't be charming on a typewriting machine. Worst of all, few miss the quality. The reading public

takes its literature dished up with advertisements, and only asks that the story be told with cinematographic velocity. To concentrate one's intelligence on a phrase is inconceivable; to linger over an idea or a prose cadence—that way folly flies. Hurrah for the movies in print! Yet there are some serene souls left, with brains, and art to interpret them; a few who refuse to mingle with the vast mob of tripe-sellers in the market-place. One of these elect is Havelock Ellis, known as a psychologist, nevertheless a literary critic of singular charm and acuteness. His 'New Spirit' made a sensation twenty-five years ago; 'Affirmations' was another revealing book, with its studies of such disparate personalities as Zola, St. Francis, Casanova, Nietzsche. The note of catholicity sounds throughout the fluid prose of this master's pages. Recall 'The Soul of Spain,' the most sympathetic book on modern Spanish art and literature that I have read; Velasquez and Goya are not overlooked. His 'Impressions and Comments' is charged with kindly wisdom, garnered from a life rich in experience and thought, not more than a page or two in length, on a thousand and one themes, all saturated with the tolerant Ellis philosophy, which he once defined as the difficult art of holding on and letting go."

Mr. Huneker calls attention again to the French philosopher Jules Gaultier, whom he elevates to a higher rank than that of the popular Henri Bergson. "I introduced his books to William James, but the American thinker was just then absorbed in Henri Bergson, and he never expressed an opinion of Gaultier, to me the superior thinker of the pair; above all, one without a trace of sentimental charlatanism. You can't say the same of Bergson, the weaver of glittering specious phrases." Another Frenchman with whom Mr. Huneker came in contact was the late Paul Hervieu, the dramatist whose plays were written with a precision almost scientifically cruel. "He impressed me as a man suffering from secret chagrin; perhaps an unhappy love affair. His artistic successes were numerous. I was all the more surprised when he advised me not to give way to cynicism; irony he detested, he, the skinner of souls, whose surgeon's scalpel was deeply dipped in irony; he, the novelist, whose use of the so-called 'cruel terms' was as disconcerting as Henry Becque's. Doubtless because of his abuse of verbal corrosive sublimate he sought to restrain younger men from his mistake."

George Bernard Shaw is described by this American critic as "my most distinguished enemy." The two men indulged in a lengthy verbal warfare some years ago. "No bones were broken," James Huneker admits, "no blood was spilt. Our native bad tempers only peeped out at intervals." But this war-

Our Most Cosmopolitan American Critic En- ters the Confessional

fare of wits is recounted in detail. It started when an essay on Shaw was published under Mr. Huneker's signature, in the American magazine *Success*. The editor of the magazine wrote a headline describing G. B. S. as an Irish "peasant lad." To this Shaw took violent exception. Tho he disclaims all responsibility for this "insult," Mr. Huneker sagely notes:

"Why should Mr. Shaw heartily dislike the 'peasant'? Scratch a socialist and you come on a snob. Max Beerbohm has said in effect that socialism will never succeed till snobbishness ceases. He is right. Mr. Shaw is not of peasant origin, tho he has written that most Irishmen originally came over from Liverpool on cattle-boats; he is middle-class, Cork (with a Cork soul), and his family was not rich. He was a poor youth when he went to London and he is none the worse for his struggle. The newspapers created the Shaw legend; that he was a vegetarian; a teetotaler, anti-vaccine, anti-vivisection, anti-evening clothes, wearing Jaeger flannels, anti-everything except notoriety. Yet for repeating in my article what was common talk, thanks to his own self-propaganda, St. George—who has slain so many dragons—fell foul of me in a certain letter, calling me the short, ugly word on every count."

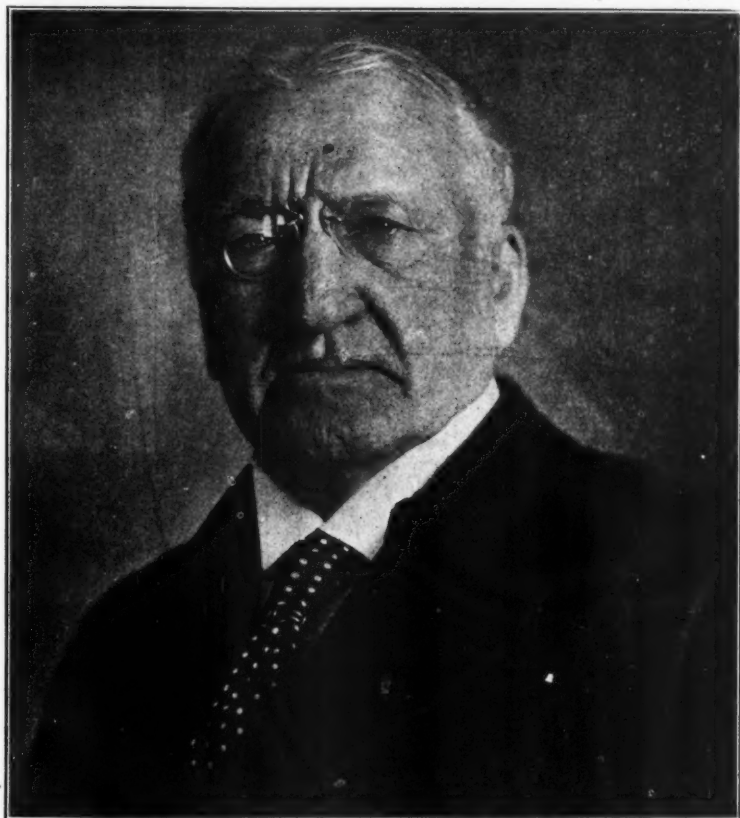
Shaw became enraged at the American critic when the latter jestingly called him a saint. He also said that secretly Shaw was a sloppy sentimentalist. "I am beginning to believe," remarks Mr. Huneker in the *Press* memoirs, "in Paul Hervieu's remark that indulgence in the mode ironical sterilizes the sense of humor." Shaw is witty but lacks the saving sense of humor:

"Shaw never had an original idea, but decorated himself with tail-feathers pulled from Ibsen, Strindberg, Hauptmann, Sudermann, even Maeterlinck, in his stage directions; above all with the feathers of Marx, Nietzsche and Samuel Butler. He made a fortune out of the Nietzsche philosophy, and his native Irish wit and impudence imposed on a public innocent of the sources of his knowledge. But oh! the box-offices of this 'peasant lad' from Cork, this invincible pseudo-English slummocker, who sold his Celtic birth-right for a golden mess of British potage! Neither with Synge and Yates, nor with George Moore, Joyce or Stephens, will he be ranged, tho he had talent for fiction, witness his clever novels. And now after lecturing on the evil of being Bernard, let me say that the more I write about him the more I love him; as Oscar Wilde said—according to Vincent O'Sullivan—in reply to the question: 'Do you know George Moore?' 'Yes, I know George Moore, know him so very well that I haven't spoken to him for ten years.' I love Mr. Shaw the man, tho I dissemble my love, and I admire the

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THE "ACE" OF AMERICAN CRITICISM

James Huneker is a veritable avion, who in the long course of his critical career has set out on many adventures among masterpieces.

writer who succeeded in England where Ibsen and Nietzsche did not, while exploiting their genius to his own uses."

Of those very Irish and very quarrelsome letters Shaw wrote to Mr. Huneker, some are described as "Superman Billingsgate." In reality, he claims, Shaw is the perfect flowering of the individualist, the moral anarchist in action. "Shaw admits that he is as much of an anarchist as Max Stirner. Karl Marx he long ago repudiated."

"He would set up a pontifical throne

of his own. But he is only a condiment in the stodgy stew of British socialism, a flavor, nothing more. He is an enamel-plate Britisher. He posed as Rodin's 'Thinker' before Coburn's camera and his female admirers were disappointed. This Celtic Thersites is not in the Greek god class. His lack of virility permeates his dramatic characters; sexlessness is their sign, and while he justly derides the slimy sentimentality of English and American fiction and playwriting, yet if sex is missing all is missing. He mocks at my incorrigible romanticism, but if the wages of sin is death, the wages of goodness may be insipidity. Dostoevsky has pro-

foundly said that 'One must be really a great man to be able to make a stand even against common sense.' Shaw is too sensible. He thinks more of a drain-pipe than a cathedral; socialism is only another name for drain-pipes, and while modern man cannot live without them, by them alone he cannot live. And he has paid the penalty. It is vision, not open plumbing, that counts. Vision Bernard Shaw has not; in his heart is a box-office. He, the champion of liberty, is a philistine and a humbug. Little wonder I sent him a post-card from Sorrento in answer to his rakehell letters, and with this inscription: a tomb, and on it the words: 'Ci-git the first of the Shavians.' But I was not correct. There is only one and last Shavian, G. B. Shaw."

However, Mr. Huneker concludes his quotations from the letters Shaw addressed to him with a splendid, if qualified, tribute:

"In 'Iconoclasts' I have paid my tribute to the brilliant gifts of Mr. Shaw, to his invincible courage, love of his fellow beings—for if he chides us it is only to correct our weaknesses—his detestation of cruelty and injustice, his splendid sincerity and superabundance of normal sense—also to his sublime capacity for distorting facts if it suits his mood. With his cosmical intellect he should not be a mere playwright amusing an inconstant public with his profound japes and jests; he should be Premier, Pope, or Kaiser. I proffer no apologies for quoting him so freely; indeed, I think he should feel indebted to me for my generous spirit. But I'm quite sure he won't. Yet, as I have said before, I have no grievance against Mr. Shaw. He is, or was, my most distinguished 'enemy.' . . .

"I should not have resurrected these letters and memories if I had not been delving into the past, as I think it prudent to let sleeping Shavians lie; but when he is naughty he has to be rebuked even if he is a naughty grandfather, and the Gradgrind of British socialism, on whose banner is inscribed the strange device: Equality, Envy, Indigestion. Ah! if you had only come over here years ago, Master, we might have civilized, made something out of you, if only a Sachem in Tammany Hall."

TWO NEW VIEWS OF ROBINSON CRUSOE

MODERN thought is teaching us the importance of training the imaginative instinct in real education. In this training, declares a writer in the *London Nation*, there are fewer greater teachers of genius than the author of "Robinson Crusoe." A reading of the neglected second part convinces the English writer of Defoe's extraordinary power of molding his immediate environment, and even his personality, to his own legitimate purposes. "Surely the time has come,"

this writer exclaims, "to teach some of our teachers the road to success! . . . We should use the story as Defoe himself did, not only as an avenue through romance to the practicalities of life, but to the further division of all that is real in reality itself—thus getting at boyhood not only through work which he loathes, but through play which he loves." The tribute to the valuable but neglected second part of "Robinson Crusoe" proceeds:

"Like the second part of 'Faust' and the second edition of 'Hamlet,' the second

George Moore Disagrees With a Critic Who Says the Second Part of the Book is Neglected

part of 'Crusoe' was written late in the author's life when character had been mellowed and the surviving sparks of scattered vitality concentrated and fanned by the breath of Love into a soft and lambent flame.

"The serene soul that could portray his Spaniards as extraordinarily courteous and forbearing gentlemen at a time when the word Spaniard, not without show of reason, was an English byword for craft and cruelty, is only less marvelous than the insight that enabled the author to see into the heart of the English sailor of his time, the descendant of the buccaneers who sailed the Spanish

Main with Drake and Frobisher. The dialog between Will Atkins and his 'Indian' mistress, with Crusoe and the priest as concealed listeners; his appreciation of Atkins's value, once converted, as missionary; the dramatic power of the whole scene thrill one like the best bits of 'Pilgrim's Progress.'

"Space will only allow a reference to one more scene, but it is one which has a special appeal to our generation: I mean the scene in Madagascar where Crusoe describes his own mingled sensations and the difficulties he has with his crew at the sight of the deliberately tortured and mangled body of one of their comrades. When the neglectful school-boy opens the book and reads in the first sentence that Crusoe's name was really Kreutzner, and that his father came from Bremen, he may fling it aside with disdain. But if he will have the patience to read on he may be softened by the thought that Crusoe's mother was called Robinson, of a good Yorkshire family, and that his eldest brother was a lieutenant-colonel in an English regiment of Foot in Flanders, and was killed at the Battle of Dunkirk. Finally, if he can bear to realize that Crusoe represents some of our national virtues as they passed through the brain and into the life of a great imaginative Jew of English birth, he will, after all, place this wonderful play-book on the same shelf as his Bunyan, far above the novels of Disraeli, and not too far from the Book which helped to inspire all three."

In an "imaginary conversation," in which the speakers are Edmund Gosse and himself, George Moore pays a splendid tribute to the vitality of Robin-

son Crusoe, "the most English of all books." In this dialog—recently published in the *Dial*—George Moore declares to Mr. Gosse:

"It must be fifty years since I read Robinson Crusoe, but the construction of the first part of the story is so regular that it seems to me as if I could read the book in memory. The going back and forth on a raft to get food; the finding of the fowling pieces and cordials. How often did he mention that he had discovered a case of cordials? I used to wonder what cordials were, and why he attached so much importance to the finding of them, for I come of a family that has been sober for many generations. It seems to me that I remember his house and the building of the boat, and the current that nearly carried him out of sight of the island, for the boat could not be steered out of the current till he hoisted a sail. It was difficult for a child to comprehend how a sail that carried him more swiftly from the island than the current was doing could at the same time enable him to steer out of the current. He was almost out of sight of the island when he put up the sail and it was with a great relief that I read that the boat answered the helm as soon as her speed exceeded the speed of the current. The unfortunate Stevenson, who tried to write books of adventures, merely wrote a succession of accidents, but in Robinson Crusoe every incident is necessary; and every one is shapen perfectly, and fits into its place; at the right moment we are told that Crusoe's powder and shot began to run short, so instead of shooting the goats, he trapped them; the wild goats became tame and gave him

milk, and from the milk he may have made butter and cheese—I've forgotten. But he certainly made himself a suit of clothes out of goat skins, and what is wonderful in this adventure-story is the moral idea—man alone with Nature."

Mr. Moore disagrees absolutely with the writer of the London *Nation* who finds the second part of "Robinson Crusoe" so excellent. The first part of the story could not be improved, asserts George Moore, but the end is a sad spectacle for men of letters—"the uninspired trying to continue the work of the inspired." Moore argues in this imaginary dialog:

"GOSSE. It is quite true that very few people continue the book after Crusoe leaves the island, and your description of the uninspired trying to continue the work of the inspired must be accepted, I think, as a just criticism and judgment of the book's end; and I suppose I must allow that if a man cannot carry a book from start to finish without allowing his narrative to drop away, he cannot be looked upon as a genius of the first rank.

"MOORE. The man of talent may be inspired, but the moment of inspiration gone by, he writes like a dolt.

"GOSSE. Not so a man of genius; he always writes well; he never gives the show away. My apologies for the colloquialism so necessary for the occasion. I see you look upon the end of Robinson Crusoe as a complete failure.

"MOORE. An end that nobody reads cannot be looked upon as else than a failure, and the true end seems so obvious that I am puzzled."

WALT WHITMAN AND HIS 'NOBLEST WOMAN-FRIEND'

IN 1870, fifteen years after the first publication of "Leaves of Grass" and during a period in which Walt Whitman's literary fortunes were at a low ebb, the Boston *Radical* published a sensational article entitled "A Woman's Estimate of Walt Whitman." It was the finest, as it was the first, public tribute paid to the poet by a woman, and it was written by an Englishwoman, Mrs. Anne Gilchrist. Whitman himself called it "the proudest word that ever came to me from a woman—if not the proudest word at all from any source." But a tribute that, as some think, was even finer is contained in Mrs. Gilchrist's letters to the poet lately published* for the first time by one of Whitman's literary executors, Thomas B. Harned. A daughter of Mrs. Gilchrist's has written to the London *Nation* protesting against a characterization of these letters as "love letters," but that is exactly

what they are. Mr. Harned takes the position that the publication of this form of biographical material is "a well-established, if not a valuable, convention of letters." His decision to publish these particular letters, twenty-five years after they came into his possession, appeals to Bliss Perry, former editor of the *Atlantic Monthly* and one of the biographers of Whitman, as likely to win the approval of those whose judgment counts. "More 'intimate' and more noble revelations of a woman's heart," Professor Perry writes in the *New York Times Review of Books*, "have not often been committed to paper."

Mrs. Gilchrist was a friend of William Michael Rossetti's, and herself a woman of letters. Her husband, Alexander Gilchrist, had written the greater part of a biography of William Blake before his death at the age of thirty-one. She finished it after his death and had it published. Of their four children, one, Herbert Gilchrist, achieved distinction as an artist. The

A Story of Unreciprocated Love Which Ended in Loyal Comradeship

Gilchrists, during their early married life, lived next door to Thomas Carlyle in Cheyne Row, Chelsea. They were also admitted into the charmed circle which included Ruskin, Herbert Spencer, George Eliot, Tennyson and the Rossettis.

In 1869 Mrs. Gilchrist discovered William Rossetti's "Selections" from Whitman's poetry. The effect that the book had upon her was electrifying. "Since I have had it," she wrote Rossetti, "I can read no other book: it holds me entirely spellbound, and I go through it again and again with deepening delight and wonder." To this Rossetti responded: "Your letter has given me keen pleasure. That glorious man Whitman will one day be known as one of the greatest sons of Earth, a few steps below Shakespeare on the throne of immortality." A little later, Rossetti gave Mrs. Gilchrist a copy of the complete "Leaves of Grass." Her enthusiasm rose in a steady crescendo, and the poems that she admired the most were the very poems that had

* THE LETTERS OF ANNE GILCHRIST AND WALT WHITMAN. Edited, with an introduction, by Thomas B. Harned. Doubleday, Page & Co.

been most bitterly attacked on both sides of the Atlantic. Her letters to Rossetti were shaped, on the latter's suggestion, into the article that appeared in the Boston *Radical*, and Walt Whitman's heart was gladdened by what he described as a "burst of sunlight over the sea." Mrs. Gilchrist's own attitude toward the crusade on which she was entering was made clear in a passage in one of her letters to Rossetti in which she said: "I often feel as if my enterprise were very like Lady Godiva's—as if hers were indeed typical of mine. For she stripped the veil from woman's body for a good cause and I from a woman's soul for a great cause. And no man has ever dared to find any fault with her."

The first letter addressed to Whitman by Mrs. Gilchrist followed the receipt of a portrait and of a copy of "Leaves of Grass." Her first words were inspired by a passion that she took no pains to conceal. "A woman is so made," she writes, "that she cannot give the tender passionate devotion of her whole nature save to the great conquering soul, stronger in its powers, tho not in its aspirations, than her own. . . . This was what happened to me when I had read for a few days, nay, hours, in your books. It was the divine Soul embracing mine. I never before dreamed what love meant: nor what life meant." She continues:

"In May, 1869, came the voice over the Atlantic to me—O, the voice of my Mate: it must be so—my love rises up out of the very depths of grief and tramples upon despair. I can wait—any time, a lifetime, many lifetimes—I can suffer, I can dare, I can learn, grow, toil, but nothing in life or death can tear out of my heart the passionate belief that one day I shall hear that voice say to me: 'My Mate. The one I so much want. Bride, wife, indissoluble eternal!'"

Seven weeks later, in October, 1871, before she has heard from Whitman, she is still writing in the same spirit of utter abandon:

"Let me have one line, one word, of assurance that I am no longer hidden from you by a thick cloud—I from thee, not thou from me: for I that have never set eyes upon thee, all the Atlantic flowing between us, yet cleave closer than those that stand nearest and dearest around thee—love thee day and night:—last thoughts, first thoughts, my soul's passionate yearning toward thy divine Soul, every hour, every deed and thought—my love for my children, my hopes, aspirations for them, all taking new shape, new height through this great love. My Soul has staked all upon it . . .

"I am yet young enough to bear thee children, my darling, if God should so bless me. And would yield my life for this cause with serene joy if it were so appointed, if that were the price for thy having a 'perfect child'—knowing my darlings would all be safe and happy in thy loving care—planted down in America."

Whitman's first reply to these passionate letters is distant and reserved. He says that he has been busy and not in the best mood for writing:

"But I must at least show without further delay that I am not insensible to your love. I too send you my love. And do you feel no disappointment because I now write so briefly. My book is my best letter, my response, my truest ex-

has become reconciled to a relation of friendship, rather than of love, but her spirit is as intense as ever. What is more, she is gradually breaking down the barriers of Whitman's reserve and is talking of a trip to America to see him.

Whitman, in failing health, discouraged her plan to come to America, but she came, nevertheless; and now we get what is perhaps the strangest part of this strange story. Mrs. Gilchrist arrived with three of her children in Philadelphia in September, 1876. She rented a house in North Twenty-second Street. She lived there for two years. And in meeting her hero she learned how to establish a successful and harmonious relationship with him. She had given up, it seems, her passionate dreams, and was content to receive him as a dear and valued friend. He, on his side, respected a change of attitude that he himself had induced, and enjoyed the atmosphere of her home, in which all the local celebrities were gathered to meet him. From his modest quarters in Camden he made almost daily visits to her house, and when the time came for her to return to England, they parted with feelings of highest mutual respect. Whitman called her his "noblest woman-friend." "I have that sort of feeling about her which cannot easily be spoken of," he told Horace Traubel, "—love (strong personal love, too), reverence, respect—you see, it won't go into words: all the words are weak and formal." The correspondence between Whitman and Mrs. Gilchrist continued until the latter's death in 1885.

The question is bound to be asked, Why, if Whitman felt in this way, did he repulse Mrs. Gilchrist's advances? Mr. Harned answers:

"Perhaps the strongest reason why Whitman did not reply to passion with passion lies in the fact that his heart was, so far as attachments of that sort were concerned, already bestowed elsewhere. I am indebted to Professor Holloway for the information that Whitman was, in 1864, the unfortunate lover of a certain lady whose previous marriage to another, while it did not dim their mutual devotion, did serve to keep them apart. To her Whitman wrote that heart-wrung lyric of separation, 'Out of the rolling ocean, the crowd.' This suggests that there was probably a double tragedy, so ironical is the fate of affections, Anne Gilchrist and Walt Whitman both passionately yearning for personal love, yet unable to quench the one desire in the other."



WHITMAN'S FIRST WOMAN EULOGIST

Mrs. Anne Gilchrist, whose letters to Walt Whitman have just been published, is the author of the first and finest public tribute paid to the poet by a woman. She crossed the ocean to greet him and established herself in Philadelphia for two years. The above portrait is reproduced from a painting by her son, Herbert Gilchrist.

planation of all. In it I have put my body and spirit. You understand this better and fuller and clearer than any one else. And I too fully and clearly understand the loving letter it has evoked. Enough that there surely exists so beautiful and delicate a relation, accepted by both of us with joy."

"That word 'enough,'" she responds, "was like a blow on my breast to me." The tie between them, she proceeds, would not grow less but more beautiful if he knew her better. "But I cannot, like you, clothe my nature in divine poems, and so make it visible to you. Ah, foolish me!"

A few months later, as a result of a further interchange of letters, she

KIPLING AS THE GREATEST STORY-TELLER OF OUR TIME

PROBABLY the greatest English writer of short stories; conceivably, even, the greatest of all short-story writers, with the single exception of Chaucer, and the most powerful personality of all those who have expressed themselves in the short story,—Dr. Walter Morris Hart, of the University of California, makes this bold claim for Rudyard Kipling and defends it* with a thoroughness in detail that strikes a critic of the London *Athenæum* as "ultra-Teutonic." The London critic admits that he is not prepared to dispute the matter.

Dr. Hart pays no mere sentimental tribute to the genius of Rudyard Kipling. He attempts a judicial weighing of the evidence. The distinguishing mark of the short story, especially the modern short story, is, according to Dr. Hart, "the elaboration in brief and concrete narrative form of all possible story elements, of setting, of characters, emotions, motives, of plot, and of the attitude toward life which all these reveal or imply." It is with reference to this definition that Dr. Hart believes Kipling is greater than Poe, Stevenson, Guy de Maupassant, Bret Harte or any of his younger rivals. His is the genius of the short story. His greatness lies not in his reasoning powers, not in his interpretation of life, not in his sense of form, "but rather in his sense of fact, vivid, concrete, and humanly interesting; in an emotional or even a sensational appeal; and in intensity, in vital energy." The strength of his stories, moreover, does not lie in moral significance. As Dr. Hart explains:

"He has transcribed a vast deal of life, but he has found no clue to its meaning. The natural bent of his genius is observation, imagination, intensity, not thought, not intellect. This is not, of course, to say that he is lacking in intellectual powers. He is a genius. But he is not a genius as thinker, or even as poet or novelist of the primarily intellectual type. This is merely to state the sufficiently obvious fact that he is not a Carlyle, an Emerson, a Goethe, a George Eliot. His genius does not run to abstract reasoning; nor does it run to that other expression of intellect and judgment, to sense of form. I simply mean that his special strength does not lie in form; I mean that he is not for style an Addison; that he is not for structural technique a Poe or a Stevenson or a Mérimée or a Maupassant. The same forces which, in his character and in his education and training, made for Realism, for Romance, for Intensity, made against Realism.

In short, Kipling's powers have been creative rather than critical. Kipling reaches his high-water mark, the Cali-

fornia authority believes, in "They," the greatest story he ever wrote.

"They" is intimately and sacredly personal, a cry from the heart, not of Kipling the author or journalist or special correspondent, but of Kipling the man. It is not a self-portrait, yet a piece of sincere self-expression; not self-conscious, yet subjective. It is from this point of view that it must be studied. To understand it, one must remember that in 1899, four or five years before it was published, Kipling, during his own severe illness, lost by death his eldest daughter, then in her sixth year.

"This story, as I have said, is in my opinion Kipling's best; it is even one of the best in the English language. It fulfils all the requirements of short-story technique, and, more than this, it has



A GENIUS UNIQUE

Despite the fact that his work has often been spoiled by the bane of cheap sensationalism, Rudyard Kipling is acclaimed by Walter Morris Hart as the greatest modern teller of tales.

real human interest and significance. It marks the culmination of many lines of Kipling's work. In it intensity of emotion fuses imagination with sense of fact and of form, so that every element of the narrative is exquisitely elaborated, not for its own sake but with reference to its function in the story as a whole."

"They" seems to Dr. Hart the very apex of Kipling's mastery of lyrical, subjective and personal narrative. He makes an interesting comparison of this story and Chaucer's "Prioresses Tale":

"Both are stories of Our Lady, of miracles wrought through her mother-love; in both, children return from the dead; both are distinguished from other works of their author by a peculiar tenderness and delicacy of treatment, by the pathos involved in the death of a little child. These resemblances, however, serve but to sharpen the contrasts, the characteristic contrasts between the medieval and the modern. Where Kipling

Is He the Greatest Master of the Short Story Since Chaucer?

is subjective, personal—lyrical, in a word—Chaucer is impersonal and dramatic. It is not he but the Prioress who tells the tale. It is inspired by her religious feeling, by her desire that others shall share her complete belief. It is all clear, straight-forward; no melting outlines here; we know exactly what happened. The Prioress seeks to make her tale credible by emphasizing all its elements, making them as realistic as possible, and weaving them as completely and as carefully as she can into a web of effects and causes. Kipling, on the other hand, does not expect his readers to believe, literally, in such a thing as the return of the children to this heaven upon earth. In order not to repel us by a notion so manifestly incredible, he avoids stating it in any terms so crude as those I have just used; he shrouds it in mystery, dims and softens the outlines, makes subtle suggestions instead of precise statements. So that, while both are miracles and both aim at emotional effects, the Prioress tries to reach the emotions partly by way of the intellect; Kipling, directly; with him it does not matter whether our minds are convinced or not. Tho, of course, imaginatively, emotionally, Kipling believes just as absolutely in his own story as the Prioress believes in hers. Otherwise it would not affect us; it would leave us cold."

Dr. Hart rather carefully qualifies what might strike certain readers as overpraise of Rudyard Kipling's narrative powers. Thus, summing up the work of his first or "Indian" period, Dr. Hart notes:

"Formal excellence is with Kipling not a matter of sustained effort, of large planning, of the architecture of the whole. His special excellences are, precisely, not 'proportion, fitness, coherence, harmony, and the like.' Nor is there in his work any persistent attack on the special problems of short-story technique. Writing as a journalist he avoids subtleties, he utters direct comments and explanations and so spares his readers the trouble of drawing inferences. On the contrary, he hits them hard, knocks them down, chokes them with emotion. Writing for temporary effects, he does not concern himself with the things that are not noticed in a single rapid reading. Hence the familiar failure to hold the proper level of tone or impression or style, the curious descents to prose, the strange false connotations, by means of which Kipling contrives to belittle an impressive story as he tells it. . . . These are the qualities and defects of a genius whose natural bent, accentuated by training, is Sense of Fact, Imagination, Intensity, rather than Reason and Judgment."

The reviewer of the London *Athenæum* suggests as Kipling's rivals in the short-story the names of Edgar Allan Poe, R. L. Stevenson, Bret Harte, Henry James, Guy de Maupassant, and O. Henry, four of whom were Americans.

* KIPLING THE STORY-TELLER. By Walter Morris Hart. The University of California Press.

VOICES OF LIVING POETS

ONE of the first subjects discussed by the Poetry Society of America upon its formation eight years ago was, "Why Do the Newspapers Treat Poetry as a Joke?" Perhaps the best answer to such a question now would be, they don't. There has been a marked change in the attitude of the newspaper man in eight years and it is fair to assume that this indicates a marked change in the attitude of the public. A few weeks ago it was announced from Washington that the Provost Marshal-General had ruled that the writers of poetry, among others, were to be considered as persons "engaged in essential industries." What a chance for the breezy newspaper paragrapher? But he has failed to rise to the occasion, chiefly, perhaps, for the reason that the breezy newspaper paragrapher to-day is more than likely to be himself a poet and taking the art very seriously. What jibes there have been have been very mild and good-natured, and there have been many words in approbation of the Washington decision. The New York Tribune has an editorial entitled, "Of Course Poetry Is Essential," in which it says of the fugitive contributions of the poets to the newspapers:

"In sincerity of feeling, in felicity of construction, in beauty of expression, these utterances of poets known and unknown reveal a widely diffused talent, if no transcendent genius. And it is to be said that even where technical skill has been lacking the reality of the emotion behind the words has had a very genuine effect in uplifting the hearts or stiffening the courage of thousands of readers.

"Nor is this all. The craftsmen in this essential industry have not asked for exemption from the burdens of the time. Some of the best of this poetry of war has come from camp and field. Such brave examples of youth ready to sacrifice all as Rupert Brooke and Joyce Kilmer are easily paralleled among other poets in khaki, living and dead. A recent English anthology of verse written by soldiers contains much that reaches an extraordinarily high level. Indeed, the poet, by very reason of his imagination, is the least apt of men to linger behind when duty calls."

The Atlanta Constitution speaks its mind in much the same way. In an editorial entitled "The Essential Poet," it says:

"As to the 'work or fight' question, we know how the poets—master and minor alike—have been among the first in the fighting, up to the last sacrifice for some of them.

"They have the faith of their singing and are quick to make the deed speak for the dream.

"That has always been the way since the world had poets to speak what is in the world's heart.

"The point, however, is that, whether in the war or the home workaday world, the poet is, of right and necessity, an 'essential worker,' and when he sings straight to the hearts of the people, he becomes a force for the winning of the war."

At a momentous time when this country is having thrust upon it a degree of political, economic and moral leadership of the world that is very sobering to contemplate, it is reassuring to feel that we have in a measure outgrown the old Philistine attitude toward art in general and the poetic art in particular. It may help us in this respect to know that American poets are being taken quite seriously indeed on the other side. A writer in the London Saturday Review—W. Bryher—in an essay on "Some Essentials In Modern American Poetry," warns his British compatriots that poetic initiative and the forward impulse "are passing, unknown to England, into the vital hands of the younger American poets." He goes on to say:

"Inspiration here is a dead and lifeless thing. America is producing book after book of fresh and exultant vision, young as any Elizabethan, just as definitely original. The restless future is a willing captive in its hands. While we, in England, praise our immaturities, blind to outside loveliness, experiment with them is at point to pass into achievement. Vividness, vitality and concentration, beauty and originality of expression, if these are the essentials of modern poetry, and I believe they are, look for them in the work of Amy Lowell, H. D., John Gould Fletcher, Sandburg, Frost, and many another writer. What have we to put beside their strength, the audacity of their richness, but an apathy born of outworn tradition, some expression of a past we so imperfectly explore? It is not an hour for laughter, for indifference; the books are there, there is no barrier of language. Truly the time is ripe for a rediscovery of America."

Three of the five poets named by Mr. Bryher, namely, Amy Lowell, John Gould Fletcher and Carl Sandburg, have just published new volumes of their poetry and polyphonic prose. Gould's "Japanese Prints"—The Four Seas Company, Boston—we shall treat later. Miss Lowell's work consists of long polyphonic prose narratives that can not be adequately treated in this department. Sandburg's volume—

"Cornhuskers," published by Henry Holt and Company—is far the best work he has given us. The lyric quality of his work is much more evident than in his first book. The virility is still here but the note of brutality is less obtrusive and is dominated, when it does emerge, by the suggestion of beauty. Here are several of his smaller poems:

EARLY MOON.

BY CARL SANDBURG.

THE baby moon, a canoe, a silver papoose canoe, sails and sails in the Indian west.

A ring of silver foxes, a mist of silver foxes, sit and sit around the Indian moon.

One yellow star for a runner, and rows of blue stars for more runners, keep a line of watchers.

O foxes, baby moon, runners, you are the panel of memory, fire-white writing to-night of the Red Man's dreams.

Who squats, legs crossed and arms folded, matching its look against the moon-face, the star-faces, of the West?

Who are the Mississippi Valley ghosts, of copper foreheads, riding wiry ponies in the night?—no bridles, love-arms on the pony necks, riding in the night a long old trail?

Why do they always come back when the silver foxes sit around the early moon, a silver papoose, in the Indian west?

AUTUMN MOVEMENT.

BY CARL SANDBURG.

I CRIED over beautiful things knowing no beautiful thing lasts.

The field of cornflower yellow is a scarf at the neck of the copper sunburned woman, the mother of the year, the taker of seeds.

The northwest wind comes and the yellow is torn full of holes, new beautiful things come in the first spit of snow on the northwest wind, and the old things go, not one lasts.

FALLTIME.

BY CARL SANDBURG.

GOLD of a ripe oat straw, gold of a southwest moon, Canada thistle blue and flimmering larkspur blue,

Tomatoes shining in the October sun with red hearts, Shining five and six in a row on a wooden fence,

Why do you keep wishes on your faces all day long,

Wishes like women with half-forgotten lovers going to new cities?

What is there for you in the birds, the birds, the birds, crying down on the north wind in September, acres of birds spotting the air going south?

Is there something finished? And some new beginning on the way?

A series of poignant little lyrics appears in *Contemporary Verse* from the pen of Marguerite Wilkinson. They voice the grief of a woman who has missed the joys of motherhood. There are five in all. We reprint three:

SONGS OF AN EMPTY HOUSE.

BY MARGUERITE WILKINSON.

FOR THE CHILD THAT NEVER WAS.

O LITTLE hands that never were,
With apple petalled beauty made,
You might have held me close to joy
Whence I have strayed:

O little feet that never were,
Fashioned for tripping melody,
Your gladness might have kept me brave
On Calvary:

O little lips that would have drawn
White love to feed you from my breast,
You might have been my love itself
Made manifest.

O Child of mine, you never were—
No throes have thrilled me to rejoice—
You would have been my conquering soul,
My singing voice!

A CURSE.

BY MARGUERITE WILKINSON.

BRANCH of my beauty, wither and break!
You promised too much and you are too fair.
What has the sap wrought madly in you
That never a burden of fruit you bear?

Were the winds treacherous, shaking and rending?
Was the sun lecherous, searing your power?
Were the rains pitiless, bending and beating?
Came the frost white on the bud of the flower?

Hush! Sun and rain made pleasant your weather
Wild wind and frost were withheld for your sake
But you promised too much and no fruit will you gather,
Then break, withered branch of my beauty, break.

THE END.

BY MARGUERITE WILKINSON.

MY father got me strong and straight and slim,
And I give thanks to him.
My mother bore me glad and sound and sweet,
I kiss her feet!

But now, with me, their generation fails
And nevermore avails
To cast through me the ancient mold again,
Such women and men.

I have no son, whose life of flesh and fire
Sprang from my splendid sire;
No daughter for whose soul my mother's flesh
Wrought raiment fresh.

Life's venerable rhythms like a flood
Beat in my brain and blood,
Crying from all the generations past,
"Is this the last?"

And I make answer to my haughty dead,
Who made me, heart and head,
"Even the sunbeams falter, flicker and bend—
I am the end."

We voiced our protest several months ago because no publisher had given us a volume of poems written by Mary Carolyn Davies. We do not need to repeat the protest. Macmillan has just published a volume of war-poems by her entitled "The Drums In Our Street." We do not think her best work is in this volume, but it is well worth while, all the same. It gives us the point of view of one who stays at home and watches others go to the war. The note is intensely personal, but back of it always, emerging now and then like a clarion note, is the sense of patriotism and pride. For instance:

ENLISTED.

BY MARY CAROLYN DAVIES.

TWO weeks with you—two crazy weeks
Of joy at being alive, and being
Everything to each other, freeing
Each other from the bonds that hold
The spirit in from being bold
And ranging heaven unafraid!
For two wild, holy, reckless weeks
We laugh together, then war speaks.

War speaks, and calls your name, and you
Lift your head and are listening,
Loose my arms from your neck that cling,
And with all the ragged and reckless crew
Of the artists and poets and dreamers we knew
Down the long street you are marching—
you!

And I who have never learned to see
Your coat and hat on the old hall-tree,
Your tangling ties on my dresser here,
Your strange huge boots by my little shoes

Without a shamed and proud confusion—
I must see these now, and be stabbed anew
By each thing that ever was worn by you.

I must hear the hurdy-gurdy's groan
Outside of our window, and stand alone
And listen to all the tunes you know
Where I stood with you a week ago.
And every night again I must face
The others without you, chatting gay
At the artists' little eating-place.
How can I live these long hours through
Day after endless aching day?

But oh, I am proud, am proud of you!

We are glad to know that Joyce Kilmer's literary executor, Robert C. Holliday, has prepared a two-volume collection of his poems, essays and

letters which, with an intimate story of the poet's life, is to appear almost at once. The last poem written by Kilmer is a sonnet that reached his wife a few days before the news of his death came. It is printed in the *Saturday Evening Post*:

THE PEACEMAKER.

BY JOYCE KILMER.

UPON his will he binds a radiant chain.

For Freedom's sake he is no longer free.

It is his task, the slave of Liberty,
With his own blood to wipe away a stain.
That pain may cease he yields his flesh to pain.

To banish war he must a warrior be.
He dwells in night eternal dawn to see,
And gladly dies abundant life to gain.

What matters death if Freedom be not dead?

No flags are fair if Freedom's flag be furled.

Who fights for Freedom goes with joyful tread

To meet the fires of hell against him hurled,

And has for Captain Him whose thorn-wreathed head

Smiles from the Cross upon a conquered world.

It was said of one of our most successful political leaders that he campaigned "close to the ground." We think of that phrase whenever we read the *Midland Magazine*, which is not as widely known as it ought to be. It keeps on developing new poets who fly close to the ground. But they do fly. Here is one of three poems in a recent number by a writer whose name we do not remember to have seen before:

BLUE AND WHITE.

BY MARY WILLIS SHUEY.

SHE had a quilt all cut for her to piece

In tiny, even squares of white and blue,

It was all planned, all cut, all ready there,
And very little left for her to do.

But all her life was made in blue and white,

And every block exactly like the rest.
She knew just how the quilt was meant to look,

There never was a puzzle to be guessed.

And so she came to look, half envious,
At those who cut their own blocks,
without plan,

She longed to put in reds and greens and blacks,

To slash and slay the quilt that she began.

She made a quilt that all the world admired,

All tiny, even squares of blue and white,

When all her life she wanted crazy-quilts,

But never could be sure that they were
right.

Here is another series of three poems
taken from the *Midland* signed with an
unfamiliar name:

THREE POEMS.

BY SUSAN M. BOOGHER.

TROY.

WE all steal, Paris-like, the beauty
that to him
Was Helen,
And flee to fabled cities by for-
gotten seas
To dream. . . .
Until, from ramparts strange with dawn,
We too incredulous must watch
Avenging ships close in from alien seas.

DAMS.

I AM a lake
Held here with dams,
And quiet to the sky. . . .

Floods, little floods, flirt by me,
But my dams hold. . . .
And I say to myself
"It is not really a flood
If the dams hold." . . .
But sometimes, terror-still beneath the
sky,
I whisper
"Dams are stronger than floods!"

SILENCE.

NEVER before that silence
Had it been difficult
For us to span the deeps
With swaying bridges
Of light talk
Delicate and strong as steel suspensions

Flung across swift waters:
Never before that silence,—
When the cables of our banter
Would not hold between us. . . .

Was the murmuring garden
In the guilty moonlight,
Or the moment's silence we had built to-
gether
Amid the laughing throng
Our Judas?*

Between us in the moon-snow,
That little silence grew and deepened,
Strong and palpable as rising waters. . . .
And I lost you
In the waters of our silence,
You!
And all the fireflies of love
That had made magical
Our swaying bridges. . . .

The following poem, which we find
in the N. Y. *Evening Sun*, is full of
tender feeling:

POETS KILLED IN BATTLE.

BY DAVID MORTON.

LI FE had not paled for them: this is
the worst.
Still glad and eager, still un-
satisfied,
Keening to hunger, swift to sudden thirst
For more and more and more of life—
they died.
Their minds were thrilling daily at new
doors,
Their lips and fingers finding fresh de-
light;
They walked bewildered at earth's sweets
and stores
Through sunny mornings . . . then the
sudden night.

Surely within that clay some pulse must
hide,
The stricken dream a little while beat
on,
Some deep, impassioned hungers still
abide
For friend and face and field, for dusk
and dawn . . .
Ah, Earth and Sky, you that they loved
to praise,
Be tender with that dust for certain days.

Here (from the *Dial*) are vivid color
for you and a bold contrast:

VICTORY IN THE CABARETS.

BY LOUIS UNTERMEYER.

THE jazz band struck up Dixie . . .
I could see
A boy from Texas slipping down
a trench
While some gray phantom with a
grinding wrench
Twisted an arm and pulled its bayonet
free.
I saw a blur of mud and flies where three
Friends from the South had joked about
the stench.
And there, complaining of his lack of
French,
A Richmond black felt for his missing
knee.
The fife screamed Yankee Doodle . . .
and the throng
Danced to a ragtime patriotic air.
The martial fervor grew as several strong
And well-shaped girls not altogether
bare
Marched with toy guns and brought the
flag along,
While sixteen chorus men sang Over
There!

THE PRAYER OF THE MEN OF DALESWOOD

By LORD DUNSANY

[In this swift flashlight picture of the great European tragedy, selected from "Tales of War" (Little, Brown), Lord Dunsany succeeds remarkably well in revealing the depths of men's souls in time of stress. As Captain of the 5th Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers on active service, first in Gallipoli and now in France, the author has seen war in all its phases, and this little tale bears the sense of romance, the beauty of thought and the artistic expression characteristic of his previous work.]

HE said: "There were only twenty
houses in Daleswood. A place you
would scarcely have heard of. A
village up top of the hills.

"When the war came there was no
more than thirty men there between
sixteen and forty-five. They all went.

"They all kept together; same battalion,
same platoon. They was like that in
Daleswood. Used to call the hop pickers
foreigners, the ones that come from Lon-
don. They used to go past Daleswood,
some of them, every year, on their way
down to the hop fields. Foreigners they
used to call them. Kept very much to
themselves, did the Daleswood people.
Big woods all round them.

"Very lucky they was, the Daleswood
men. They'd lost no more than five killed
and a good sprinkling of wounded. But
all the wounded was back again with the
platoon. This was up to March when
the big offensive started.

"It came very sudden. No bombard-
ment to speak of. Just a burst of Tok
Emmas going off all together and lifting
the front trench clean out of it; then a
barrage behind, and the Boche pouring
over in thousands. 'Our luck is holding
good,' the Daleswood men said, for their
trench wasn't getting it at all. But the
platoon on their right got it. And it
sounded bad too a long way beyond that.
No one could be quite sure. But the
platoon on their right was getting it:
that was sure enough.

"And then the Boche got through them
altogether. A message came to say so.
'How are things on the right?' they said
to the runner. 'Bad,' said the runner,
and he went back, tho Lord knows
what he went back to. The Boche was
through right enough. 'We'll have to
make a defensive flank,' said the platoon
commander. He was a Daleswood man
too. Came from the big farm. He

slipped down a communication trench with
a few men, mostly bombers. And they
reckoned they wouldn't see any of them
any more, for the Boche was on the right,
thick as starlings.

"The bullets were snapping over thick to
keep them down while the Boche went
on, on the right: machine guns, of course.
The barrage was screaming well over and
dropping far back, and their wire was
still all right just in front of them, when
they put up a head to look. There was
the left platoon of the battalion. One
doesn't bother, somehow, so much about
another battalion as one's own. One's
own gets sort of homely. And there they
were wondering how their own officer
was getting on, and the few fellows with
them, on his defensive flank. The bombs
were going off thick. All the Daleswood
men were firing half right. It sounded
from the noise as if it couldn't last long,
as if it would soon be decisive, and the

battle be won, or lost, just there on the right, and perhaps, the war ended. They didn't notice the left. Nothing to speak of.

"Then a runner came from the left. 'Hullo!' they said, 'How are things over there?'"

"The Boche is through," he said. 'Where's the officer?' 'Through,' they said. It didn't seem possible. However did he do that? they thought. And the runner went on to the right to look for the officer.

"And then the barrage shifted further back. The shells still screamed over them, but the bursts were further away. That is always a relief. Probably they felt it. But it was bad for all that. Very bad. It meant the Boche was well past them. They realized it after a while.

"They and their bit of wire were somehow just between two waves of attack. Like a bit of stone on the beach with the sea coming in. A platoon was nothing to the Boche; nothing much perhaps just then to anybody. But it was the whole of Daleswood for one long generation.

"The youngest full-grown man they had left behind was fifty, and some one had heard that he had died since the war. There was no one else in Daleswood but women and children, and boys up to seventeen.

"The bombing had stopped on their right; everything was quieter, and the barrage further away. When they began to realize what that meant they began to talk of Daleswood. And then they thought that when all of them were gone there would be nobody who would remember Daleswood just as it used to be. For places alter a little, woods grow, and changes come, trees get cut down, old people die; new houses are built now and then in place of a yew tree, or any old thing, that used to be there before; and one way or another the old things go; and all the time you have people thinking that the old times were best, and the old ways when they were young. And the Daleswood men were beginning to say, 'Who would there be to remember it just as it was?'"

"THERE was no gas, the wind being wrong for it, so they were able to talk, that is if they shouted, for the bullets alone made as much noise as breaking up an old shed, crisper like, more like new timber breaking; and the shells of course was howling all the time, that is the barrage that was bursting far back. The trench still stank of them.

"They said that one of them must go over and put his hands up, or run away if he could, whichever he liked, and when the war was over he would go to some writing fellow, one of those what makes a living by it, and tell him all about Daleswood, just as it used to be, and he would write it out proper and there it would be for always. They all agreed to that. And then they talked a bit, as well as they could above that awful screeching, to try and decide who it should be. The eldest, they said, would know Daleswood best. But he said, and they came to agree with him, that it would be a sort of waste to save the life of a man what had had his good time, and they ought to send the youngest, and they would tell him all they knew of Daleswood before his time, and everything would be written down just the same and the old time remembered.

"They had the idea somehow that the women thought more of their own man and their children and the washing and what-not; and that the deep woods and

the great hills beyond and the ploughing and the harvest and snaring rabbits in winter and the sports in the village in summer, and the hundred things that pass the time of one generation in an old, old place like Daleswood, meant less to them than the men. Anyhow they did not quite seem to trust them with the past.

"The youngest of them was only just eighteen. That was Dick. They told him to get out and put his hands up and be quick getting across, as soon as they had told him one or two things about the old time in Daleswood that a youngster like him wouldn't know.

"Well, Dick said he wasn't going, and was making trouble about it, so they told Fred to go. Back, they told him, was best, and come up behind the Boche with his hands up; they would be less likely to shoot when it was back towards their own supports.

"FRED wouldn't go, and so on with the rest. Well, they didn't waste time quarreling, time being scarce, and they said what was to be done? There was chalk where they were low down in the trench, a little brown clay on the top of it. There was a great block of it loose near a shelter. They said they would carve with their knives on the big boulder of chalk all that they knew about Daleswood. They would write where it was and just what it was like, and they would write something of all those little things that pass with a generation. They reckoned on having the time for it. It would take a direct hit with something large, what they call big stuff, to do any harm to that boulder. They had no confidence in paper, it got so messed up when you were hit; besides, the Boche had been using thermite. Burns, that does.

"They'd one or two men that were handy at carving chalk; used to do the regimental crest and pictures of Hindenburg, and all that. They decided they'd do it in reliefs.

"They started smoothing the chalk. They had nothing more to do but just to think what to write. It was a great big boulder with plenty of room on it. The Boche seemed not to know that they hadn't killed the Daleswood men, just as the sea mightn't know that one stone stayed dry at the coming in of the tide. A gap between two divisions probably.

"Harry wanted to tell of the woods more than anything. He was afraid they might cut them down because of the war, and no one would know of the larks they had had there as boys. Wonderful old woods they were, with a lot of Spanish chestnut growing low, and tall old oaks over it. Harry wanted them to write down what the foxgloves were like in the wood at the end of summer, standing there in the evening, 'Great solemn rows,' he said, 'all odd in the dusk. All odd in the evening, going there after work; and makes you think of fairies.' There was lots of things about those woods, he said, that ought to be put down if people were to remember Daleswood as it used to be when they knew it. What were the good old days without those woods? he said.

"BUT another wanted to tell of the time when they cut the hay with scythes, working all those long days at the end of June; there would be no more of that, he said, with machines come in and all.

"There was room to tell of all that and the woods too, said the others, so long as they put it short like.

"And another wanted to tell of the valleys beyond the wood, far afield where the men went working; the women would remember the hay. The great valleys he'd tell of. It was they that made Daleswood. The valleys beyond the wood and the twilight on them in summer. Slopes covered with mint and thyme, all solemn at evening. A hare on them perhaps, sitting as tho they were his, then lolling slowly away. It didn't seem from the way he told of those old valleys that he thought they could ever be to other folk what they were to the Daleswood men in the days he remembered. He spoke of them as tho there were something in them, besides the mint and the thyme and the twilight and hares, that would not stay after these men were gone, tho he did not say what it was. Scarcely hinted it even.

"And still the Boche did nothing to the Daleswood men. The bullets had ceased altogether. That made it much quieter. The shells still snarled over, bursting far, far away.

"And Bob said tell of Daleswood itself, the old village, with queer chimneys, of red brick, in the wood. There weren't houses like that nowadays. They'd be building new ones and spoiling it, likely, after the war. And that was all he had to say.

"AND nobody was for not putting down anything any one said. It was all to go in on the chalk, as much as would go in the time. For they all sort of understood that the Daleswood of what they called the good old time was just the memories that those few men had of the days they had spent there together. And that was the Daleswood they loved, and wanted folks to remember. They were all agreed as to that. And then they said how was they to write it down. And when it came to writing there was so much to be said, not spread over a lot of paper I don't mean, but going down so deep like, that it seemed to them how their own talk wouldn't be good enough to say it. And they knew no other, and didn't know what to do. I reckon they'd been reading magazines and thought that writing had to be like that muck. Anyway, they didn't know what to do. I reckon their talk would be good enough for Daleswood when they loved Daleswood like that. But they didn't, and they were puzzled.

"The Boche was miles away behind them now, and his barrage with him. Still in front he did nothing.

"They talked it all over and over, did the Daleswood men. They tried everything. But somehow or other they couldn't get near what they wanted to say about old summer evenings. Time wore on. The boulder was smooth and ready, and that whole generation of Daleswood men could find no words to say what was in their hearts about Daleswood. There wasn't time to waste. And the only thing they thought of in the end was 'Please, God, remember Daleswood just like it used to be.' And Bill and Harry carved that on the chalk between them.

"What happened to the Daleswood men? Why, nothing. There came one of them counter-attacks, a regular bastard for Jerry. The French made it and did the Boche in proper. I got the story from a man with a hell of a great big hammer, long afterwards when that trench was well behind our line. He was smashing up a huge great chunk of chalk because he said they all felt it was so damn silly."

WARTIME NEEDS OF THE NATION

WORKING TO PUT THE CRIPPLED SOLDIER BACK ON HIS FEET

By WILLIAM HARPER DEAN

November has witnessed another great Red Cross drive for funds with which to prosecute its monumental work on American as well as foreign soil. This work will be more and more reconstructive in character. An important branch of it has to do with fitting blind or crippled soldiers for farming and other manual labor; and the following article by a member of the American Red Cross staff tells what is being done by the organization in France preparatory to applying the same methods to the home-coming American soldier whose body may be broken in battle.

WHAT condition will France be in agriculturally as well as industrially after the war? With her manpower fearfully reduced in all ranks, the peasantry not excepted, and with a heavy percentage of the living without arms, some without legs, some blind—how can France feed herself from her own soil? This is one of the colossal problems facing our sister republic now and one that will be far more acute after the declaration of peace. It is true that the greater proportion of French crops after the war must be planted and harvested by crippled ex-soldiers. And what is true of France will be true to varying extents of the other nations at war, including America. France is preparing to meet this condition before it actually becomes a pressing national reality. Scattered over the French Republic are special training-schools where wounded soldiers are being reeducated along lines to which their natural bent and physical condition best qualify them. A man who

before the war was a farmer naturally wants to go back to farming, but if he has lost both legs, say, it is well-nigh impossible for him to follow this work even with the most cleverly-made artificial limbs. But this same man can be trained to become a good harness-maker or a weaver of baskets for farm produce, for instance. A man with both arms lost in battle still can go back to the soil; he can be fitted with artificial arms and trained to use them even to the extent of spading, loading hay or wielding a scythe in the fields. With one leg gone he can be made into an expert tractor operator.

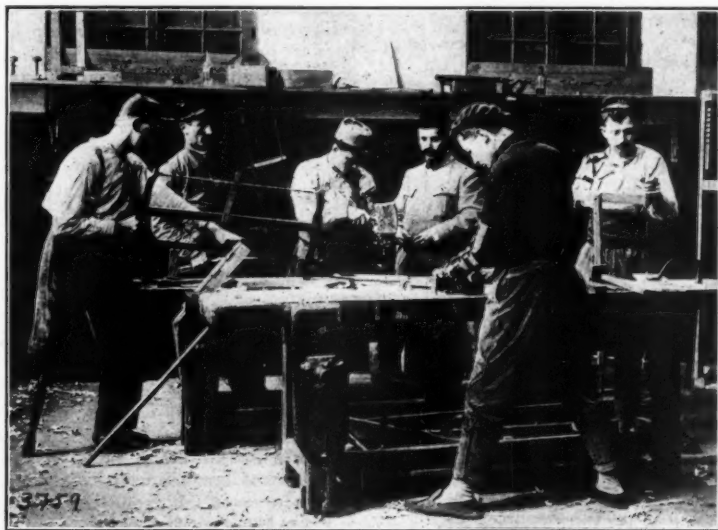
It is along this line of selection that the French Government is working with their *mutilés* in the vocational and reeducational schools set up over France for the salvaging of those who have sacrificed their bodies for the defense of liberty. Between sixty-five and seventy-five per cent. of the total numbers of maimed men from the French fronts are of the farming class. Courses of from six to ten weeks are given these men in sheep-

raising, gardening, general farming, dairy work and bee-keeping. In some fourteen schools special courses are offered for the training of tractor operators, for with the increasing shortage of man-power threatening the production of food, France has had to turn to the tractor. Wounded soldiers as well as those whole in body and limb plow with tractors under the range of German batteries. From six weeks to two months of training usually equips these men to qualify as experienced tractor drivers or tractor mechanics.

As fast as these men become experienced in driving and repairing tractors, the French Ministry of Agriculture places them in units which are cultivating land just behind the front, in the devastated sections of northern France or even in the interior where the farm labor has been called to the colors and much of the land lies idle. Many are applied for by large-scale farmers who have lost all their help. There is no dearth of employment for these men, nor does a whole-limbed man compete seriously with them. The French Government sees to it that when they leave the training-centers they are thoroly efficient.

In addition to this training the Government is considering a number of measures which have been introduced in the Chamber of Deputies providing easier credit terms for such men in buying land and equipping it for farming. Ordinary agricultural credit in France is not considered sufficiently liberal to meet the tremendous demand in sight from *mutilés* who have lost practically everything, but who have an overwhelming ambition to obtain land which they can call their own and where they can use their artificial arms and legs for creating a homestead and a little legacy for their children.

With long-range vision the American Red Cross in France has been making a careful study of these French reeducational centers for the training of war-maimed men. It is doing this with a view to cooperating with our Govern-



THERE ARE MANY CARPENTER SHOPS LIKE THIS IN FRANCE
The American Red Cross is making a careful study of French reeducational centers for the training of war-maimed men.

ment in refitting crippled American soldiers for work to which they are best adapted physically and temperamentally. Already the Red Cross has taken over a well-equipped farm of five hundred acres in Touraine, one of the most fertile sections of France, and close by Chenonceaux. This farm was placed at the disposal of the Red Cross by its owner. On it is being established an agricultural training station for *mutilés*. The lay of the land admirably adapts it to the use of tractors and other motor-driven farm machinery which the Red Cross is using wherever possible as a substitute for hand labor. A model dairy barn is being established and stocked under the direction of a Professor of Animal Husbandry from one of the largest agricultural colleges in the United States. A French director with an all-French staff of assistants has been secured for training the cripples in the most modern systems of farming, including stock-raising and poultry-keeping. Workshops will supplement this training by instruction in basket-making, harness-repairing, carpentry

and machine work. This work naturally will be of great help to the already existing French organization for handling the problem of its returned sol-



MUTILÉS MOWING HAY WITH MECHANICAL ARM APPARATUS
Thousands of French soldiers equipped with artificial limbs are working in the fields as courageously as they fought in the trenches.

HOW ENORMOUS QUANTITIES OF FOOD ARE NEEDLESSLY WASTED

WE are informed that the people of the United States have so far saved more food voluntarily than any other people have done under compulsion. The Food Administration in a remarkably short time has changed the eating habits of the entire nation, and we are facing an actual pinch in no sense, provided the good work continues. Just how the little savings mount up is apparent from the fact that if each American family saves one ounce of meat daily it means 465,000,000 pounds annually; one slice of bread saved each day means 365,000,-

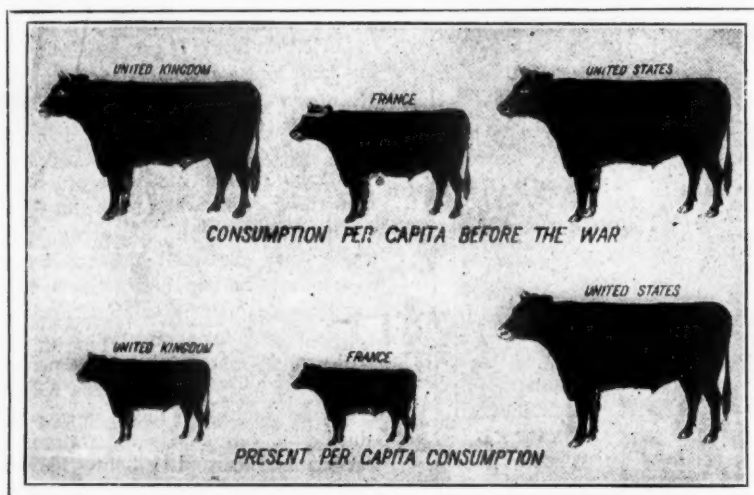
000 loaves a year; one piece of butter saved daily amounts to 114,000,000 pounds annually; a cup of milk saved each day means 912,000,000 quarts, or the product of 400,000 cows each year. As a writer, Floyd W. Parsons, points out in the *Saturday Evening Post*, effective service can be rendered in a no more important way than through close and closer supervision of vegetable waste and garbage. Study these startling figures:

"Of cities with a population of more than 100,000, twenty-five throw away \$2,400,000 worth of grease, \$1,000,000 worth of tankage, 8,000,000 pounds of glycerin and 200,000,000 pounds of soap-

Food Administration Tells How Housewives, Farmers and Others Can Help Fight the Hun

making material. Twenty-nine, with a total population of 17,000,000, discard annually 1,000,000 tons of garbage, which would produce 70,000,000 pounds of grease, valued at \$8,500,000, and 150,000 tons of fertilizer, valued at \$2,250,000. Excluding cities of 100,000 population and over, the garbage wasted would produce annually 120,000,000 pounds of pork, worth \$20,000,000 at prevailing prices. The output of glycerin in garbage now wasted would supply 8,000,000 pounds of nitroglycerin annually and would yield soap stock for the manufacture of 200,000,000 commercial cakes of soap weighing twelve ounces each. Every city should have its own reduction plant and save this enormous waste. In the matter of vegetable waste one of our leading chemists after conducting an exhaustive investigation says that there is marked fertilizing value in such common refuse as banana peels, orange peels, grapefruit peels, lemon peels, apple parings, cantaloup rinds, potato parings, pea pods, bean strings and stems, tea leaves, coffee grounds, eggshells, bones, peanut shells, tobacco and fruit stones. When spaded into the soil they give not only chemical plant food but valuable humus. Much of our kitchen waste is valuable food for poultry.

"Another serious food problem deals with the question of feed for our horses. Twenty-seven million horses are literally eating their heads off in the United States to-day. One horse consumes hay enough to supply a cow, and one cow furnishes milk and butter enough for a whole family of children. The oats and corn fed to a horse will supply cereals and flour for a family. Every motor truck that supplants three or four horses solves the food prob-



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lem for at least two families. Every automobile that releases horses now used for passenger travel or that aids the railroads accomplishes a similar service."

It is interesting to note in this connection that a movement is on foot to condemn horses that are defective and have no market value. Most of them can be utilized for food and in addition would afford a greatly increased supply of oil, leather and glycerin. Every crippled horse kept by its owner in the hope of recovery consumes in weight eight times as much food a day as would sustain a man. Furthermore:

"We have more than 400,000,000 acres of unimproved land in this country, and our farmers are making great strides toward getting a considerable part of it under cultivation. It is estimated that the land occupied by one average stump will produce twenty-five to fifty cents worth of food a year. There is the closest kind of relationship to-day between the man with a gun and the acre with a crop."

It is admitted, however, that the war has caused the American farmer to correct many sources of waste which a few years ago were considered negligible. As an instance:

"Twenty million dollars was saved last year in Kansas alone by cleaner wheat threshing. To encourage cleaner threshing and to educate wheat farmers to the value of going over the fields a second time and of rethreshing straw in the stacks, the Food Administration has organized a Grain Threshing Division. It has added millions of bushels of wheat to the supply available for threshing and has added millions of dollars to the pocketbooks of American farmers. In Kansas at least 3,500,000 bushels were saved by raking and cleaning up the fields, through tight-bottom bundles and wagons, and through inspection and repair of machines. In addition to this the conservation of wheat previously wasted in the straw stacks and not cleaned up round the threshing machines was estimated at more than 5,000,000 bushels."

Reverting to the kitchen, where



American wastefulness has become notorious, a bulletin is issued by the Food Administration complaining to housekeepers and warning them, among other things, that:

"Monotony in diet spoils the appetite and digestion and wastes the food cooked, for it is refused. But sometimes it is well to cook in large quantities, for many things need hours on the stove and it is as cheap to cook much as little. For instance, it takes no more fuel to cook three pounds of prunes than to cook half a pound. . . . Cheese is kept in a damp place and becomes covered with mold. A cup of peas or beans, a spoonful of this or that vegetable, bones and scraps, left-over gravies, go with crusts and bits of bread into the garbage pail. Milk and cream sour for lack of attention, and are turned out. Fruit juices are turned down the sink. Potatoes are pared so generously that more goes with the peeling than into the pot. Bacon fat is turned into the sink, thus disposing of one of the best and most useful fats by stopping up the drainage. Boxes of tea, coffee and spices are left open and the flavor of each is gone; sugar, tea, coffee, rice and flour are spilled and wasted in handling; brooms and mops are

worn out by being set on the floor. Tin dishes are not properly dried or are melted by being set on the stove to dry. New brooms are used for scrubbing and sweeping paths. Silver spoons are taken for scraping kettles. Sometimes they disappear in the garbage. Steel knives lose their handles by being soaked in hot water. Mustard is left to dry in the pot; pickles and olives spoil for want of fresh brine. Woodenware is left unscalded and warps, or it splits from being dried in a hot place. Ammonia and other volatile substances are left loosely corked and evaporate. Clothes are washed with strong washing powder or chloride of lime, lye or soda, and come out rotted and faded. Clothes in one washing have been perforated with tiny holes from chloride of lime washing powder."

Few persons, the bulletin concludes, waste on a wholesale scale, but millions of housewives are still chronic wasters in small ways. The Woolworth Building, as the megaphone man emphasizes, was built from five and ten-cent pieces—and this is cited as an object lesson to twenty million American families.

WHY THE WAR LIBRARY FUND NEEDS \$3,500,000 FOR BOOKS

IT is becoming more and more evident as the war progresses and as reports come back from the American Expeditionary Forces in France, as well as from the training camps in this country, that the American Army is a "reading army" and that the boys in trench and camp are "reading far less for recreation than the average citizen reads." Fiction is declared to be less than fifty per cent. of the reading matter in circulation, while in the average public library seventy per cent. of the total is so classified. This explains why the

American Library Association needs \$3,500,000, the apportionment granted it out of the fund of \$170,500,000 being raised in the present Welfare Drive. The books that the soldiers are asking for and that the Government is asking the Library Association to supply, writes Frank Parker Stockbridge in *War Libraries*, official organ of the Association, are "technical books, scientific works, text-books of every kind, books on history, books on foreign languages—in short, the whole list of books that can be classified as educational." The average private library

Fiction in Less Demand By Soldiers Than More Solid Reading Matter

from which voluntary donations are being made is not sufficiently up to date in books of this class to provide the soldier with what he wants. In *War Libraries* we read:

"Of course there are some standardized sciences in which the book issued ten or fifteen or even fifty years ago is as valuable as the most recent one, but there are very few sciences, and none of the arts, in which the old book is of current value. There has been no change in the propositions of Euclid, and the standard works on trigonometry and higher algebra do not need to be of the 1918 edition. But when we have to provide a book on the psy-

chology of color for the use of the camouflage corps, it has to be a new book. The chemistry of high explosives is a subject on which we can not get books from the 'average man's book-shelves.' Neither do the 'average man's book-shelves' yield books to meet such demands as that which one of our librarians recently encountered, from a Greek soldier who wanted a book to help him teach an Italian soldier how to read English. . . . From a southwestern camp a few days ago came the report that the draft had brought in thousands of Mexicans who could not read English, and a demand for the immediate shipment of books in Spanish. We supplied the demand, but of course we had to buy the books, as we have to buy the books in Yiddish, Polish, Lithuanian, French, Italian, German, Scandinavian, Russian, Chinese, Arabic, and the other languages making up the forty different tongues in our polyglot Army, for all of which we endeavor to supply the reading need."

To transport reading-matter the Government allows the Y. M. C. A. cargo space for fifty tons a month,

about 100,000 volumes. But, we are told, Sammy is a bookworm and needs twice that number. So Y. M. C. A. and Knights of Columbus secretaries on board transports take over, in addition, as many packages as the captains will permit. Also they take the magazines on which the donors place one-cent stamps. As to the distribution and use of books on the other side:

"On each volume is a bookplate which General Pershing has signed, reading as follows: 'These books come overseas from home. To read them is a privilege; to restore them promptly, unabused, a duty.' Inside the cover of each volume is the regulation library pocket for a card for the name of the man who borrows it, and the usual fly-leaf record. There is the usual rule that books may not be kept out longer than four or five days, but the army readers usually return the volumes in three days. In a collection of three thousand volumes which were turned over every three days, only ten or twelve books were lost in a period of several months.

Signs on the library walls explain the difficulty of getting books to France and ask the soldiers to 'play square with the other fellow.' And the soldier has played square."

Recently, we read in this connection, the Y. M. C. A. in Paris sent a photographer to take a picture of a soldier reading a book, to show the folks back home that their contributions were appreciated. The Paris secretary who gave the order was delighted to see, when the print was made, a photograph of a soldier reading "Robinson Crusoe." He had selected several copies of the Defoe classic for this library and gloated over the proof of his good judgment. To his chagrin the photographer explained that the soldier who posed had taken the only book left in the library excepting four other copies of the same desert-island story which, in all probability, every boy had read in early youth.

9,000,000 MORE WAR WORKERS ARE NEEDED IN FACTORIES

AS nearly three million men move into the army training camps as a result of the new draft, there must be another mobilization quite as necessary to the winning of the war. To supply the new army it is estimated that nine million workers must be added to the millions already employed in shops and factories. This great army of workers must be trained just as the army of fighters is to be trained. For this purpose the Government has provided the new Training and Dilution Service of the Department of Labor, with Charles T. Clayton as director. This service will assist all departments of the Government and also will help industries engaged in war production to obtain trained workers. Advices from the Department of Labor state:

"The country is divided into districts which vary in size according to the number of plants concentrated in certain areas. In each district a superintendent of training has been appointed and he is intrusted with the responsibility of working out the helpful methods devised by the Director of the Training and Dilution Service. In each district consideration is given to the facilities for training workmen and the best methods of dilution. A careful study is made of the supply-and-demand problem in its special application to the plants to be aided. Wherever necessary, improvements in organization that will increase output through better working conditions are suggested. The best ideas that are the result of experiments which have been successful are presented. Where training rooms have not been established, courses of instruction are prepared and even conducted, either independently or in cooperation with the Federal Board for

Labor Leaders are Cooperating With the Government in a Huge Industrial Mobilization

Vocational Education. All arms of the Government are supporting the new service vigorously, and a close connection has been formed with all production departments, including the Ordnance, the Quartermaster's, and the Air Service of the Army and Navy. Prompt action is thus assured when war contractors encounter any special difficulties that may be relieved through the training of workers."

It also is stated that leaders of organized labor have aided generously in this changing of unskilled into skilled labor. They are assured of general protection to wage-earners against exploitation through unnecessary dilution of labor, as well as the guarding of established trade customs and standards against needless relaxation. All in all the industrial is quite as promising as the military outlook.

MEN MUST QUIT EVERY JOB THAT WOMEN CAN FILL

DRASTIC instructions intended to force men in increasing numbers out of non-essential employment have been issued by the United States Employment Service. It has ordered all state departments of labor and community labor boards to publish in every town and city lists of non-essential positions now held by men that could be filled by women. As a result:

"Men failing or refusing to get out of

such positions of their own accord and take up essential work will be looked upon as slackers. The order is intended to force the hand of both non-essential labor and the employers thereof. The lists include clerks and office help, ticket-sellers of all kinds, attendants and similar occupations. This is in line with Gen. Crowder's 'work or fight' order, with the instructions already issued for the placing of women in industry, with the order of the War Industries Board stopping unnecessary construction, with the action limiting bank loans and the taking of raw materials from non-essential industries."

Employers as Well as Male Employees Face Punishment as Slackers in Drastic Order

This order, we read, may ultimately become the most drastic of all for community labor boards. It insists that no man shall occupy a position which a woman can fill. "This nation must work or fight, and the order is made necessary because employers of non-essential labor have in many cases failed to meet the issue squarely." Publication of the lists is to be progressive in character, with the lines drawn tighter daily as various occupations are combed for men.



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THE INDUSTRIAL WORLD

ONLY 150,000 AMERICAN FAMILIES ENJOY \$10,000 A YEAR INCOMES

A STRIKING fact developed in connection with the Fourth Liberty Loan is that of the 23,500,000 family groups into which our 106,000,000 population naturally falls, only 150,000 families in the United States enjoy incomes in excess of \$10,000 a year. Still more striking are the facts that 23,140,000 families having incomes of \$5,000 or less receive seventy-six per cent. of the estimated national income of sixty billion dollars and 21,175,000 of these families—having incomes of \$2,000 or less—are credited with receiving over two-thirds of the entire national income.

While the banks and corporations, together with families and individuals of great wealth, are called upon to do their full share to the extent of contributing \$6,000,000,000, or one-fourth of the entire \$24,000,000,000 required to carry the war through its fifth year, the outstanding fact is that for more than a fifth of the amount required, or \$5,000,000,000, the Government must look to families receiving incomes of \$2,000 or under. These illuminating figures are compiled by the Bankers' Trust Company, of New York, and they comprehend an average of four persons to a family. Following is a retabulation of the most important items. To study the table, find your family income in column I. Multiply by the percentage in column II. Deduct your income-tax liability. The balance will be the quota of bonds to be bought during the fifth year of the war, ending next August. Take one-third of the amount this time. For example:

Income, \$5,000. Multiply by
28% \$1,400.00
Deduct income-tax (new bill) 180.00
Balance for bonds, one year.. \$1,220.00
Fourth Loan—one-third, say. 400.00

Family Income Group	Average Percentage Contributable by each Family in Group	Average Amount Contributable by each Family in Group
\$1,000—2,000	11.00	209
2,001—3,000	18.50	518
3,001—4,000	24.50	931
4,001—5,000	28.00	1,316
5,001—6,000	31.50	1,795
6,001—7,000	33.60	2,184
7,001—8,000	36.00	2,700
8,001—9,000	38.00	3,230
9,001—10,000	40.00	3,800

10,001—15,000	43.60	5,460
15,001—20,000	47.75	8,356
20,001—25,000	50.50	11,363
25,001—30,000	52.75	14,506
30,001—40,000	55.50	19,425
40,001—50,000	58.00	26,100
50,001—60,000	59.75	32,862
60,001—70,000	61.25	39,812
70,001—80,000	62.50	46,875
80,001—90,000	63.50	53,973
90,001—100,000	64.50	61,275
100,001—150,000	66.50	81,795
150,001—200,000	69.25	120,495
200,001—250,000	79.80	159,300
250,001—300,000	72.20	199,994
300,001—400,000	73.60	253,920
400,001—500,000	75.30	337,344
500,001—1,000,000	77.80	531,374
1,000,001—1,500,000	80.40	889,224
1,500,001—2,000,000	82.50	1,403,325
2,000,001—3,000,000	84.20	2,070,478
3,000,001—4,000,000	85.75	2,966,092
4,000,001—5,000,000	86.75	3,915,895
5,000,001—and over	90.00	9,255,000

This table simply comprehends the Liberty Loan, and it is assumed that the heavy burden of direct taxation will be borne by corporations, banks and individuals in receipt of greater incomes. It is expected that three to three and a half billion dollars will be provided by receipts from customs, excess postage, excise taxes and other forms of indirect taxation. We read:

"The corporations after paying their taxes estimated at four billions, paying, say, three billions in dividends, and keeping up their properties have comparatively small amounts left to invest in bonds. Probably not more than a billion dollars in bonds can be taken by corporations other than banks, for permanent investment holding. It is thought, tho, that corporations will find it advantageous to buy at least another billion of bonds with funds set aside for use in making deferred repairs and renewals of plant. In many cases such renewals can advantageously be deferred until such a time as costs of labor and materials are more nearly normal. In the meantime the money will be in the service of the Government, bringing in a good interest return, with some important tax abatements. It is assumed that the banks in addition to meeting their share of corporate taxation can take care of, say, five and a half billion bonds either by direct purchase or by loans thereon. This will leave about nine billion dollars of the burden to be borne by families and individuals. It ought not to be especially burdensome to do this, because such incomes, especially those in the lower ranges, are, comparatively speaking, to be very lightly taxed, as it is proposed to take

Other Startling Facts are Divulged by the Liberty Loan and War Charity Drives

only about one and a half billion in taxes from individual incomes."

A glance at this chart will show how lightly the tax burden is placed upon those in receipt of smaller incomes and what a large percentage those having the larger incomes are expected to pay:

INCOMES CONTRIBUTABLE TO TAXES, LIBERTY BONDS AND WAR CHARITIES.

Family Income Groups	% U. S. Tax	% Taxes and Bonds	% War Charities
\$1,000—2,000		11.00	.35
2,000—3,000	1.20	18.50	.59
3,000—4,000	2.00	24.50	.78
4,000—5,000	3.00	28.00	.89
5,000—6,000	3.60	31.50	1.02
6,000—7,000	4.33	33.60	1.09
7,000—8,000	5.71	36.00	1.16
8,000—9,000	6.81	38.00	1.22
9,000—10,000	7.72	40.00	1.26
10,000—15,000	8.45	43.60	1.37
15,000—20,000	11.97	47.75	1.50
20,000—25,000	14.48	50.50	1.59
25,000—30,000	16.98	52.75	1.64
30,000—40,000	18.65	55.50	1.72
40,000—50,000	21.99	58.00	1.77
50,000—60,000	24.99	59.75	1.84
60,000—70,000	28.16	61.25	1.87
70,000—80,000	31.26	62.50	1.91
80,000—90,000	34.12	63.50	1.94
90,000—100,000	36.75	64.50	1.95
100,000—150,000	39.10	66.50	2.01
150,000—200,000	46.73	69.25	2.08
200,000—250,000	50.55	70.80	2.12
250,000—300,000	53.00	72.20	2.16
300,000—400,000	55.03	73.60	2.20
400,000—500,000	57.60	75.30	2.22
500,000—1,000,000	59.42	77.80	2.31
1,000,000—1,500,000	64.71	80.40	2.44
1,500,000—2,000,000	66.00	82.50	2.54
2,000,000—3,000,000	67.00	84.20	2.65
3,000,000—4,000,000	68.50	85.75	2.72
4,000,000—5,000,000	69.50	86.75	2.79
5,000,000—and over	70.54	90.00	2.97

Bankers' Trust statisticians estimate that the direct money cost of the war thus far has been about \$145,000,000,000, something over two-thirds borne by the Allies and about one-third by the Teutonic nations. The budget for this year calls for approximately \$50,000,000,000, of which England is to provide \$14,464,000,000, France \$11,387,000,000 and the United States \$24,000,000,000.

The Chinese Government has made an agreement with the English Marconi Company to purchase wireless telephones at a price of \$1,500,000. The telephones are to be delivered within nine months. The price will be deducted from a loan of \$3,000,000 at eight per cent.

THE CASE OF THE FARMER AGAINST THE MIDDLEMAN

HOW true is the assertion frequently made that the American farmer is getting rich out of the war? According to Joseph Leiter, once "king" of the Chicago Wheat Pit and now a farmer with thirty thousand acres under cultivation, it is the middleman and not the farmer who is profiteering in wheat at its present high price, and as evidence of the fact he asserts that "where farmers are planting wheat they are not especially anxious to do it, and in many cases they cannot afford to do it." Tho Leiter himself has planted thousands of acres in 1919 wheat, he "could have made more money growing something else," but felt that it was his patriotic duty "to grow all the wheat possible, even at an actual loss." This, to quote from an interview with the once famous speculator, in the *New York Times*, is how the farmer looks at it:

"He finds that the labor-unions have been looked after; that every other element and unit of labor has been looked after; that, therefore, the prices of farm labor have jumped sky-high. He finds that nobody has regulated the price of farm machinery or any other commodity that the farmer uses, and that, therefore, everything he requires has risen in price in far greater ratio than the price of crops—I mean all crops, not just wheat, altho he is getting more for other things than he is for wheat. It is a fact that the fixing of the price of wheat controls the price of the other principal cereals. . . . But the palpable injustice to the farmer of fixing the price of his principal product, while the price of the things he purchases is not fixed, is apparent to every grower of wheat, big or little. The other more subtle fact, that the fixing of the price of wheat also eliminates any undue rise in the price of other cereals, may not be apparent to all farmers, but every one of them feels it just the same. They all know that, under the present war condi-

tions, they are the 'goats.' The little man is not restricted, the warehouseman is not restricted, the railroads under Government control are prospering, freight rates are advanced, the wages of labor have been raised, and nobody apparently has thought of placing any limit on the prices of farm tools, machinery, farm clothing, etc. Only the farmer is held down."

Tho the price of wheat advanced from ninety cents to more than \$3 a bushel between September, 1915, and July, 1917, we are assured that few farmers have received more than \$2 a bushel and the average to growers has been \$1.51 a bushel. Says a writer in *Pearson's*, in confirmation of this:

"The millers' and grain dealers' combination not only took the profits out of the 1916 wheat crop, but they continue to sell flour at a price not much under what it should be were wheat still \$3.00 a bushel. They are doing this under the pretense that they are still grinding \$3.00 wheat. But they probably have never paid \$3.00 a bushel for any considerable quantity of wheat—they bought from the farmer at an average price of \$1.51. Besides, the Minnesota mills are grinding wheat bought this year at the Government's price of \$2.20 a bushel, or rather, \$2.15 a bushel, the average price for the different grades used in their mixtures. From figures furnished by the milling companies themselves it has been proved that at the prices for which flour has been selling since the price of wheat was fixed, the millers are making a profit, in excess of that allowed by the Government, of forty-four cents a barrel, which would yield, on a three-hundred-day-per-year run, an annual profit of \$7,445,000,000, or 46.2 per cent. on their total capitalization.

"It is not in wheat alone that the middlemen and speculators get the greater part of the price the consumer pays for farm products. The farmer is getting from sixty to ninety cents a bushel for potatoes; the consumer is paying from \$1.20 to \$1.60 a bushel. A comparison of potato prices last year showed that in

Wheat Shortage is Predicted if the Price of that Cereal Remains Fixed

Minnesota the farmer was receiving from sixty to seventy cents a bushel, and the consumer in St. Paul was paying from \$1.20 to \$1.60 a bushel. An analysis of these prices showed that the farmers were probably producing at an average loss, while the distributors were making a net profit of twenty-five cents a bushel. Colorado Elberta peaches were sold at \$1.20 a crate, while Colorado and Utah growers were receiving eighty cents a bushel for them, out of which they paid ten per cent. to cover the cost of handling. That is, peaches bought at eighty cents were sold at the rate of \$3.60 per bushel to the consumer. In Minnesota cities and in Western cities generally, consumers were paying twelve and one-half cents a quart for milk during the second week in October. Farmers were getting from four and one-half to seven cents for the milk shipped into the cities, and all freight and handling charges paid by the farmer. The farmer got seven-twelfths of the price the consumer paid for transporting it to the distributor's warehouse, and the middlemen got the remaining five-twelfths for distributing it from his warehouse to the consumer."

In short, the case of the farmer the country over is very much as it was before the war—a few farmers are doing well; the majority are making a bare living and a great many are making less than a living. They must eke out their small returns from the farm by doing other work on the side or else abandon the farm. Such, we are assured, are some of the facts behind the agitation for \$2.46 No. 1 wheat on the farm. This advance of forty-six cents over the present minimum would mean an increased cost of \$460,000,000 on a billion bushels, to be paid by the consumer in this country and abroad or else, in case the war ends, the Government would have to sell the wheat in competition with the rest of the world and tax the nation to make up the difference.

HOW UNCLE SAM IS SAVING \$3,000,000 A MONTH IN FRANCE

AN American holding an army commission is the executive head, in a town in France, of the biggest reclamation and salvage plant in the world. He employs between six and seven thousand women and about fifteen hundred mechanics and skilled tradesmen who have been invalidated from the French army and four hundred American enlisted men, who act as his representatives in directing the work of the various departments. Before he joined the army, says Martin Green, in the *Evening World* (New York), this busy officer, Major D'Olfer, earned \$50,000

or more a year reorganizing crippled business concerns on behalf of banks holding mortgages or notes in such concerns. Last February he opened up in a little shed with a working staff of six French women who had had experience in reclamation work. Four months later he was at the head of a force of three thousand five hundred women and five hundred men and was saving the United States Government a million dollars a month. The salvage now amounts to three millions a month approximately and saves far more important transport space for about two

Employs 9,000 Workers in the Biggest Salvage Plant in the World

hundred ship tons a day, which would be required but for the work of reclamation. The net cost of the work is about fifteen per cent. of the amount saved. We are told that the plant occupies several immense factory buildings and is being continually extended.

"Back to the plant from the camps and the front come the soldiers', shoes and socks and underwear, uniforms, knapsacks, blankets, cartridge belts, mess kits, campaign hats and caps, rubber boots and slickers, overcoats—everything the soldier wears or uses. Harness, saddles and horse equipment, including old horseshoes,

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also come back. Tin food cans, oil cans and garbage cans find their way to the reclamation plant and are put through the process of salvage. Up to June this plant also handled disabled and discarded revolvers, rifles and ordnance generally, including shell cases, but all ordnance is now salvaged at another plant, which was completed and put into operation in July. The stuff comes in by the trainload, all mixed up. The cars are unloaded at long platforms, where three hundred women sorters work all night separating the various elements and wheeling them to sections from which they can be most expeditiously moved through the processes of reclamation. The operations are conducted with close attention to the most advanced American factory time and labor-saving systems. There is no lost motion. The plant handles from forty to sixty carloads of material a day. . . . In one room 1,000 French women work at sewing-machines skilfully repairing uniforms. Many of these women own their machines and the army pays them eight francs a month for

the use of them. Gradually the plant is being equipped with machines operated by electric power such as used in uniform and clothing factories in New York. Everything that comes in is utilized in some way. About seventy-five per cent. of the clothing, seventy per cent. of the shoes and ninety-nine per cent. of the rubber is sent out of the workrooms to be utilized again.

"The women are paid a minimum of six and one-half francs to seven francs a day—approximately \$1.30 to \$1.40. As they become skilled or develop particular ability in certain directions their pay is raised, but few get more than ten francs a day, altho many, judged by the excellent services they perform, are entitled to more. Our army is required to keep its pay for women pretty close to the standard set by the French, else all the French women employed in munition-works and other essential enterprises would flock to the American works for higher wages. French women working in our reclamation plant are allowed car-fare, and moth-

ers are given a small extra allowance for each child. They work forty-nine hours a week, putting in five days of nine hours each and four hours on Saturday, from 7 o'clock to 11 o'clock in the morning."

We read that the employment of so many women under labor conditions as to health and conveniences such as were undreamt of in France before the American army arrived has had a wonderfully stimulating effect on this and other industrial work behind the lines. In addition to saving more than \$100,000 a day, General Pershing cables the Treasury Department, "we are saving material imperatively needed at the front, material that no expenditure of money can immediately replace. We are directly saving ocean tonnage which is seriously needed every week and indirectly releasing labor for service in the shipyards, on the railroads and in other essential American industries."

A SURVEY OF WAR FIGURES THAT STAGGER THE IMAGINATION

R. E. WHITTLESEY, chief statistician of the Equity Trust Company, New York, has amassed some illuminating facts and figures in an attempt to set forth the sheer physical magnitude of the war. Among other things he informs us that out of the total area over which the flag of war is flying, and which covers the greater part of the habitable globe, about ninety-six per cent. is under the dominance of the Allies, and only four per cent. belongs to the Central Powers. The number of nations actively engaged in the war is twenty-two, with a total of 31,357,383 square miles and a population of 1,349,561,000. Of these, 30,163,783 square miles, with a population of 1,207,870,000, belong to the Allies, and only 1,203,800 square miles, with a population of 143,721,000, belong to the Central Powers. He adds:

"In national wealth, the five main Allies possessed before the war \$406,000,000,000, a sum nearly four times as great as the national wealth of the two Central Powers, the latter being \$105,000,000,000. As to man-power, the Allies could command on the battlefield 88,000,000 effectives, as against 26,000,000 of the Central Powers, a proportion of about three to one. The money expended by the seven

leading belligerents for purely war purposes during four years has been estimated at about \$134,000,000,000. It has been said that this sum is greater than all combined money expenditures for all other wars since the beginning of recorded history. The total cost of all the wars fought since the American Revolution, the aggregate fighting period covering sixty years, was only \$23,000,000,000, making the expenditures of the present war for only four years six times greater. It is about one-third of the total national wealth of the chief belligerents. The combined average daily war cost, computed on a four-year basis, is about \$107,500,000, or \$4,479,000 each hour of the day."

These astounding expenditures have already entailed a debt for these nations six times greater than was their total debt prior to the war, representing the enormous sum of \$129,000,000,000. Assuming that the war will last another year, the total debt, at the present rate of borrowing, will amount to about \$190,000,000,000, and interest charges at 5 per cent. to about \$9,500,000,000. Further:

"The total losses in shipping to the Allies and neutrals up to August 1, 1918, are estimated at 15,000,000 tons. This is about one-third of the world's 48,500,000 tons of pre-war shipping. The cost of the

Huge Losses in Life and Property Are Disclosed in Story-Telling Statistics

lost tonnage at pre-war value is estimated at \$1,050,000,000. Of the \$250,000,000 fire losses in 1917, about \$43,558,000 is estimated as probably due to enemy incendiaryism. But the greatest loss entailed by the war is the loss of human life. M. Barriol, the celebrated actuary, gives the following figures as the capital value of man: In the United States, \$4,100; in Great Britain, \$4,140; in Germany, \$3,380; in France, \$2,900; in Russia, \$2,020; in Austria-Hungary, \$2,020, or an average capital value for the five foreign nations of \$2,892.

"The number of men already lost is 8,509,000 killed and 7,175,000 permanently wounded, or a total of 15,684,000. Thus society has been impoverished through the death and permanent disability of a part of its productive man-power to the extent of \$45,000,000,000."

Besides the loss in actual population there is a calculable loss in potential population. Carefully compiled figures show that by 1919 the population in Germany will be 7,500,000 less than it would have been under ordinary circumstances. The people in Austria in 1919 will be eight per cent. less in numbers than in the year before the war. Hungary will be still worse off, with nine per cent. less population than in ante-bellum days.

WHY SILVER IS BECOMING AS RARE AS PLATINUM

ASK your bank for gold nowadays and you'll find it about as easy to obtain as platinum, palladium, iridium—which aren't obtainable at all and for which the Government is paying from \$105 to \$175 an ounce. And

tho one can still obtain silver, it is a fact that in proportion to the demand—especially for foreign trade—silver is becoming one of the rarest metals. Furthermore, Agnes C. Laut goes on to say in the New York *Sun Magazine*,

Is Germany Absorbing Precious Metals to Put the World on a Paper-Money Basis?

silver at \$1 plus an ounce, which used to cost 58 to 60 cents, is a more startling phenomenon than copper at 26 cents, which used to be 14 cents a pound. For the silver production of the world is extremely limited and, ex-

cept in a few rare silver camps, like Cobalt or Slocan in the early days, silver comes chiefly as a by-product of other metals. Take a few disconnected facts:

"Within a few months the American Government melted down 100,000,000 silver dollars for export to India, China and Japan. Immediately afterward, about a month ago, the Treasury fixed the maximum price for silver at \$1.01½. It then announced that export licenses for silver would be granted only on condition that the maximum price was not exceeded. This was to stop the speculators, who had been buying silver at \$1 and reselling it at \$1.08 and \$1.07. As the Government pays only \$1 an ounce its profit is 1½ cents, which covers the expense of melting and recoinage.

"France tried to stop the leak by demonetizing silver. When 15,000,000 small nickel and silver coins were struck off by France with only 67 per cent. value in real silver they vanished within a week of issue as if by magic. Who or what sucked them up so furtively that the French Government did not know the new coins had disappeared until there literally was not one in circulation? Was it hoarding by people afraid of the war's after-effects, or had some broker for a foreign agent secretly bought the coins up? The financiers do not know.

"American silver dollars may not be carried out of the country to an extent exceeding \$200 for each traveler. Yet the story is told of thirty-seven United States coinage presses this summer being unable to turn off silver dimes as fast as the commercial demand for those dimes! So fast has silver been leaking away from Mexico to Japan and China and India that Mexico, too, has clapped on an embargo."

What is the answer? Are people privately hoarding silver coin? Or, as the writer asks pertinently, has the price doubled because of open and secret buying of silver for the countries of the Orient, chiefly India? Why for India? We read:

"It will be recalled how last spring when it was declared in the House of Commons that Great Britain had 7,000,000 men under arms a shock of surprise came to people who think below the surface of things when they learned that 1,000,000 of those 7,000,000 were under arms in the far East. Why? To counteract the revolutionary propaganda manipulated by Germany, chiefly from headquarters in San Francisco. Always India has been a hotbed of factions and revolutions. Always India has been 'a sink' of precious metals, demanding payment for exports in gold or silver, at once withdrawing the coin from circulation, either to hide and hoard it or to melt and beat up the coin into bangles and jewels and ornaments.

"And now the war brought conditions to India that literally set a match to gunpowder. The general population of India will not use paper currency, but India's exports are essential to the winning of the war. India has jute and hemp and wheat, and India has cheap labor. Ordinarily India buys about \$90,000,000 more than

she sells, but lack of tonnage has cut off her imports and increased prices have swollen her exports. The Allies owed India \$360,000,000 for war purchases, and India would not accept payment except in coin. How easy for enemy propaganda to fan fanatical unrest to revolution if there had been any delay in the payment of that coin! It was the place where the changers of money might have become the dictators of a second Russia, but where was that great mass of coin coming from? Only one source of silver had been left undrained in the whole world—those silver dollars piled up and unused in the United States Treasury."

All of which does not explain the absorption of American dimes, and it would take a lot of proof to convince sane people that the American public has taken to salting away silver dimes in old stocking toes and unused teapots. Still the cardinal fact remains—dimes here and small coins in France have been absorbed as if by magic. What a theme for a new O. Henry—secret agents gathering up the coins, secretly melting them into bars and smuggling the bars to an India or a Germany!



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MAKING PAPER FROM DEAD LEAVES

BOTH in Europe and in America there has been a sharp rise in the cost of paper, and this has been peculiarly critical in France, says the *Scientific American*. Even before the war France imported half a million tons of paper pulp yearly from Austria and Germany, or about half of the whole amount used. The cutting off of the supplies from the Central Powers, and the severe deforestation due to the war have made paper pulp so scarce and so expensive that many periodicals have been forced to suspend publication. It is now proposed to make use of fallen leaves to supply this lack of raw material. Edmond Perrier of the French Academy of Sciences has presented before that body an account of the successful experiments along this line of Madam Karen Bramson.

The process is very simple, rapid and inexpensive; the leaves are first crushed, which reduces the blades to powder, which is carefully separated from the ribs and veins. It is the latter which form the raw material for paper pulp. They are subjected to a somewhat rapid lixiviation and are then washed and bleached, whereafter the pulp is ready for use. The leaf powder which remains is useful in two ways. It has a high food value, since it contains the digestible and nutritious parts of the leaf after the removal of the cellulose. As a food for cattle its nutritious value is almost equal to that of hay, especially when mixed with molasses and compressed into cakes. The leaf powder may also be used as a combustible. For this purpose it may be compressed into briquets, either with or without being previously mixed with charcoal powder.

Madam Bramson recommends, however, the practice of dry distillation, by means of which she obtained a comparatively pure porous charcoal rich in calories (6,500 to 7,000 cal.), and easy to agglomerate. The process also yielded an excellent tar, having all the qualities of the so-called Norwegian tar, having tar, as well as acetone, and pyroligneous acid. One thousand kilograms of the leaves yielded 250 kilograms of pure carbon (or 500 kilograms of edible powder), 30 kilograms of tar, one kilogram of pyroligneous acid and 600 grams of acetone. According to a recent estimate by the Director of the School of Grignon, France produces annually between thirty and forty million tons of dead leaves. It is calculated that only four million tons would be required to furnish the paper pulp required in an average year. The economic importance of the ques-

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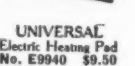
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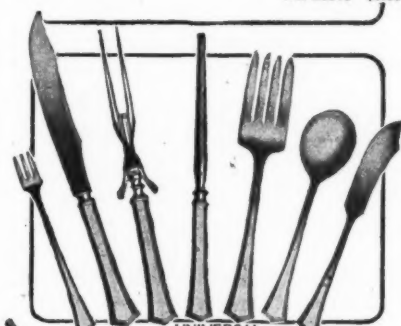
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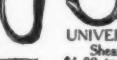
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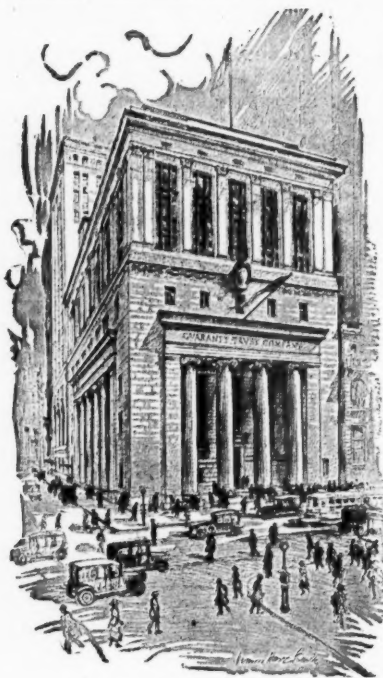
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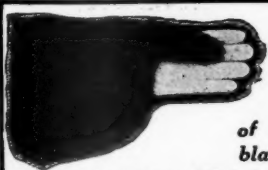
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tion is evident from the fact that in 1913 France paid \$20,000,000 for the paper pulp imported from the Central Powers. It is believed that the collection of the leaves can be done by women, children and war cripples. The leaves can be transported to the paper mills in compressed blocks, but it would be better to build factories on the borders of great forests so as to eliminate the cost of transportation.

WOODS THAT ARE HEAVIER THAN WATER

WHAT woods will float and what will not, even if dry? Following is a list of the woods of the United States which are heavier than water at all times, tho there are a number of other species in which occasional specimens may weigh heavier than water when dry, such as the oaks and hickories. There are a great many foreign species of woods that are much heavier than water, says Dr. Edward F. Bigelow in *Boys' Life*:

Canella alba (White Wood); Lignum vitæ (Guajacum sanctum); Portulaca (augustifolia); Torch wood (Amyris Sylvatica); Red iron wood (Reynosa latifolia); Black iron wood (Condalia ferrea); Logwood (Condalia obovata); Iron wood (Olneya Tesota); (Vanuelinia torrei); Montana mahogany (Cercocarpus ledifolius); Mangrove (Rhizophora mangle); Stopper (Eugenia longipes); Seven-year apple (Genipa clusiae folia); Mastic (Sideroxylon masticodendron); Wild Dilly (Mimusops Sieberi); Black Mangrove (Avicennia nitida); Crab wood (Sebastiania lucida); White oak (Quercus oblongifolia); Live oak (Quercus virens).

HAIL TO THE GOOBER AND ITS \$150,000,000 CROP

USE Peanut Flour to Save Wheat, is the title of a circular being spread broadcast by the Department of Agriculture, and what with peanut flour, oil, feed cake, butter, hay and the roasted nuts, as well its value as a fertility restorer for cotton-tired soil, it is not surprising to read in the *Country Gentleman* that the goober crop this year will bring \$150,000,000. In nine years the acreage of this lusty infant industry has grown from 869,887 acres, restricted to the Carolinas, Tennessee, Virginia and Georgia, to 4,000,000 acres in an area embracing the South Atlantic States and extending to California. The average in Florida, Georgia and Alabama has increased sixfold and the Texas crop has been multiplied by eight since 1909. As to the many virtues of the peanut, we are told:

"Peanut flour has more protein than wheat flour, and for this reason a com-

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lination with rice, corn meal, or corn flour is recommended. Southern farm homes are familiar with the process of mixing ground peanuts in bread, muffins and biscuits. A wider adaptation of peanut flour is suggested in recipes tested in the experimental kitchen of the Office of Home Economics. Scattering mills in the South are experimenting with the manufacture of peanut flour as a commercial product. The Bureau of Chemistry says that flour made from shelled nuts, properly treated by degermination, partial roasting, removal of the oil and bolting, all under sanitary conditions, has a high food value and is very palatable, especially when combined with other flours of less distinctive flavor.

"Peanut oil has long been recognized as one of the important food oils, but its use in the United States is of comparatively recent origin. The war still further accentuates its importance. The oil of the peanut has a commercial rating alongside cottonseed and olive oils. It is of a higher grade than cottonseed oil and somewhat lower in value than first-class olive oil. Spanish peanuts frequently contain forty-five per cent of oil."

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, OF CURRENT OPINION, PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT NEW YORK, N. Y., FOR OCTOBER 1, 1918.

State of New York }
County of New York } ss:

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Wm. Beverly Winslow, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Vice-President of the Current Literature Publishing Co., Publishers of Current Opinion, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

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Managing Editor, Edward J. Wheeler, 65 West 36th St., New York, N. Y.

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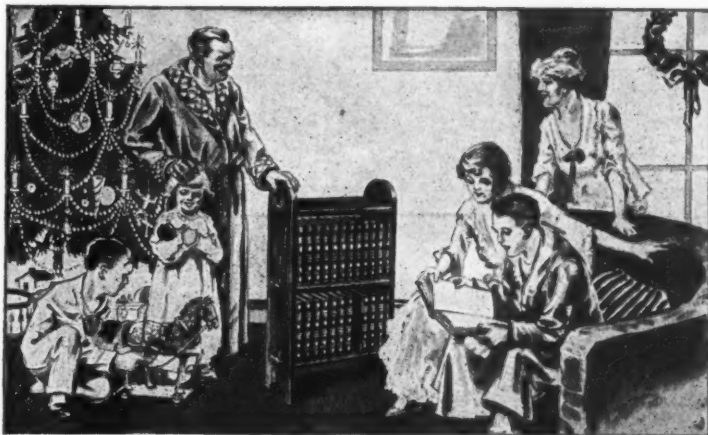
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Shear Nonsense

Patrick Henry Redivivus

A history exam. paper in a public school yields this information: "Patrick Henry said, 'I rejoice that I have but one country to live for.'"

It Makes You Get Up

An enterprising manufacturer of alarm clocks has just put on the market a new and particularly effective clock, which he calls "The National Anthem," on the ground that whenever you hear it you have to get up.

She Had a Cloudburst

Another quota of dusky patriots had departed on a troop train for a draft cantonment. Mrs. Rufus Rastus Johnston Browne hadn't been there. "Lillian, did you weep?" she asked a luckier sister. "Did I weep! Woman, I had a cloudburst."

Only Two Convictions

Kind Old Lady—I expect you have had a great many trials, my poor man.
Tramp—Yes, but only two convictions, lady.—*Boston Transcript.*

All She Wanted

Mrs. Newbride—"I want to get some salad."
Dealer—"Yes'm. How many heads?"
Mrs. Newbride—"Mercy! I thought you took the heads off. I just want plain chicken salad."

A Poor Shot

Conscientious Objector—Shooting at those targets makes me realize how awful war will be. I'd die before I'd kill a man!
Officer (who has watched him shoot)—You certainly would.—*N. Y. Evening Sun.*

A Friendly Arrangement

"Are you going to make a garden next year?"
"No," replied Mr. Crosslots. "I made a garden this year and my neighbor kept chickens. Next year it's going to be my turn to have the chickens."—*Washington Star.*

Settin'-down Exercises

Aunt Nancy, according to the San Francisco *Argonaut*, was visiting an army camp and as she approached some rookies were sitting on their heels and then rising to a standing position in perfect unison. "What are the boys doing now?" she asked. "Why, those are the setting-up exercises," explained an obliging sergeant. "Humph," remarked auntie. "Looks to me more like settin'-down exercises."

Properly Rebuked

"I met our new minister on my way to Sunday school, mamma," said Willie, "and he asked me if I ever played marbles on Sunday."
"What did you answer?" asked mother.
"I simply said: 'Get thee behind me, Satan!' and walked off and left him," was the triumphant response.—*Utica Observer.*

Internal Warfare

Johnny was feeling peevish, and it was most unusual for him to be out of sorts. Mother was anxious to know what the matter was. "I—I feel awful inside!" groaned Johnny. "What do you think it is?" asked mother. "Oh," wailed Johnny, "I had French beans and German sausages at auntie's yesterday, and now they seem to be fighting along my whole front."

His Rich Father

An extremely wealthy man has occasion frequently to make use of taxis, and he always gives the chauffeurs the legal fare and no more. Once, when he handed the man the fare, the latter looked it over and said: "Excuse me, sir, but your son always gives me twice as much as this." "I don't doubt it," growled the old man; "he has a rich father."—*San Francisco Argonaut.*

The Amazing Experience of Victor Jones

How in One Evening I Discovered the Secret of a Good Memory and in Six Months Increased My Business One Hundred Thousand Dollars.

As I look back on it today, I can hardly believe that it is only six short months since I first met David M. Roth, the famous memory expert, and learned from his course—in one evening—how to make my memory do wonderful things, which I never dreamed were possible.

That first meeting, which has meant so much to me since, was at a luncheon of the Rotary Club in New York where Mr. Roth gave one of his remarkable memory demonstrations. I can best describe it by quoting the Seattle Post Intelligencer's account of a similar exhibition:

"Of the 150 members of the Seattle Rotary Club at a luncheon yesterday not one left with the slightest doubt that Mr. Roth could do all claimed for him. Rotarians at the meeting had to pinch themselves to see whether they were awake or not.

"Mr. Roth started his exhibition by asking sixty of those present to introduce themselves by name to him. Then he waved them aside and requested a member at the blackboard to write down names of firms, sentences and mottoes on numbered squares, meanwhile sitting with his back to the writer and only learning the positions by oral report. After this he was asked by different Rotarians to tell what was written down in various specific squares, and gave the entire list without a mistake.

"After finishing with this, Mr. Roth singled out and called by name the sixty men to whom he had been introduced earlier, who in the meantime had changed seats and had mixed with others present."

It was just such a meeting that I attended at the Hotel McAlpin, when Mr. Roth started me on the "Road to Better Memory."

My own progress in memory building since that time seems like one of those pleasant dreams about picking up basketsful of money. You know the kind—when you lie still and try to stay asleep so you can keep on dreaming (and picking up money). But it is reality all right for I have the *proof*. I can now go into a room with from 30 to 50 people, and one hour from being introduced to them—or a week after or a month—call their names instantly, almost without a single mistake on meeting them again wherever it may be or however unexpectedly I may run into them.

But I find I am not the only one who has had this strange and quite unbelievable experience.

Only yesterday I was sitting at the desk of Mr. Roth's publisher, the president of the Independent Corporation, when we were interrupted by the ring of his telephone. I had come to discuss some of the finer points in Mr. Roth's code for linking up numbers with names and business facts. When the Publisher hung up the receiver he said, "That was Terence J. McManus speaking, of the law firm of Olcott, Bonyng, McManus and Ernst. You have heard of him of course—a striking figure in many famous criminal trials in New York City, and a hard man to beat when it comes to a test of wits or memory.

"He says he regards our service in giving this Roth Memory Course to the world as a 'public benefaction.' The wonderful simplicity of the method and the ease with which its principles may be acquired appeal to him tremendously. He says he has already had occasion to test out the effectiveness of the first two lessons in preparing for trial an important action in which he is about to engage. (You see I am pretty good myself at reporting telephone talks—thanks to Mr. Roth!)

"But that is an everyday occurrence now. We have just received this letter from E. B. Craft, Assistant Chief Engineer of the Western Electric Company. He says:

"At one sitting I succeeded in learning the list of 100 words in Mr. Roth's first lesson forward and backward, and to say that I am delighted with the method outlined in putting it very mildly. I feel already that I am more than repaid in the real value and enjoyment I have gotten from the first lesson."

"The gratifying, and inspiring, part of it is," continued the Publisher, "that they all say substantially the same thing. Here is a basket of 1000 letters from Roth enthusiasts received by us in the past 30 days—selected at random from the many thousands who have written in ordering the course. One man says, 'It can't be true!' and returns the course. The other 999 tell in glowing terms what the Roth method is doing for them, in many ways, and how quickly and delightfully they have mastered the big idea.

"A good composite of the general type of these letters is furnished by this letter received several months ago from C. Louis Allen, who at 32 became the President of a million dollar corporation, the Pyrene Manufacturing Company, makers of the famous fire extinguisher. You know the letter but read it again. He says:

"Now that the Roth Memory Course is finished, I want to tell you how much I have enjoyed the study of this most fascinating subject. Usually these courses involve a great deal of drudgery, but this has been nothing but pure pleasure all the way through. I have derived much benefit from taking the course of instructions and feel that I shall continue to strengthen my memory. That is the best part of it. I shall be glad of an opportunity to recommend your work to my friends."

"I tell you, Mr. Jones, it is a great experience to read these letters that pour in every day from every corner of the land—especially when I think how simple this method is and how few people among those who need it so badly have imagined before that such a thing could exist."

All this was no surprise to me. In fact it seemed rather "tame" compared to my own experience with the Roth Course—which was as follows:

It sent me ahead in my business like a twin-six "on high" and to a degree that I would not have believed possible. And all in six months!

I know it was the Roth Course that did it. I will take my oath on it. Because I cannot account for the change in my whole business life in any other way.

I had suspected that the letter I saw from "Multigraph" Smith (H. Q. Smith, Manager Multigraph Sales Company of Montreal) was over enthusiastic. But I know now from my own actual experience—that he didn't put it a bit too strong when he wrote:

"Here is the whole thing in a nutshell: Mr. Roth has a most remarkable Memory Course. It is simple, and easy as falling off a log. Yet with one hour a day of practice, anyone—I don't care who he is—can improve his memory 100% in a week and 1,000% in six months."

The cold fact is that my new grip on business came in the six short months from the time I took up the Roth Memory Course.

In that brief period—and my cashier will vouch for this—I increased my sales by \$100,000—and that in war time, mind you,

with anything but a "war bride," and with German drives sending cold shivers down the public spine and submarines knocking holes in business confidence and buying habits.

The reason stands out as brightly as a star bomb. Mr. Roth has given me a firmer mental grasp of business tendencies and a better balanced judgment, a keener foresight and the ability to act swiftly and surely that I never possessed before.

His lessons have taught me to see clearly ahead; and how to visualize conditions in more exact perspective; and how to remember the things I need to remember at the instant I need them most in business transactions.

In consequence, I have been able to seize many golden opportunities that before would have slipped by and been out of reach by the time I woke up.

You see the Roth Course has done vastly more for me than teaching me how to remember names and faces and telephone numbers. It has done more than make me a more interesting talker. It has done more than give me confidence on my feet.

It has given me a greater power in all the conduct of my business.

Mr. Roth's course has endowed me with a new business perspective. It has made me a keener observer. It has given me a new sense of proportion and values. It has given me visualization—which after all is the true basis of business success.

Now, dear reader, do you not think you can use this Roth Memory Course in your business? It doesn't cost a penny to try it out. I am willing to lay a large wager—right now—that if you will send for the course and spend one evening on that fascinating first lesson, they won't be able to get it back from you with a team of horses. And you will vote that \$5 (which I know you will send eventually) the best investment you ever made.

VICTOR JONES

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[A "day" of an exactly opposite sort from that toasted by Germans before the war is hailed in the following article by a member of The Vigilantes.]

It will come some day—do you realize it? On some one glorious day the enemy will cry "Kamarad!" in good earnest, and there will be Peace.

Picture that day. The crowds in the streets are going about their business, the Red Cross rooms are humming with work, the thousand war activities are grinding at full speed, every mother and father is facing the morning with a heart braced for loss, every loyal citizen is at his post of service; and suddenly—the news!

The crowded avenues turn white; all up and down their length they have blossomed white with the open newspapers that have magically sprung into everyone's outstretched hands. Everybody in the long, stopped stream of humanity holds a newspaper or reads his neighbor's; everybody knows everybody, shares with everybody; strange hands clasp, strange eyes, meeting, overflow; and there is just one first thought, not triumph, nor democracy, but—"Those boys—those good boys—they can come home!" And the second thought will be, "We've done it! We've put it through!"

And then, standing there, they begin to sing, the men with bared heads; they send up such a song as the skies have never heard since time was—"Glory, glory, hallelujah!"—"Praise God, from whom all blessings flow!" The melting-pot is a slow process—that song will melt all into blood brothers at the first chord. Oh, how they will sing, those standing men and women! And then with one impulse they will surge into the churches, into the cathedrals—for when man has been granted the supreme boon, he must fall on his knees, whether he knows God or not. And no one who rises up from that silence will ever lose its mighty vibration.

That day is not a vision; it is coming as surely as to-morrow. Then will you have it to-morrow? Or will you put it off for four more bleeding years? It is in your hands. Every effort, every dollar, you give to service, shortens the waiting. If all gave all they could, the day could not hold back another hour. When you buy the thing you most want, you are not conscious of sacrifice in paying the sum demanded. Fix your eyes on the day—the day when the avenues will suddenly blossom white with the news of peace—and you will want that with so burning an urgency that you will come running with its price.

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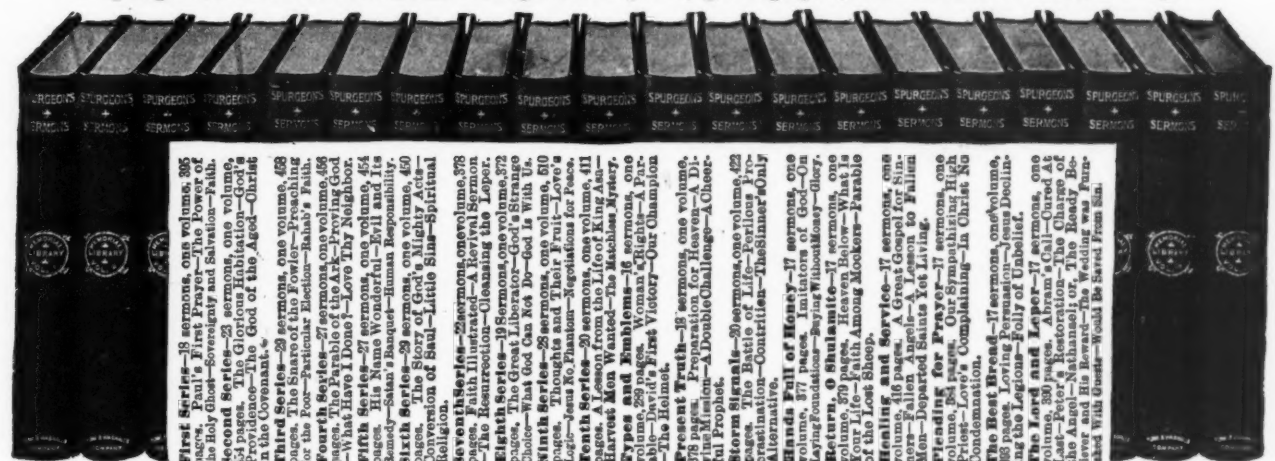
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BRAND WHITLOCK'S PEN-PORTRAITS OF VON BISSING AND MERCIER

[In his moving narrative of Belgium's tragedy, now running in *Everybody's*, Brand Whitlock, who was in the stricken country from December, 1913, until the time of our entry into the war, gives vivid pictures of Baron von Bissing, German ruler of Belgium, and of Cardinal Mercier, his antagonist. The entire world-struggle may be said to be summed up in the personalities of these two men.]

GENERAL Baron von Bissing, standing in the lofty salon of the residence of the Belgian Minister of the Arts and Sciences, in the early twilight of a short December afternoon, was a man over seventy years of age, old and thin, with thick graying black hair brushed straight back from his forehead and plastered down as with water or with oil on the curiously-shaped head that was so straight and sheer behind. His face was hard and its leathern skin, wrinkled and old and weather-beaten, was remorselessly shaved as to chin and throat and high lean cheeks, leaving the thick heavy mustache of a Prussian *Reiter* to hide somewhat the thin lips of the stern mouth and then flow on, growing across his cheeks to bristle up fiercely by his ears.

He was scrupulously clean, one might almost say scrubbed. One might almost imagine him smelling of soap like an old sergeant-major in a regiment of guards. His brow was high and wide and the lean face tapered to the wedge of a very firm jaw; the visage of an old Prussian dragon of the school and mentality of Bismarck. But out of it there gleamed a pair of piercing dark eyes that seemed black until one saw that they were blue; they were keen, shrewd eyes, not wholly unkind. He wore, ceremoniously, a great heavy saber that clanked against his thin legs as he walked stiffly into the salon until his hilt was grasped, as tho by an habitual gesture, in the aged hand.

He had on a well-worn uniform of field gray; his thin legs, on which he walked so slowly and so stiffly, as with automatic movements, were encased in tight gray trousers, caught with straps below the long, soft-pointed boots that were furnished with great silver spurs. His tunic was light, too, and short, and its shabbiness was somehow accentuated by the Iron Cross of the first class that he wore. . . .

It was not until weeks after that I had the privilege of making the acquaintance of Cardinal Mercier, and the ultimate honor of claiming him among my friends. He came in the simplicity that was so implicit an element of his greatness, one February morning, to express his gratitude for what America had done for his nation, and to give me an autographed copy of his Pastoral, which at that moment had somehow got out of Belgium and gone around the world and made him famous.

He entered, advanced, tall and strong and spare, in the long black soutane with the red piping and the sash, not with the stately, measured pace that one associates with the red hat, but with long, quick strides, kicking out with impatience the skirt of his soutane before him as he walked, as tho it impeded his movements. He was impressive in his great height and he bent slightly forward with an effect of swooping on, like an avenging justice. But his hand was outthrust and in his mobile countenance and kindly eyes there was a smile, as of sweetness and light, that illumined the long, lean visage.

When he had laid off the low, black beaver hat, with its cord and tassels of

red and gold, and seated himself in one of the Government's ugly leather chairs, he adjusted the little red *calotte* that covered the poll whereon the gray had long been thinning, drew off his red gloves, and as he sat, his long fingers that played for an instant with the gold cross and chain that hung before him, found a pair of common steel-rimmed eye-glasses and played with that instead. The detail seemed to be expressive of the utter simplicity of the man in all that concerned him personally; for if, in all that pertained to his high office as a prince of the church, he was correct, punctilious even, in all purely personal ways he was as simple, as unpretentious, as modest as one of those rugged primeval natures to which one instantly compared him.

His hands were large and powerful and his weathered countenance was full of serene light with little of the typically ecclesiastical about it—a high brow, a long nose, lean cheeks, strong jaw, and a large mobile mouth, humorous and sensitive, the mouth of the orator, but with thin lips that could close in impenetrable silence. The eyes were blue and they twinkled with a lively intelligence and evident humor. Perhaps I could do no better in the effort to give some impression of him than to say that, had it not been for those touches of red in his black garb, he would have recalled some tall, gaunt, simple, affectionate Irish priest whose life was passed in obscure toil among the poor, in humble homes, and lowly lives, whose every care and preoccupation he knew and sympathized with, going about at night alone, in all weathers, unsparing of himself, visiting the sick and the imprisoned, forgetting to eat, accustomed to long, weary vigils, and of an independence that needed none of the reliance or approvals of this earth.

There was something primal, original about him, a man out of the people, yet above them, one of those rare and lofty personalities who give the common man hope because they are like him, and yet create in him new aspirations and higher hopes because they demonstrate in their sufficient selves what a common man may become if only he have the will by devotion, by abnegation, by sacrifice, and by love.

He was the incarnation of the principle that is the antithesis of that upon which the power that had overrun his country was founded, and because of this all its armies and all its guns and bayonets and *Kommandanturs* were powerless; its minions, who had not hesitated to destroy whole cities and communities, did not dare even so much as to touch a hair of his head. Ultimate history, written at that hour when mankind shall have emerged out of the darkness and savagery of these times into the light of those better days that must come if there is any meaning or order in the universe, will celebrate the astonishing coincidence that, in the little nation which the most ruthless power of all times chose as the first and most tragic of its many victims, there was a man whose personality, alone and of itself, proved the superiority of moral over physical force.

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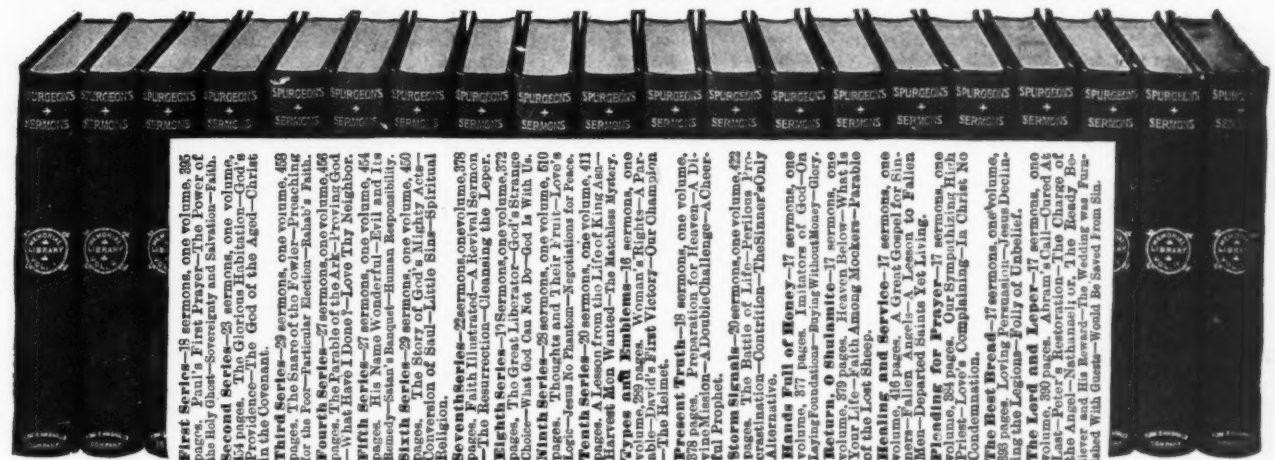
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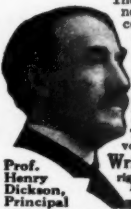
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HOW THE WAR STARTED

[New light on the Potsdam conference at which Germany launched the world-war is furnished in "Ambassador Morgenthau's Story" (Doubleday, Page). Mr. Morgenthau tells of a conversation that he had with the German Ambassador, Wangenheim, in Constantinople during the summer of 1914, and he says: "Whenever I hear people arguing about the responsibility for this war or read the clumsy and lying excuses put forth by Germany, I simply recall the burly figure of Wangenheim as he appeared that August afternoon, puffing away at a huge black cigar, and giving me his account of this historic meeting."]

The German Ambassador left for Berlin soon after the assassination of the Grand Duke, and he now revealed the cause of his sudden disappearance. The Kaiser, he told me, had summoned him to Berlin for an imperial conference. This meeting took place at Potsdam on July 5th. The Kaiser presided; nearly all the ambassadors attended; Wangenheim came to tell of Turkey and enlighten his associates on the situation in Constantinople. Moltke, then Chief of Staff, was there, representing the army, and Admiral von Tirpitz spoke for the navy. The great bankers, railroad directors, and the captains of German industry, all of whom were as necessary to German war preparations as the army itself, also attended.

Wangenheim now told me that the Kaiser solemnly put the question to each man in turn: Was he ready for war? All replied "Yes" except the financiers. They said that they must have two weeks to sell their foreign securities and to make loans. At that time few people had looked upon the Serajevo tragedy as something that was likely to cause war. This conference took all precautions that no such suspicion should be aroused. It decided to give the bankers time to readjust their finances for the coming war, and then the several members went quietly back to their work or started on vacations. The Kaiser went to Norway on his yacht, Von Bethmann-Hollweg left for a rest, and Wangenheim returned to Constantinople.

In telling me about this conference, Wangenheim, of course, admitted that Germany had precipitated the war. I think that he was rather proud of the whole performance; proud that Germany had gone about the matter in so methodical and far-seeing a way; especially proud that he himself had been invited to participate in so momentous a gathering. The several blue, red, and yellow books which flooded Europe the few months following the outbreak, and the hundreds of documents which were issued by German propaganda attempting to establish Germany's innocence, never made any impression on me. For my conclusions as to the responsibility are not based on suspicions or belief or the study of circumstantial data. I do not have to reason or argue about the matter. I know. The conspiracy that has caused this greatest of human tragedies was hatched by the Kaiser and his imperial crew at this Potsdam conference of July 5, 1914. Whenever I hear people arguing about the responsibility for this war or read the clumsy and lying excuses put forth by Germany, I simply recall the burly figure of Wangenheim as he appeared that August afternoon, puffing away at a huge black cigar, and giving me his account of this historic meeting.

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I Can Help You—Whether You Are Old or Young

If you are young in years and already staggering along through your daily work like an old man, with no pep or push in you, or hope of ever being well and strong and vigorous again; if you are poisoned by constipation, wrecked by indigestion, nerves on edge; even if you feel that you have lost your will-power, as a result of early indiscretions or of ailments you could not help—I SAY TO YOU, DON'T GIVE UP HOPE!

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What Did the Abbé See in the Moonlight

as he peered stealthily down upon the river path after rushing forth, cudgel in hand, to avenge a fancied slight upon his honor? Was it the two young lovers clinging to each other under the stars, or the witchery of the night, or the almost forgotten romance of his own youth that transformed him from a judge to an accessory, causing him to exclaim to himself:

"God perhaps has made such nights as this to clothe with his ideals the loves of men."

Nothing could be more human, more captivating than this story of the sudden change of a good man's ire into sympathy and understanding. None but a

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OUR FIRST VICTORY IN FRANCE

[The ecstatic mood in which American youth goes "over the top" is vividly conveyed in the following passage from an article by James Hopper describing the battle of Cantigny and appearing in *Collier's*.]

I FOUND myself alone. The machine-gun men had gone. I began running up the hill as if I had lost my best friend, made the sunken road, ran up that, came out panting upon the head of the plateau, and there it was, all before me—the most beautiful sight ever mine and ever to be mine. The infantry had stepped over the trenches. The men in the trenches had leaped out after them. The machine-gun men had taken their place behind them. Together with the French flame throwers and the twelve tanks, the three waves were going down the field behind the rolling barrage.

I wish I could give with words even one-millionth of the splendor of the spectacle.

FIRST there was the barrage, a rolling wall ahead, reaching from earth to sky; a wall of heavy smoke within which, continuously, burst new geysers of smoke, black or gray or sulphurous yellow, and which the risen sun shot here and there with flamboyant opalescences; a wall ever terribly alive and writhing with cracklings and thunders, as if at the top of the sky a god greater than ever any other god had been pouring out of his lap a cataract of great mountains. Behind it, in its great resonant shadow, moving forward as it moved, came the assaulting mass of our men. They went forward smoothly, not very fast, a host reaching from side to side of the plain, slowing up a little to keep their line—and oh, so straight of spine, so erect—they looked eight feet tall! A strange light, a filtering of distorted sun rays through the barrage, struck their bayonets. . . .

AN extraordinary lightness was in my feet and in my heart. I had regained absolutely, for one thing, that certitude of invulnerability which is youth. I had been losing it in the last past years. I had regained it to the point of madness—no shell, no boche bullet could ever touch me. But, besides, as I went down that battle-field, in the shadow of that stupendous spectacle, all the large and profound emotions given to man were humming within me in vibrant organ tones while light currents of childish and crazy gaiety eddied above. For instance, I was calling to myself constantly (it may have been aloud): "You skunk," I'd call to myself (I don't know why I chose that word: I very seldom use it, either toward others or myself)—"you skunk," I'd cry, "here you are, right in the middle of battle, here you are! It's the biggest war in history, it's a battle in the biggest war in history, it's our battle, our first battle—and you're in it, right in the center of it, right, right, right in the center of it, you little skunk! Do you hear? Right in the very midst of it, skunk!" Then suddenly, seeing again before me the mass of our boys, of our sacrificial youth, going ahead so calmly, with little steps, so careful of their alignment, so careful of remembering what they had been told, so careful of doing it right, and yet nonchalant with that supple contempt of death which is theirs; looking at them going along so straight, so tall beneath the crushing splendor of the barrage, I'd feel my heart swell and swell and swell and almost burst.

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"You can grumble all you want to about hard luck," he said, "but after going through the mill I can truthfully assert that nine times out of ten the condition is your own creating."

"Take my own case; I was married at thirty to the best girl in the world. We started with everything in our favor—health, good dispositions, friends, and a few hundred dollars cash capital. I held a good position paying me \$40 per week."

"The amount I had on hand when we were married was \$745. It seemed ample—in fact a liberal provision for our needs—but we soon found that it was barely enough to start us decently. They say that riches take wings, but I think the \$745 went by some quicker route, because one morning eleven months later I found myself facing the stern reality of Debt and only enough cash on hand to finance us until Friday, which was the next payday, a situation tantalizingly unsatisfactory for the reason that Friday's pay envelope only served to keep me above water for another few days."

"Well, we drifted along in this haphazard, desperate way for over three years. Heaven only knows how I stood it; always on the edge of unpleasant disclosures; constantly harassed by creditors; never in an easy mental condition. I tried every possible way I could think of to free myself from debt. I read books on efficiency. I took a correspondence course in business. I plugged hard at the office, thinking in my troubled, confused way that that was the method of solving the problem. I felt that industry and application to my employer's interests would straighten out my own personal money-tangle. Shortsighted? Indeed I was, but I didn't know how else to go about it. I didn't know how to meet the problem in direct fashion."

"In the meantime the children came along, and I certainly had everything in the way of family life as an incentive to make good."

"It was now the third year of our married life and affairs were at a crisis. I was in debt over \$650, but instead of getting clear of it I was gradually getting in deeper. This condition preyed on me so that my health began to give way. Ruth, too, had grown petulant and irritable. Our nerves were on such a feather edge that the slightest thing was sufficient to upset us both. And nothing in the world caused this unhappy condition but Debt."

"We had tried a hundred times to solve the problem. Ruth and I would talk it over and we honestly tried to keep track of my salary to learn where the money went. We tried to apportion it against our debts and current expenses but it didn't work."

"Gradually it began to dawn on me that the basic fault was not one of income but of income management. The trouble was we didn't have any system for managing our

money. We were running our home without a plan."

"One evening, when affairs were at their worst, Ruth handed me a clipping from a magazine. It read:

"If you want to know whether you are going to be a success or failure in life you can easily find out. The test is simple and infallible. Are you able to save money? If not, drop out. You will fail as sure as you live. You may not think so, but you will. The seed of success is not in you."

"JAMES J. HILL."

"Well, that quotation summarized completely every thought I had on the subject. 'Mr. Hill was dead right,' I exclaimed, 'and if you and I can't save money we lose. Ruth, can't you and I solve this problem once and for all? Can't we win out together?'"

"In reply to my questions, Ruth smilingly brought something else for me to look at. It was a book; a rather large, handsomely bound, semi-flexible book, which on opening I discovered to be a ruled, ledger-paper record book, with printed headings and summaries which seemed to cover the whole range of household expense items. In the front of the book there was a two-page article entitled 'Getting on in the World.'

"I saw that the book was a system of keeping track of household expenses, arranged for an average family. And the system was so simple and understandable that it required no book-keeping knowledge and took only three to five minutes a day to keep up to date. I could see at a glance that it was exactly what we needed."

"We read the introduction carefully. In fact, we read those two pages and the page of instructions over so many times that very soon we were laughingly quoting whole sections to each other. And do you know it was the best sort of sound, common-sense advice I had ever come across on the subject of saving money—advice that could be put into practice."

"Right then and there we started in keeping the book. That was one of the fine things about it; you could begin any time just as well as January 1st. We followed the system laid down to the letter, and spent every penny of income according to the budget plan. We decided that first of all we must get free of debt, and so we set aside \$15 a week to apply on the old bills. I made up a list of my creditors and went around and explained my situation in plain English. I told them how much I owed to others; when and how I expected to pay. It was humiliating, but it was the best thing to do. And really I was surprised at the reception I got. They gave me the best sort of encouragement and assurances of good-will."

"That encouragement and the feeling which came from knowing that our affairs were at last on a rock-bottom basis cleared the skies. We stuck to it; denied ourselves unnecessary luxuries, saved on clothing, entertainment, etc. Best of all we were having the time of our lives. Why, I picked right up in health once I got those debts off my chest. I did not have them paid by any means, but I was paying them and was absolutely certain that my system would wipe them out before the year ended."

"True to our plan we did pay every cent we owed by December 31st. And besides doing it we had \$167 in cash in the bank. Here was progress sure enough! Actually, I felt like a millionaire."

"We kept right at it because we had during the first year's experience gotten into the habit. So much was set aside each month for every anticipated expense: rent, groceries, meat, insurance, clothing, gas, church, etc. We looked and planned ahead."

"The second year we saved \$710, and this after paying every bill as we went along. Our rule was not to buy anything we didn't have the cash to pay for."

"The third year I got a promotion which gave me \$500 more salary. Things at the office were running more smoothly than formerly. My mind was free from worries and I could devote 100 per cent. of my thought to my job, which was probably one of the reasons for my promotion."

"About this time we moved into a new suburb and I made arrangements with a building and loan association for a nice little cottage to be paid for on the installment plan. Inside of six months I had a chance to sell it for an advance of \$500 over what I paid for it. So we gave up that house and with the profit made a more substantial payment on a house we liked much better in a different neighborhood. Of course that was partly luck, but it would not have come out that way if we had not been prepared to receive it."

"There is little more to add. We are happy as mortals have a right to be. The kiddies are growing up and we are giving them every advantage parents desire for their children. We have a circle of agreeable, prosperous friends. The future is unclouded. We can look forward to old age—even though it is a long way off—without the least fear, because we know it is provided for."

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as he peered stealthily down upon the river path after rushing forth, cudgel in hand, to avenge a fancied slight upon his honor? Was it the two young lovers clinging to each other under the stars, or the witchery of the night, or the almost forgotten romance of his own youth that transformed him from a judge to an accessory, causing him to exclaim to himself:

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"A SIGHT WHICH NO MAN CAN DESCRIBE"

[In a book entitled "The War and the Future" (Macmillan) containing two lectures delivered in this country by the English poet, John Masefield, we find the following description of a devastated region lying between France and Flanders.]

IN the West, there is a strip of land about four hundred and fifty miles long, by from ten to twenty broad. It is called the Army Zone. With the exception of a few poor people who sell little things, such as fruit and tobacco, to the soldiers, all the inhabitants of that zone are gone. The place is inhabited by the armies. The business there is destruction, and rest, after destruction, so that the destroyers may destroy again.

All that strip of France and Flanders was once happily at peace. All of it was rich and prosperous, with corn and wine and industry. Even the mountains were covered with timber. To-day, after the manhood of four nations has fought over it for three and a half years, it is a sight which no man can describe.

IF one comes to that strip by any of the roads which lead to it, one sees, at first, simply the normal French landscape, which is tidy, well-cultivated land, on a big scale, with little neat woods and little, compact villages. One notices that many houses are closed, and that very few men are about. Presently one comes to a village, where one or two of the houses are roofless, and perhaps the church tower has a hole in it. Then, a little further on, you come to a village where there are no roofs nor any big part of a house, but heaps of brick and stone much blackened with fire, and on both sides of the road you see gashes and heapings of the earth.

THEN if you go on, you come to a landscape where there is no visible living thing; nothing but a blasted bedeviled sea of mud, gouged into great holes and gashed into great trenches, and blown into immense pits, and all littered and heaped with broken iron, and broken leather, and rags and boots and jars and tins, and old barbed wire by the ton and unexploded shells and bombs by the hundred ton, and where there is no building and no road, and no tree and no grass, nothing but desolation and mud and death.

And if you ask, "Is this Hell?" They say, "No, this is the market place where we are standing. The church is that lump to the right." Then if you look down you see that the ground, tho full of holes, is littered with little bits of brick, and you realize that you are standing in a town.

If you go on a little further, you notice that the mud is a little fresher. You come to a deafening noise, which bursts in a succession of shattering crashes, followed by long wailing shrieks, partly like gigantic cats making love, and partly as tho the sky were linen being ripped across. The noise makes you sick and dizzy.

If you go on a little further you come to a place where the ground is being whirled aloft in clods and shards, amid clouds of dust and smoke and powdered brick. Screaming shells pass over you or crash beside you, and you realize then that you are at the front. Like Voltaire, you say, "I am among men, because they are fighting. I am among civilized men because they are doing it so savagely." And when the smoke and dust of the shells clear away, you see no men, civilized or savage, nothing but a vast expanse of mud, with a dead mule or two, and great black and white devils of smoke where shells are bursting.

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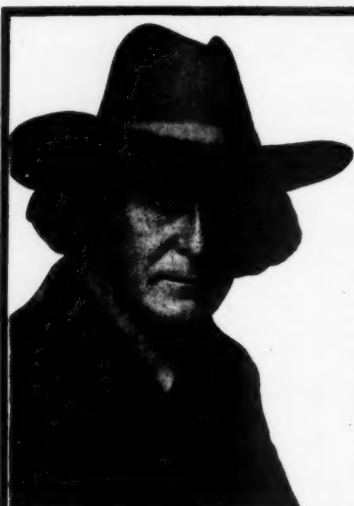
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"Bless you, we nearly went to pieces," writes Sergeant Arthur R. M. Ganoe, of the United States Marines, in a stirring account of the Fourth-of-July parade of American troops through the streets of Paris. His story is contained in a letter sent to A. W. Brown, Sunday Editor of the *Pittsburgh Gazette-Times*.]

WE started off. The streets were lined, lined many deep, with people. There were many, many children, beautiful, beautiful children. The farther we went the noisier grew the gladsome crowds. The streets were carpeted with flowers. Children dashed out with roses. They thrust them in our arms.

They caught the wording on our standard. "Vive les Marines!" The wondrous cry went up. It swelled and echoed. It raced ahead of us. The children broke through the soldiers who pressed the crowds back. The dear ones! They took us by the hands! Their lovely faces, like flowers, looked love into ours!

The papers said that we glanced neither to right nor to left. That we marched doggedly on, with determined, set faces.

God! How could we look at those beaming people, who thought us heroes? How could we, how could we, look otherwise? For our jaws were clenched to keep back the blinding tears!

Our numbed hearts were thawed, melted and broken by this wondrous welcome! Bless you, we nearly went to pieces. Some one loved us again! Everybody loved us, the U. S. Marines, who they said had saved Paris! Oh, the bitter-sweet anguish! A whole nation showered gratitude! I thought our leathern spirits had run the wildest gamut of emotions: But this welcome! It broke our hearts and made them whole again!

SUDDENLY my heart seems cold and dead. For my thoughts revert continually to those lonely graves, 'way back there in the woods, to the hastily constructed crosses that mark the real heroes, those who deserve this loving recognition. I think of the comrades grimly holding the line, the life-line of the world, while we receive a great people's honors. I feel like an interloper, a purloiner of the rights of others more deserving. I feel the honor is too great to bear. I stumble on.

A sweet little girl bows her lovely head over my free hand. She looks up at me. And her two starry eyes glisten with tears!

"Dear God," she prayed, "may I never meet the Germans."

Tho I may be battered into forgetting the fight our brave forefathers waged for liberty, the aching hearts of American mothers, the dead we cannot bury, the bloody trails and mutilated bodies, the moaning misery of hospitals, the pitiful procession of aged refugees, I might still hope for redemption. But may I make fast to the hottest pier in hell if I ever forget the appeal in that little French child's eyes!

After the parade we were feted and entertained, decked out in flowers and ribbons, flattered and praised until we almost thought ourselves somebody.

Then we went back—back to the roar and din of battle. But we went back different men! We went back better fighters, braver than when we left.

For the cries of the little children were ringing in our ears!

It is such things that make victory—that uphold men and calm them in the face of death—

"For a little child shall lead them."

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